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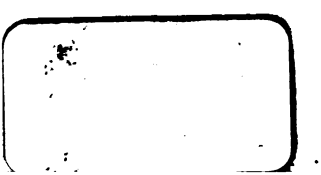

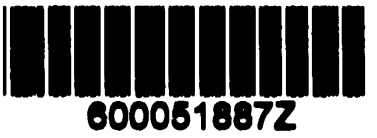
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NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.

*** The political position of the author, at the time he wrote the following pages, compelled him to print this work, originally, in Belgium.

He is informed that this circumstance has induced certain persons—ever ready to appropriate the labours of literary men—to assume that he cannot maintain a claim to the right of translation accorded by the recent International Treaty.

Referring to the said treaty, and not finding therein any clause which prohibits *the printing* of a work either in Timbuctoo, or elsewhere, the author cautions such pirates as may seek to take advantage of the course necessitated by his exile, that, although *printed* in Brussels, *the first publication of* "NAPOLEON LE PETIT" *took place in London.*

With this notice, the claims of the present authorized version are left to the protection of the Press, and to the English principle of "fair play," until it may become necessary to maintain them by the law.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

NAPOLEON

THE LITTLE.

BY

VICTOR HUGO.

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NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.

BOOK FIRST.

THE MAN.

The 20th December, 1848—Mission of the Representatives—Notice of expiration of term—Men will awaken—Biography—Portrait—In continuation of the Panegyrics.

I.

The 20th December, 1848.

On Thursday, the 20th December, 1848, the Constituent Assembly, surrounded at that moment by an imposing display of troops, heard, in session, the report of the representative Waldeck Rousseau, read in the name of the committee which had been appointed to scrutinize the votes on the election to the presidency of the republic; a report in which the general attention had marked this phrase, which embodied its whole idea: "It is the seal of its authority which the nation, in the applications thus admirably given to the fundamental law, itself affixes on the constitution, to render it sacred and inviolable." Amid the profound silence of the nine hundred representatives, of whom almost the entire body was collected together, the President of the National Constituent Assembly, Armand Marrast, rose and said:—

"In the name of the French people,

"Whereas the citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born at Paris, fulfils the conditions of eligibility prescribed by Article 44 of the Constitution;

"Whereas in the ballot opened throughout the extent of the territory of the Republic, for the election of President, he has received the absolute majority of votes;

"In virtue of the articles, 47 and 48 of the Constitution, the National Assembly proclaims him President of the Republic from this present day, until the second Sunday in May, 1852."

There was a general movement on all the benches, and in the galleries filled with the public; the President of the Constituent Assembly added:

"In the terms of the decree, I invite the citizen President of the Republic, to ascend the tribune, and to take the oath."

The representatives who crowded the right lobby, returned to their places, and left the passage free. It was about four in the afternoon, it was growing dark, and the immense hall of the Assembly having become involved in gloom, the chandeliers were lowered from the ceiling, and the messenger placed the lamps on the tribune. The President made a sign, the door on the right opened, and there was seen to enter the hall, and rapidly ascend the tribune, a man still young, attired in black, having on his breast the badge and riband of the Legion of Honour.

All eyes were turned towards this man. His face, wan and pallid, its bony, emaciated angles developed in prominent relief by the shaded lamps,—his nose, large and long,—his upper lip covered with moustaches,—a lock of hair waving over a narrow forehead,—his eyes, small and dull,—his attitude timid and anxious, bearing in no respect a resemblance to the Emperor,—this man was the citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. During the murmurs which arose upon his entrance, he re-

mained for some instants standing, his right hand in the breast of his buttoned coat, erect and motionless on the tribune, the front of which bore this date; 22nd, 23rd, 24th February; and above which was inscribed these three words:—*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.*

Prior to being elected President of the Republic, Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had been a representative of the people for several months, and though he had rarely attended a whole sitting, he had been frequently seen in the seat he had selected, in the upper benches of the left, in the fifth row in the zone, commonly designated the Mountain, behind his old preceptor, the representative Vieillard. This man, then, was no new face in the Assembly, yet his entrance on this occasion produced a profound emotion. It was to all, to friends as to foes, the future that had entered on the scene, a future unknown. Through the space of immense murmur, formed by the concurrent voices of all present, his name circulated in connexion with the most opposite estimates. His antagonists recalled to each other his adventures, his *coups-de-main*, Strasburg, Boulogne, the tame eagle, and the piece of meat in the little hat. His friends urged his exile, his proscription, his imprisonment, a well compiled work of his on artillery, his writings at Ham, impressed with a certain degree of liberal, democratic, and socialist spirit, the maturity of the graver age at which he had now arrived; and to those who recalled his follies, they recalled his misfortunes.

General Cavaignac, who, not having been elected president, had just resigned his power into the hands of the Assembly with that tranquil laconism which befits republics, was seated in his customary place at the head of the ministerial bench, on the left of the tribune, and observed, in silence, and with folded arms, this installation of the new man.

At length, silence became restored, the President of the Assembly struck the table before him several times with his

wooden knife, and then the last murmurs of the Assembly having subsided, said:

"I will now read the form of the oath."

There was an almost religious halo about this moment. The Assembly was no longer an Assembly, it was a temple. The immense significance of this oath was rendered still more impressive, by the circumstance that it was the only oath taken throughout the extent of the territory of the Republic. February had, and rightly, abolished the political oath, and the Constitution had, as rightly, retained only the oath of the President. This oath possessed the double character of necessity and of grandeur. It was the oath taken by the executive, the subordinate power, to the legislative, the superior power; it was stronger still than this—the reverse of the monarchical fiction by which the people take the oath to the men invested with power, it was the man invested with power who took the oath to the people. The President, functionary and servant, swore fidelity to the people, sovereign. Bending before the national majesty, manifest in the omnipotent Assembly, he received from the Assembly the Constitution, and swore obedience to it. The representatives were inviolable; he, not so. We repeat it: a citizen responsible to all the citizens, he was, of the whole nation, the only man so bound. Hence, in this oath, sole and supreme, there was a solemnity which went to the inmost heart of all who heard it. He who writes these pages was present in his place in the Assembly, on the day this oath was taken; he is one of those who, in the face of the civilized world, called to bear witness, received this oath in the name of the people, and still, in their name, retain it. Thus it runs:—

"In presence of God, and before the French people, represented by the National Assembly. I swear to remain faithful to the democratic republic, one, and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties imposed on me by the Constitution."

The President of the Assembly standing, read this majestic

formula; then, before the whole assembly, breathlessly silent, intensely expectant, the citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, raising his right hand, said, with a firm, full voice:

"I swear it."

The representative Boulay (de la Meurthe), since Vice-President of the Republic, and who had known Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte from his childhood, exclaimed: "He is an honest man, he will keep his oath."

The President of the Assembly, still standing, proceeded. I quote *verbatim* the words recorded in the *Moniteur*. "We take God and man to witness the oath which has now been sworn. The National Assembly adopts that oath, orders it to be recorded with the votes, printed in the *Moniteur*, and published in the same form and manner as the acts of the legislature."

The matter seemed now complete, and it was imagined that the citizen, Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, thenceforth, until the second Sunday in May, 1852, President of the Republic, would descend from the tribune. But he did not; he felt a magnanimous impulse to bind himself still more rigorously, if possible; to add something to the oath which the Constitution had demanded from him, in order to make a show how largely this oath was in him, free and spontaneous. He asked permission to address the Assembly. "Speak," said the President of the Assembly, "you are in possession of the tribune."

There was, if possible, deeper silence, and more intense attention than before.

The citizen, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, unfolded a paper and read a speech. In this speech, having announced and installed a ministry, whom he had already selected, he said:—

"I desire, in common with yourselves, citizen representatives, to consolidate society upon its true basis, to establish democratic institutions, and earnestly to devise the means calculated to relieve the sufferings of the generous and intelli-

gent people who have just bestowed on me so signal a proof of their confidence.*

He then thanked his predecessor in executive power, him, who later, was able to say these noble words: "*I did not fall from power, I descended from it,*" and glorified him in these terms:

"The new administration, in entering upon its duties, is bound to thank that which preceded it, for the efforts it has made to transmit power intact, to maintain the public tranquillity.†

"The conduct of the honourable and gallant General Cavaignac has been in complete conformity with the straightforward and open manliness of his character, and with that sentiment of duty which is the first quality requisite in the chief of a state."‡

The Assembly cheered these words, but that which especially struck every mind, which became profoundly graven in every memory, which found its echo in every honest heart, was the declaration, the wholly spontaneous declaration, let it be borne in mind, with which he began his address.

"The suffrages of the nation, and the oath I have just taken, command my future conduct. My duty is clearly traced out; I will fulfil it as a man of honour.

"I shall regard as the enemies of the country, all who seek to change, by illegal means, that which entire France has established."

When he had done speaking, the Constituent Assembly rose, and sent forth, as with a single voice, the grand cry, "Long live the Republic!"

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte descended from the tribune, went up to General Cavaignac, and offered him his hand. The General, for a few instants, hesitated to accept the pressure.

* Hear! Hear!—*Moniteur.* † Hear! Hear!—*Moniteur.*
‡ Hear! Hear!—*Moniteur.*

All who had just heard the speech of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, pronounced in an accent so redolent of candour and good faith, blamed the General for his hesitation.

The Constitution to which Louis Napoleon Bonaparte took the oath on the 20th of December, 1848, "in the face of God and man," contained among other articles, these:

"Article 36. The representatives of the people are inviolable.

"Article 37. They may not be arrested in criminal matters unless they are taken in the fact, nor prosecuted without the permission of the Assembly, first obtained.

"Article 68. Every act by which the President of the Republic shall dissolve the National Assembly, prorogue it, or impede the exercise of its decrees, is a crime of high treason.

"By such act, of itself, the President forfeits his functions, the citizens are bound to refuse to him obedience, and the executive power passes, of full right, to the National Assembly. The judges of the supreme court shall thereupon immediately assemble, under penalty of forfeiture; they shall convoke the jurors in such place as they shall appoint, to proceed to the trial of the President and his accomplices, and they shall themselves appoint magistrates to fulfil the functions of the state administration."

In less than three years after this memorable day, on the 2nd December, 1851, at daybreak, there might be read at the corners of all the streets of Paris, this notice:—

"In the name of the French people, the President of the Republic

"Decrees:—

"Article 1. The National Assembly is dissolved.

"Article 2. Universal suffrage is re-established. The law of the 31st May is repealed.

"Article 3. The French people are convoked in their comitia.

"Article 4. The state of siege is decreed throughout the extent of the first military division.

"Article 5. The Council of State is dissolved.

"Article 6. The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of the present decree.

"Done at the Palace of the Elysée, 2nd December, 1851.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

At the same time Paris learned that fifteen of the inviolable representatives of the people had been arrested in their homes, in the course of the night, by order of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

II.

MISSION OF THE REPRESENTATIVES.

Those who, as representatives of the people, received, in trust for the people, the oath of the 20th December, 1848, those, especially who, twice invested with the confidence of the nation, had seen that oath sworn as constituents, and had seen it violated as legislators, had assumed, with their writ of summons, two duties. The first of these was on the day when that oath should be violated, to rise in their places, to present their breasts to the enemy without calculating either his numbers or his strength, to cover with their bodies the sovereignty of the people, and as a means to combat and cast down the usurper, to use every weapon, from the law that they find in the code, to the paving stone that they pick up in the street. The second duty was, after having accepted the combat and all its chances, to accept proscription and all its miseries, to stand eternally erect before the traitor, his oath in your hand, to forget your personal sufferings, your private sorrows, your families dispersed and broken up, your fortunes destroyed, your affections crushed, your hearts bleeding, to for-

get yourselves, and to feel for the future only one wound—the wound of France; to cry aloud and incessantly for justice, to suffer yourselves never to be appeased, never to relent, never to be other than implacable; if not to seize the perjured and crowned villain with the hand of the law, at least to lash him with the scourge of truth, and make history brand him with the red and fiery record of his crime.

He who writes these pages is one of those who did not shrink, on the 2nd December, from the utmost effort to accomplish the first of these two great duties; in publishing this book he fulfils the second.

III.

NOTICE OF EXPIRATION OF TERM.

It is time that the human conscience should awaken.

Ever since the 2nd December, 1851, a conspiracy and a surprise, a crime odious, repulsive, infamous, unprecedented, considering the age in which it was committed, has been triumphant, and dominant, erecting itself into a theory, boasting in the face of the sun, making laws, issuing decrees, taking society, religion, domestic life under its protection, holding out its hand to the kings of Europe who accept it, and saying to them, "my brother," or "my cousin." This crime no one disputes, not even those who profit by it, who live by it, and who merely say that it was necessary; not even he who committed it, and who merely says that he, the criminal, has been "absolved." This crime contains within itself all crimes, treachery in its conception, perjury in its execution, murder and assassination in its struggle, spoilation, swindling, and robbery in its triumph; this crime draws after it, an integral part of itself, the suppression of the laws, the violation of constitutional inviolabilities, arbitrary sequestrations, the confiscation of property, midnight mas-

sacres, military executions, commissions superseding tribunals, ten thousand citizens transported, forty thousand citizens proscribed, sixty thousand families desolate and despairing. These things are patent; well—deeply painful to say it—silence has shrouded this crime; it is there, men see it, touch it, and pass on to their business; shops are opened, the stock jobbers job, commerce seated on her packages rubs her hands, and the moment might seem close at hand when everybody will regard all that has taken place as quite a simple matter of course. He that measures out stuff does not hear the ell-wand in his hand speak to him and say, "'Tis a false measure that governs." He that weighs out a commodity does not hear the scales raise their voice and say, "'Tis a false weight that rules." A strange order of things surely, that has for its base supreme disorder, the negation of all right! equilibrium resting on iniquity!

Let us add—what, for that matter is self-evident—that the author of this crime is a malefactor of the most depraved and lowest species.

At this moment, let all who wear a robe, a scarf, or an uniform; let all those who serve this man, know, if they think themselves the agents of a power, that they deceive themselves; they are the comrades of a pirate. Ever since the 2nd December, there have been no functionaries in France, there have been only accomplices. The moment has come when every one must render to himself an exact account, must precisely understand what it is he has done, what it is he is continuing to do. The gendarmes who arrested those whom the man of Strasburg and Boulogne called "insurgents," arrested the guardians of the constitution. The judge who tried the combatants of Paris or the provinces, placed upon the prisoner's bench the sustainers of the law. The officer who confined in the depths of the hold "the condemned," confined the defenders of the Republic and of the State. The general in

Africa who imprisoned at Lambessa the transported men bending beneath the sun's fires, shuddering with fever, hollowing out in the burning soil a furrow destined to be their grave, that general sequestrated, tortured, assasinated the men of Right. All, generals, officers, gendarmes, judges, are under manifest and full forfeiture. They have before them more than innocent men, heroes! more than victims, martyrs!

Let them know this, and let them hasten to act upon that knowledge; let them, at least, break the chains, draw the bolts, empty the hulks, throw open the jails, since they have not as yet the courage to grasp the sword. Come consciences, up! arise ye, it is time!

If law, right, duty, reason, common sense, equality, justice, suffice not, let them think of the future! If remorse is mute, let responsibility speak!

And let all those who, landed proprietors, shake the magistrate by the hand; who bankers, fête a general; who peasants, salute a gendarme; let all those who do not shrink from the hotel in which dwells the minister, from the house in which abides the prefects, as from a *lazaretto;* let all those who, simple citizens, not functionaries, go to the balls and the banquets of Louis Bonaparte and see not that the black flag waves over the Elysée; let all these in like manner know, that this class of opprobium is contagious; if they escape from material, they will not escape from moral complicity. The crime of the 2nd December bespatters them.

The present situation, that seems so calm to the unthinking, is full of convulsion: be sure of that. When public morality is under eclipse, there is a darkness comes over social order, that is terrible to see.

All securities disappear, all supports vanish.

Thenceforth there is not in France a tribunal, nor a court, nor a judge, to render justice and pronounce a penalty, for anything, against any one, in the name of any one.

and councillors of state; M. Bonaparte's adversaries are not the soldiers of the law and of right, they are Jack Cades, demagogues, communists. In the eyes of France, in the eyes of Europe, the 2nd December is still under a mask. This book is a hand issuing from the shade, and tearing that mask away.

Come, let us show forth this triumph of order! let us depict this government so vigorous, so firm, so well based, so strong, admired by a crowd of small youth, with more ambition than boots, scamps and beggars; sustained at the exchange by Fould the jew, and in the church by Montalembert the catholic; esteemed by women who would pass for maids, by men who want to be prefects; resting on a coalition of prostitution; giving fêtes; making cardinals; wearing white neck-cloths and yellow kid gloves, like Morny; newly varnished as Maupas; brushed up like Persigny; and all, rich, elegant, gilded, joyous, sprung from a pool of blood.

Yes, men will awaken!

Yes, men will rise up from that torpor which, to such a people, is shame; and when France does awaken, when she does open her eyes, when she does distinguish, when she does see that which is before her and beside her, she will recoil with a terrible shudder from the monstrous crime which had dared to espouse her in the darkness, and of which she has shared the bed.

Then will the last hour toll!

The sceptics smile, and say:—

"Hope nothing of the sort. This government, you say, is the shame of France. Be it so; but this same shame rises at the Exchange. Hope nothing, you must be mere poets and dreamers to hope. Look about you: the tribune, the press, intelligence, speech, thought, all that was liberty, has vanished. Yesterday, these things were in movement, in life; to-day, they are all petrifaction. Well, everybody is satisfied with this

petrifaction, everybody manages to do very well with it, to conduct business on it, to live on it, as usual. Society goes on, and plenty of worthy folks are quite delighted with the state of things. Why do you want to alter, to put a stop to that state of things? Take our word for it, 'tis all solid, all firm; as is the present, so will be the future."

We are in Russia, the Neva is frozen over; houses are built on the ice, and heavy chariots roll over it. 'Tis no longer water, but rock. The people flock up and down this marble, which was once a river. A town is run up, streets are made, shops opened, people buy, sell, eat, drink, sleep, light fires on what once was water. You can do whatever you please there. Fear nothing. Laugh, dance; 'tis more solid than *terra-firma*. Why, it sounds beneath the foot like granite. Hurrah for the winter! Hurrah for the ice! This will last till doomsday! And look up at the sky; is it day? is it night? what is it? A dull, wan light drags over the snow; why, the sun is dying!

No, thou art not dying, O liberty! One of these days, at the moment when thou art least expected, in the hour when they shall have most utterly forgotten thee, thou wilt rise dazzling! thy radiant face will suddenly be seen issuing from the earth, resplendent in the horizon! Over all that snow, over all that ice, over that hard, white plain, over that water become rock, over all that villanous winter, thou wilt cast thy arrow of gold, thy ardent and effulgent ray! light, heat, life! and then, listen! hear you that murmuring sound! hear you that cracking noise, so wide-spread and so formidable! 'Tis the breaking up of the ice! 'tis the melting of the Neva! 'tis the river resuming its course! 'tis the water, living, joyous, and terrible, upraising the hideous, dead ice, and smashing it. 'Twas granite, said you; see, it splinters like glass! 'tis the breaking up of the ice, I tell you: 'tis the truth returning, 'tis progress recommencing, 'tis humanity resuming its march, and uprooting,

breaking to pieces, carrying off, and burying fathoms deep, and for ever, not merely the brand-new empire of Louis Bonaparte, but all the constructions and all the walls of the antique despotism. Look on these things as they are passing away; they will never return, you will never behold them again. That book, half submerged, is the old code of iniquity; that sinking stool is the throne; that other stool, standing upon it, is the scaffold!

And for this immense engulfment, this supreme victory of life over death, what was needed? One of thy glories, O sun! one of thy rays, O liberty!

V.

BIOGRAPHY.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born at Paris, on the 20th April, 1808, is the son of Hortense de Beauharnais, married by the Emperor, to Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. In 1831, taking part in the insurrections in Italy, where his eldest brother was killed, Louis Bonaparte attempted to overthrow the papacy. On the 30th October, 1836, he attempted to overthrow Louis Philippe. He had a failure at Strasbourg, and, pardoned by the King, he embarked for America, leaving his accomplices behind him to be tried. On the 11th November he wrote: "The King, *in his clemency*, has ordered me to be taken to America;" he declared himself vividly affected by the King's "*generosity*," adding, "certainly, we are all culpable towards the government in having taken up arms against it, but *the most culpable person is myself*;" and he ended thus: "I was *guilty* against the government, therefore the state has been *generous* towards me."* He returned from America, and went

* A letter read to the court of assize by the advocate Parquin, who, after reading it, exclaimed: "Among the numerous faults of Louis Napoleon, we must, at least, not include ingratitude."

to Switzerland, was appointed captain of artillery at Berne, and a citizen of Salenstein, in Thurgovia; equally avoiding,—amid the diplomatic complications occasioned by his presence,—to call himself a Frenchman, or to avow himself a Swiss, and contenting himself, in order to satisfy the French government, with stating in a letter, dated the 20th August, 1838, that he lived "almost alone," in the house "where his mother died," and that he was "finally resolved to live in quiet."

On the 6th August, 1840, he disembarked at Boulogne, parodying the disembarkation at Cannes, with the little hat on his head,* carrying a gilt eagle at the head of a flag, and a live eagle in a cage, a whole bundle of proclamations, and sixty valets, cooks, and grooms, disguised as French soldiers with uniforms bought at the Temple, and buttons of the 42nd regiment made in London. He scatters money among the passengers in the streets of Boulogne, sticks his hat on the point of his sword, and himself cries, "Vive l'Empereur," fires at an officer† a pistol shot, which hits a soldier and knocks out three of his teeth, and finally runs away. He is taken into custody; there are found on his person 500,000 francs, in gold and bank-notes;‡ the procurer-general, Franck-Carrè, says to him openly in the Court of Peers, "you have been tampering with the soldiers, and distributing money to purchase treason." The peers sentenced him to perpetual imprisonment. He was confined at Ham. There his mind seemed to take refuge within itself and to mature: he wrote and published some books, impressed, notwithstanding a certain ignorance of France and of the age, with democracy and with faith in progress; "*The Extinction of Pauperism*," "*The Analogies of the Sugar Question*," "*The*

* Court of Peers. Attempt the 6th of August, 1840, page 140, evidence of Geoffrey, grenadier.

† Captain Colonel Puygellier, who had said to him: you are a conspirator and a traitor.

‡ Court of Peers. Evidence of the witness Adam, Mayor of Boulogne.

Ideas of Napoleon," in which he made the Emperor a "humanitarian." In a treatise entitled "*Historical Fragments*," he wrote thus: "I am a citizen before being a Bonaparte." Already in 1852, in his book "*Political Reveries*," he had declared himself a republican. After five years of captivity, he escaped from the prison of Ham, disguised as a mason, and took refuge in England.

February arrived; he hailed the republic, came to take his seat as a representative of the people in the Constituent Assembly, mounted the tribune on the 21st September, 1848, and said: "All my life shall be devoted to the confirmation of the republic," published a manifesto which may be summed up in two lines: liberty, progress, democracy, amnesty, abolition of the decrees of proscription and banishment; was elected president by 7,500,000 votes, solemnly swore the oath to the Constitution on the 20th December, 1848, and on the 2nd December, 1851, broke it. In the interval he had destroyed the Roman republic, and had restored in 1849 that popery which in 1831 he had essayed to overthrow. He had, besides, taken, more or less, a share in the obscure affair of the lottery of the Ingots of Gold. A few weeks previous to the *coup d'état*, this bag became transparent, and there was visible within a hand greatly resembling his. On the 2nd December, and the following days, he, the executive power, assailed the legislative power, arrested the representatives, drove out the assembly, dissolved the council of state, expelled the high court of justice, suppressed the laws, took 25,000,000 francs from the bank, gorged the army with gold, swept the streets of Paris with grape-shot, and terrorised France. Since then, he has proscribed eighty-four representatives of the people; stolen from the Princes of Orleans the property of their father, Louis Philippe, to whom he owed his life; decreed despotism in fifty-eight articles, under the name of Constitution; garrotted the Republic; made the sword of France a gag in the mouth of liberty;

pawned the railways; picked the pockets of the people; regulated the budget by *ukase;* transported into Africa 10,000 democrats; banished into Belgium, Spain, Piedmont, Switzerland, and England 40,000 republicans; filled all souls with sorrow; covered all foreheads with a blush.

Louis Bonaparte thinks he is mounting the steps of a throne; he does not perceive that he is mounting those of a scaffold.

VI.

PORTRAIT.

Louis Bonaparte is a man of middle height, cold, pale, slow in his movements, having the air of a person not quite awake. He has published, as we mentioned before, a tolerable treatise on artillery, and is thought to be acquainted with the manœuvering of cannon.

He is a good horseman. He speaks drawlingly, with a slight German accent. His histrionic abilities were displayed at the Eglinton tournament. He has a thick moustache, covering his smile like that of the Duke d'Artois, and a dull eye like that of Charles IX.

Judging of him, apart from what he calls his "necessary acts," or "his grand acts," he is a vulgar, common-place personage, puerile, theatrical, and vain. The persons who are invited to St. Cloud, in the summer, receive with the invitation an order to bring a morning toilette, and an evening toilette. He loves finery, trinketry, feathers, embroidery, spangles, grand words, and grand titles,—the sounding, the glittering, all the glass-ware of power. In his quality of cousin to the battle of Austerlitz, he dresses himself up as a general.

He cares little about being despised; he contents himself with the appearance of respect.

This man would tarnish the background of history; he absolutely sullies its foreground. Europe smiled when, thinking

of Haiti, she saw this white Soulouque appear. But there is now in Europe, in every intelligent mind, abroad as at home, a profound stupor, a feeling, as it were, of personal insult; for the European continent, whether it will or no, is a bound guarantee for France, and that which abases France humiliates Europe.

Before the 2nd December, the leaders of the Right used habitually to say of Louis Bonaparte; *'tis an idiot.* They were mistaken. Questionless, that brain of his is perturbed, and has large gaps in it, but you can discern here and there in it, thoughts consecutive and concatenate. 'Tis a book whence pages have been torn. Louis Napoleon has a fixed idea; but a fixed idea is not idiotcy; he knows what he wants, and he goes straight on to it through justice, through law, through reason, through honesty, through humanity, no doubt, but, still, straight on.

He is not an idiot. He is a man of another age than our own. He seems absurd and mad, because he is out of his place and time. Transport him in the 16th century to Spain, and Philip II. would recognise him; to England, and Henry VIII. would smile on him; to Italy, and Cæsar Borgia would embrace him. Or even, taking care to place him beyond the pale of European civilization, place him, in 1817, at Janina, and Ali-Tepeleni would grasp him by the hand.

He is of the middle ages, and of the Lower Empire. That which he does would have seemed perfectly simple and natural to Michael Ducas, to Romanus Diogenes, to Nicephorus Botoniates, to the Eunuch Narses, to the Vandal Stilico, to Mahomet II., to Alexander VI., to Ezzelino of Padua, as it seems perfectly simple and natural to himself. The only thing is that he forgets, or knows not, that in the age wherein we live, his actions will have to traverse the grand courses of human morality, chastened by three ages of literature and by the French revolution; and that, in this medium, his actions will

wear their true aspect, and appear what they really are—hideous.

His partisans—he has some—complaisantly parallel him with his uncle, the first Bonaparte. They say: "The one accomplished the 18th Brumaire, the other the 2nd December: they are two men of ambition." The first Bonaparte aimed to reconstruct the empire of the West; to make Europe his vassal; to dominate over the continent by his power, and to dazzle it by his grandeur; to take an arm-chair himself, and give footstools to the kings; to create his place in history: Nimrod, Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon: to be master of the world. He was so. To be so, he accomplished the 18th Brumaire. The other man aims to have horses and women, to be called *Monseigneur*, and to live luxuriously. To this end, he brought about the 2nd December. Yes: they are two men of ambition: the comparison is just.

Let us add, that, like the first Bonaparte, the second also aims to be Emperor. But that which somewhat allays comparisons is, that there is, perhaps, a slight difference between the conquering an empire and the pilfering it.

However this may be, that which is certain and which cannot be veiled, even by the dazzling curtain of glory and of misfortune on which are inscribed: Arcola, Lodi, the Pyramids, Eylau, Friedland, St. Helena—that which is certain, we repeat, is that the 18th Brumaire was a crime, of which the 2nd December has aggravated the stain on the memory of Napoleon.

M. Louis Bonaparte is extremely disposed to have it understood that he is a socialist. He quite perceives that this gives him a sort of vague field wherein ambition may work. As we have already mentioned, when he was in prison, he passed his time in acquiring a quasi-reputation as a democrat. One fact will expose him. When, being at Ham, he published his book "*On the Extinction of Pauperism*," a book having, apparently for its sole and exclusive aim, to probe the wound of the

popular poverty and to suggest the means of cure; he sent the book to one of his friends with this note, which we have ourselves seen: "Read this book on pauperism, and tell me if you think it is calculated *to do me good.*"

The great talent of M. Louis Bonaparte is silence.

Before the 2nd December, he had a council of ministers who, being responsible, imagined they were something. The President presided. Never, or scarcely ever, did he take part in their discussions. While MM. Odillon Barrot, Passy, Tocqueville, Dufaure, or Faucher was speaking, *he occupied himself*, says one of these ministers, *in constructing, with intense earnestness, paper figures, or in drawing men's heads on the documents before him.*

To feign death, that is his art. He lies mute and motionless, looking in the opposite direction to his object, until the hour for action comes; then he turns his head, and leaps upon his prey. His policy starts out on you abruptly, at some unheeded turning, pistol in hand, *ut fur*. Up to that point, there is the least possible movement. For one moment, in the course of the three years that have just passed away, he was seen face to face with Changarnier, who, himself, on his part, meditated an enterprise. "*Ibant obscuri*," as Virgil says. France observed, with a certain anxiety, these two men. What was in their minds? Was not the one, in thought, Cromwell; the other, Monk? Men asked one another these questions as they looked on the two men. In both of them, there was the same attitude of mystery, the same tactics of immobility. Bonaparte said not a word, Changarnier made not a gesture; this did not stir, that did not breathe; they seemed competing which should be the most statuesque.

This silence of his, Louis Bonaparte sometimes breaks; but then he does not speak, he lies. This man lies as other men breathe. He announces an honest intention; be on your guard; he affirms; distrust him: he takes an oath; tremble for your safety.

Machiavel has made small men; Louis Bonaparte is one of them.

Having announced an enormity against which the world protests,—to disavow it with indignation,—to call the great God to witness that he is an honest man,—and then, at the moment when people are reassured, and laugh at the ludicrousness of the enormity in question, to execute it: this is Louis Bonaparte. It was so with the *coup d'état*,—it was so with the decree of the Conscription,—it was so with the spoliation of the Princes of Orleans,—and it will be so with the invasion of Belgium, and of Switzerland, and with everything else. It is his process; you may think about it just what you please. He employs it; he finds it effective. It is his affair, and he will settle the matter with history.

You are of his familiar circle; he hints a project, which seems to you—not immoral, that is nothing but—injudicious, dangerous, dangerous to himself; you raise objections, he listens, makes no reply,—sometimes gives way for a day or two,—then resumes his project, and carries out his will. There is in his table, in his study at the Elysée, a drawer, frequently half open. He takes thence a paper; reads it to a minister. It is a decree. The minister assents or dissents. If he dissents, Louis Napoleon throws the paper back into the drawer, where there are many other papers, bundles of papers,—the dreams of an all-potent man,—shuts the drawer, takes out the key, and leaves the room without saying a word. The minister bows, and retires, delighted with the deference which has been paid to his opinion. Next morning the decree is in the *Moniteur*.

Sometimes with the minister's signature.

Thanks to this *modus operandi*, he is enabled to act covertly; and encountering in himself no interior obstacle from that which is known to other men as conscience, he impels on his design, no matter through what, no matter how, so that he attain his aim.

He draws back sometimes, not before the moral effect of his acts, but before their material effect. The decree of expulsion of eighty-four representatives of the people, published, on the 9th January, in the *Moniteur*, revolted the public sentiment. There was a shudder,—and, closely knit as is all France,—the shudder was universal. The 2nd December was not long past; there might be danger in popular emotion. Louis Bonaparte quite comprehended this. Next day, the 10th, a second decree of expulsion was to have appeared, containing eight hundred names. Louis Bonaparte had the proof brought to him from the *Moniteur;* the list occupied fourteen columns of the official journal. He rumpled up the proof, threw it into the fire, and the decree did not appear. The proscriptions proceeded without a decree.

In his enterprises, he needs aids and co-operators; he needs what he calls "men." Diogenes sought them with a lanthorn; he seeks them with a bank-note. And finds them. There are certain sides of human nature which produce a particular species of personages, of whom he is the centre, and who group around him *ex necessitate*, in obedience to that mysterious law of gravitation which regulates not less the moral being than the cosmic atom. To undertake "the act of the 2nd December,"—to execute it, and complete it, he needed these men, and he had them. Now he is surrounded by them; these men form his retinue, his court, mingling their radiance with his. At certain epochs of history, there are pleiades of great men; at other epochs, there are pleiades of vagabonds.

Yet, not to confound the epoch, the minute of Louis Bonaparte with the 19th century: the toadstool sprouts out at the foot of the oak, but it is not the oak.

M. Louis Bonaparte has succeeded. He has with him money, the Stocks, the Exchange, the Bank, the counter, the strong-box, and all those men who pass so readily from one side to the other, when all they have to pass over is shame.

He made of M. Changarnier a dupe; of M. Thiers a stop-gap; of M. de Montalembert an accomplice; of power a den; of the Budget a farm. He has stabbed the Republic with his stiletto: but the Republic is like the goddesses of Homer, she bleeds, but dies not. They coined at the Mint a medal, called the medal of the 2nd December, in honour of the manner in which he keeps his oaths. The frigate *La Constitution* has been re-baptised, and is now called *L'Elysée*. He can, when he chooses, be crowned by M. Sibour, and exchange the couch of the Elysée for the bed of the Tuileries. Meanwhile, for the last seven months, he has been displaying himself; he has harangued, triumphised, presided at banquets, given balls, danced, paraded, turned himself about in all ways and all directions; he has gloated, in all his ugliness, in a box at the opera; he has had himself called Prince-President; he has distributed standards to the army, and crosses of honour to the commissioners of police. When it was considered expedient to select a symbol, he drew himself back, and put forward the eagle. Modest sparrow-hawk!

VII.

IN CONTINUATION OF THE PANEGYRIC.

He has succeeded. As a matter of course, he has plenty of apotheoses. Of Panegyrists he has more than Trajan. One thing, however, has struck me, which is, that among all the qualities that have been discovered in him since the 2nd December,—among all the laudations that have been addressed to him,—there is not one word beyond this circle: ability, coolness, daring, address, affair admirably prepared and conducted, moment well chosen, secret well kept, measures well taken. False keys well made—that's all. When these things have been said, all has been said—except a phrase or

* The Archbishop of Paris.

two about "clemency;" as people laud the magnanimity of Maudrin, who, sometimes, did not take all the traveller's money, and of Jean l'Ecorcheur, who, sometimes, pretermitted to cut a traveller's throat.

In endowing M. Bonaparte with twelve millions of francs, and four millions more for the keeping up the chateaux, the Senate,—endowed by M. Bonaparte with a million,—felicitated M. Bonaparte as "having saved society," much as a character in a comedy congratulates another on having "saved the money-box!"

For myself, I am still at a loss to discover in the glorifications of M. Bonaparte by even his most ardent admirers, any praise that would not exactly befit Cartouche or Poulailler, after a good stroke of business; and I blush sometimes for the French language, and for the name of Napoleon, at the terms, somewhat too unsophisticated, indeed, too undisguised, too practical, in which the magistracy and clergy felicitate this man on having burglariously robbed the constitution of power—and having, by night, stolen from his oath.

When all the violences and all the robberies which constitute the success of his policy had been accomplished, he resumed his true name; every one then saw that this man was a Monseigneur. It was M. Fortoul,*—to his honour be it spoken—who first made this discovery.

When one measures the man, and finds him so small, and then measures the success, and finds it so enormous, it is impossible that the mind should not experience some surprise. One asks oneself: how has he managed? One decomposes the adventure and the adventurer, and making allowance for the advantage he derives from his name, and for certain external facts, of which he made use in his escalade, one finds, as the basis of the man and his measures, but two things,—cunning and cash.

* The first report addressed to M. Bonaparte, and in which M. Bonaparte was designated *Monseigneur*, is signed FORTOUL.

As to cunning: we have already characterised this grand feature of Louis Bonaparte; but it is desirable to dwell on the point. On the 27th November, 1848, he said to his fellow-citizens in his manifesto: "I feel it incumbent on me to make known to you my sentiments and my principles. *There must be no equivocation between you and me. I am not a man of ambition* . . . . brought up in free countries, in the school of misfortune, *I shall ever remain faithful* to the duties that shall be imposed on me by your suffrages, and the will of the Assembly.

I shall make it a point of honour to leave, at the end of the four years, to my successor, power consolidated, liberty intact, and real progress accomplished."

On the 31st December, 1849, in his first message to the Assembly, he wrote: "It is my aspiration to be worthy of the confidence of the nation, in maintaining the constitution to *which I have sworn.*" On 12th November, 1850, in his second annual message to the Assembly, he said: "If the Constitution contains defects and dangers, you are all free to make them known to the country; I alone, *bound by my oath*, confine myself within the strict limits which that Constitution has traced out." On the 4th September, in the same year, at Caen, he said: "When, in all directions, prosperity seems reviving, he were, indeed, *a guilty man* who should seek to check its impulse—by *changing that which now exists.*" Some time before, on 25th July, 1849, at the inauguration of the St. Quentin railway, he had gone to Ham, smote his breast at the recollection of Boulogne, and pronounced these solemn words:

"Now that, elected by universal France, I am become the legal chief of this great nation, I cannot pride myself on a captivity which was occasioned by *an attack upon a regular government.*

"When one has observed the enormous evils which even the

most righteous revolutions bring in their train, one can scarcely comprehend one's *audacity in having sought to take upon oneself the terrible responsibility of a change;* I do not, therefore, pity myself for having *repented* here, by an imprisonment of six years, my *temerity against the laws of my country*—and it is with pleasure that, in the very locality of my sufferings, I propose to you a toast in honour of those who, notwithstanding their convictions, are resolute to *respect the institutions of their country.*"

All the while he was saying this, he retained in his heart's core, as he has since proved, after his fashion, that thought which he had written in this same prison of Ham: "Great enterprises seldom succeed at the first attempt "*

Towards the middle of November, 1851, the representative F—, a frequenter of the Elysée, was dining with M Bonaparte.

"What do they say in Paris, and in the Assembly?" asked the President of the representative.

"Eh, prince!"

"Well?"

"Oh, they keep talking."……

"About what?"

"About the *coup d'état.*"

"And the Assembly—do they believe in it?"

"Why, yes, prince."

"And you?"

"I—oh, not at all."

Louis Bonaparte earnestly grasped M. F—'s hands, and said to him with infinite display of feeling:

"I thank you, M. F—, you, at least, do not think me a scoundrel."

Cash: that is M. Bonaparte's other strength.

* "*Historical Fragments.*"

Let us take the facts, judicially proved by the trials of Strasburg and Boulogne.

At Strasburg, on 30th October, 1836, Colonel Vaudrey, an accomplice of M. Bonaparte, commissioned the quartermaster of the 4th regiment of artillery, "to distribute among the cannoneers of each battalion, two pieces of gold."

On the 5th August, 1840, in the steamboat he had freighted, the *City of Edinburgh*, while at sea, M. Bonaparte called round him the sixty poor devils, his domestics, whom he had deceived into accompanying him by telling them he was going to Hamburgh on a pleasure excursion, harangued them from the roof of one of his carriages, fastened on the deck, declared his project, threw to them their disguise as soldiers, gave each of them a hundred francs, and then set them drinking. A little debauchery does not damage these great enterprises. "I saw," said the witness Hobbs, the under-steward, before the Court of Peers,* "I saw in the cabin a great quantity of money. The passengers appeared to me to be reading printed papers; they passed all the night drinking and eating. I did nothing else but uncork bottles, and fill the table with eatables." Next came the captain. The magistrate asked Captain Crow: "Did you see the passengers drink?" Crow: "To excess; I never saw anything like it."† They landed, and were met by the custom-house officers of Vimereux. M. Louis Bonaparte commenced proceedings, by offering to the lieutenant of the guard a pension of 1,200 francs. The magistrate: "Did you not offer the officer in command of the party a sum of money if he would march with you?" The Prince: "I had it offered him, but he refused it."‡ They arrived at Boulogne. His aides-de-camp—he had some already—wore, hanging from their necks, tin cases full of gold pieces. Others

* Court of Peers, *Depositions of witnesses*, p. 94.
† Court of Peers, *Depositions of witnesses*, pp. 71, 81, 88, 94.
‡ Court of Peers, *Cross examination of the accused*, p. 13.

came next with bags of smaller money in their hands.* Then money was thrown to the fishermen and the peasants, with invitations for them to cry: "Long live the Emperor!" "Three hundred good bawling fellows will do the thing," had written one of the conspirators.† Louis Bonaparte accosted the 42nd, quartered at Boulogne. He said to the voltigeur Georges Koehly: "*I am Napoleon;* you shall have promotion, decorations." He said to the voltigeur Antoine Gendre: "*I am the* SON *of Napoleon*; we are going to the Hôtel du Nord to order a dinner for you and me." He said to the voltigeur Jean Meyer: "*You shall be well paid.*" He said to the voltigeur Joseph Méney: "*You shall come to Paris; you shall be well paid.*"‡ An officer at his side held in his hand his hat full of five-franc pieces, which he distributed among the lookers-on, saying: "*Cry long live the Emperor.*"‡ The grenadier Geoffroy, in his evidence, then described the essay made on his mess by an officer and a sergeant in the plot. "The sergeant had a bottle in his hand, and the officer a sabre." In these few words is the whole 2nd December.

Let us proceed:—

"Next day, 17th June, the commandant, Mésonan, whom I imagined gone, entered my room, announced by my aide-de-camp. I said to him, 'Commandant, I thought you were gone!' 'Me, general, I am not gone. I have a letter to give you.' 'A letter? And from whom?' 'Read it, general.' I asked him to take a seat; I took the letter, but as I was opening it, I saw that the address was—*à M. le Commandant Mésonan.* I said to him, 'but, my dear Commandant, this is for you, not for me.' 'Read it, General!' I opened the letter and read thus:—

* Court of Peers, *Depositions of witnesses*, pp. 103, 185, &c.

† The President: Prisoner de Querelles, these children that cried out, are they the three hundred bawling fellows that you asked for in your letter?—(Trial at Strasburg.)

‡ Court of Peers, *Depositions of witnesses*, pp. 142, 143, 155, 156, 158.

"'My dear Commandant, it is most essential that you should immediately see the general in question; you know he is a man of resolution, and on whom one may rely. You know also that he is a man whom I have put down to be one day a marshal of France. *You will offer him, from me,* 100,000 *francs*; and you will ask him into what banker's or notary's hands *I shall pay* 300,000 *francs* for him, in the event of his losing his command.

"I stopped here, overcome with indignation; I turned over the leaf, and I saw that the letter was signed, 'Louis Napoleon.'

"I handed the letter back to the Commandant, saying to him, that it was a ridiculous and flagrantly abortive affair."

Who is it speaks thus? General Magnan. Where? In the open Court of Peers. Who is the man seated on the prisoners' bench, the man whom Magnan covers with "scorn," the man towards whom Magnan turns his face "with indignation?" Louis Bonaparte.

Money, and with money gross debauchery. Such were his means of action in his three enterprises at Strasburg, at Boulogne, at Paris. Two failures and a success. Magnan, who refused at Boulogne, sold himself at Paris. If Louis Bonaparte had been defeated on the 2nd December, just as there were found on him, at Boulogne, the 500,000 francs he had brought from London, so there would have been found at the Elysée, the twenty-five millions taken from the Bank.

There has, then, been in France—one must need speak of these things coolly—there has, then, been in France, in that land of the sword, in that land of cavaliers, in that land of Hoche, of Drouot, and of Bayard—there has been a day, when a man, surrounded by five or six political sharpers, practitioners in ambuscades, *coup d'état* jockies, lolling in a gilded chair, his feet on the fender, a cigar in his mouth, has tariffed military honour, has weighed it in the scales like a commodity,—

a thing buyable and sellable—has put down the general at a million, the private at a louis, and has said of the conscience of the French army: that is worth so much.

And this man is the nephew of the Emperor.

For that matter, this nephew is not proud: he accommodates himself, with great facility, to the fate of his adventures; adapts himself, without a grimace, to the most degrading turns of fortune. Place him in London, and let it be his interest to please the English government, he would without hesitation, in the very hand which now seeks to seize the sceptre of Charlemagne, grasp the truncheon of a policeman. If I were not Napoleon, I would be Vidocq. And here thought pauses!

And such is the man by whom France is governed! governed, do I say? possessed in full sovereignty!

And every moment, and every day, in his decrees, in his messages, in his harangues, in all these unprecedented imbecilities, which he parades in the *Moniteur*, this emigrant, so ignorant of France, gives lessons to France; and this knave tells France that he has saved her! Saved her! From whom? From herself. Before he came, Providence did nothing but absurdities; God waited for him to put everything in order. At length he came. For the last thirty-six years poor France had been afflicted with all sorts of pernicious things: that "sonority," the tribune; that hubbub, the press; that insolence, thought; that crying abuse, liberty: he came, he—and for the tribune, he substituted the senate; for the press, the censure; for thought, imbecility and impertinence; for liberty, the sabre; and by the sabre, the censure, the imbecile impertinence, and the senate, France is saved! Saved! Bravo! and from whom, I ask again? from herself? For what was France before, if you please? A horde of pillagers, robbers, Jack Cades, assassins, demagogues! It was necessary to put a straitwaistcoat on this licentious lunatic, this France, and M. Bona-

parte Louis, was the man especially called to do it. Now France is in prison, on diet, wholesome bread and water, bound hand and foot, properly humiliated, and under safeguard; be perfectly easy, every body; Maître Bonaparte, resident gendarme at the Elysée, answers for her to Europe; he has taken the thing into his own hands; this miserable France is in her strait-waistcoat, and if she stirs!—Ah! what spectacle is this? What dream is this? What night-mare is this? On the one hand, a nation, first among nations, and on the other, a man, last among men—yet see what that man does to that nation! What! he tramples her under foot, he laughs at her to her face, he flouts her, he leaves her, he repudiates her, he insults her, he scoffs at her! What! he says, there is only I! What! in this land of France where no man's ear may be boxed with impunity, the whole people is to be kicked, and no word said! Oh! abominable shame! Each time that M. Bonaparte spits, every one must needs wipe his face! And can this last? And do you tell me it will last? No! No! No! By all the blood we have in our veins, no! this shall not last Were it to last, it must be that there is no God in heaven, or no longer a France on earth!

BOOK SECOND.

THE GOVERNMENT.

The Constitution—The Senate—The Council of State and the Legislative Body—The Finances—The Liberty of the Press—Novelties in legal matters—The adherents—Mens agitat molem—Absolute power—The two profiles of M. Bonaparte—Recapitulation.

I.

THE CONSTITUTION.

A roll of the drums: clowns, attention!

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC,

"Considering that—all the restrictive laws on the liberty of the press having been repealed,—all the laws against hand-bills and posting-bills having been abolished,—the right of public assemblage having been fully re-established,—all the unconstitutional laws, including martial law, having been suppressed,—every citizen being empowered to say what he likes through every medium of publicity, whether newspaper, posting-bill, or electoral meeting,—all solemn engagements, especially the oath of the 20th December, 1848, having been scrupulously kept,—all facts having been investigated, all questions propounded and discussed, the merits of all candidates having been publicly debated, without the possibility of alleging that the slightest violence had been exercised against the meanest citizen,—in one word, in the fullest enjoyment of liberty—

"The sovereign people being interrogated on this question:

"Do the French people mean to place themselves, tied neck and heels, at the discretion of M. Louis Bonaparte?

"Have replied YES by 7,500,000 suffrages (*Interruption by the author*:—we shall speak again of these 7,500,000 suffrages).

"PROMULGATES

"THE CONSTITUTION OF WHICH HERE FOLLOWS THE TENOR:

"Article 1. The Constitution recognises, confirms, and guarantees the great principles proclaimed in 1789, and which are the foundation of the public rights of the French people.

"Article 2 and following. The march of events being impeded by the freedom of speech and the liberty of the press, they are superseded by the police and the censorship, as well as by the secret deliberations of the senate, the legislative body and the council of state.

"Article last. The thing commonly called human intelligence is suppressed.

"Done at the Palace of the Tuileries January 14, 1852.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"Seen and signed with the great seal.

"E. ROUHER.

"*Keeper of the Seals and Minister of Justice.*"

This Constitution, which loudly proclaims and confirms the revolution of 1789 in its principles and its consequences, and which merely abolishes liberty, has clearly and happily been infused into the mind of M. Bonaparte, by an old provincial play-bill which we will here recall to memory:

THIS DAY,

The Grand Representation

OF

LA DAME BLANCHE,

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

Note. The *music* which would embarrass the progress of the action, will be replaced by a lively and piquant *dialogue.*

II.

THE SENATE.

This lively and piquant dialogue is comprised in the council of state, the legislative body and the senate.

Is there a senate then? Certainly. This "great body," this "balancing power," this "supreme moderator," is even the principal splendour of the Constitution. Let us consider it for a moment.

The senate! Well, it is a senate. But of what senate are you speaking? Is it the senate whose duty it was to deliberate on the description of sauce with which the Emperor should eat his turbot? Is it the senate of which Napoleon thus spoke on the 5th April, 1814. "A sign was an order for the senate, and it always did more than was required of it." Is it the same senate of which the same Napoleon said in 1805: "The poltroons were afraid of displeasing me!" Is it the senate which drew from Tiberius a similar exclamation: "The base wretches! greater slaves than we require them to be!" Is it the senate which caused Charles XII. to say: "Send my boot to Stockholm." "For what purpose Sire?" demanded his minister. "To preside over the senate," was the reply. But let us not trifle. This year they are eighty; they will be one hundred and fifty the next. They monopolize to themselves, in full plenitude, fourteen articles of the "Constitution," from article 19 to article 33. They are "the guardians of the public liberties;" their functions are gratuitous by Article 22; consequently, they have from fifteen to thirty thousand francs per annum. They have the peculiar privilege of receiving their salary, and the good sense "not to oppose" the promulgation of the laws. They are all illustrious

* Thibaudeau. "*History of the Consulate and the Empire.*"

personages.* This is not an abortive senate,† like that of Napoleon the uncle; this is a *bonâ-fide* senate; the marshals belong to it, the cardinals belong to it, M. Lebœuf belongs to it.

If asked, "what is your position in the country?" the senate may reply, "we are charged with the preservation of public liberty." "What is your business in this city?" Pierrot demands of Harlequin: "my business," replies Harlequin, "is to curry-comb the bronze horse."

"We know what is meant by *esprit-de-corps*: this spirit will urge the senate by every possible means to augment its power. It will destroy the legislative body, if it can; and if occasion offers it will compound with the Bourbons."

Who said this? The First Consul. Where? At the Tuileries, in April, 1804.

"Without title or authority, and in violation of every principle, it has surrendered the country and consummated its ruin. It has been the play-thing of high intriguers; I know of no body which ought to appear in history with greater ignominy than the senate."

Who said that? The Emperor. Where? At St Helena.

There is actually then a senate in the "Constitution of January 14." But, candidly speaking, this is a fault; for now that the public regimen has made some progress we are accustomed to see the public highway better kept. After the senate of the Empire we thought that no more senates would be mixed up with Constitutions.

* "All the illustrious persons of the country. Louis Bonaparte's "*Appeal to the people.*" December 2, 1851.

† "The senate was an abortion; and in France no one likes to see people well paid merely to make some bad selections." Words of Napoleon "*Memorial from St. Helena.*"

III.

THE COUNCIL OF STATE AND THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

There is also a council of state and a legislative body: the former joyous, well paid, plump, rosy, fat, and fresh, with a lively eye, a quick ear, a voluble tongue, a sword by its side, a portly corporation, and embroidered in gold; the legislative body, pale, meagre, sad, and embroidered in silver. The council of state comes and goes, enters and exits, returns, rules, disposes, decides, settles, and orders, and sees Louis Napoleon face to face. The legislative body, on the contrary, walks on tip-toe, fumbles with its hat, puts a finger on its mouth, smiles humbly, sits on the corner of its chair, and speaks only when questioned. Its words being naturally obscene, the public journals are forbidden to make the slightest allusion to them. The legislative body passes the laws and the taxes by article 39, and when fancying it has occasion for some instruction, some detail, some figure, or some explanation, it presents itself, hat in hand, at the ministerial doorway to consult the ministers, the usher receives it in the anti-chamber, and with a roar of laughter, gives it a fillip on the nose. Such are the duties of the legislative body.

Let us show, however, that this melancholy position began, in June, 1852, to draw some sighs from the sorrowful personages who formed a portion of the concern. The report of the commission on the budget will remain in the memory of men, as one of the most heart-rending master-pieces of the plaintive style. Let us repeat these gentle accents:

"Formerly, as you know, the necessary communications in such cases existed directly between the commissioners and the ministers. It was to the latter they addressed themselves to obtain the documents indispensable to the discussion of affairs; and the ministers even came personally with the heads of their

several departments to give verbal explanations, frequently sufficient to preclude the necessity of further discussion; and the resolutions come to by the commission on the budget after they had heard them were submitted direct to the Chamber.

"But now we can have no communication with the government except through the medium of the council of state; which, being the confidant and the organ of its wishes, has alone the right of transmitting to the legislative body the documents which, in its turn, it receives from the ministers.

"In a word, for written, as well as verbal communication, the government commissioners have superseded the ministers, with whom, however, they must have a preliminary understanding.

"With respect to the modifications which the commission might wish to propose, whether by the adoption of amendments presented by the deputies, or from its own examination of the budget, they must, before you are called upon to consider them, be sent to the council of state, there to undergo a discussion.

"There—it is impossible not to remark it—those modifications have no interpreters, and no official defenders.

"This mode of procedure appears to be derived from the constitution itself; and *if we speak of the matter now*, it is *solely* to prove to you that it must occasion *delays* in accomplishing the task imposed upon the commission on the budget."*

Reproach was never so mildly uttered; it is impossible to receive more chastely and more gracefully, what M. Bonaparte, in his autocratic style calls "guarantees of calmness,"† but what Moliere, with the license of a great writer, denominates "kicks."‡

Thus, in the shop where laws and budgets are manufactured, there is a master of the house, the council of state, and a ser-

* "Report of the commission on the budget of the legislative body, June, 1852.

† Preamble of the Constitution.

‡ See the *Fourberies de Scapin*.

vant the legislative body. In virtue of the "Constitution," who is it that appoints the master of the house? M. Bonaparte. Who nominates the servant? The nation. That is as it should be.

IV.

THE FINANCES.

Let it be observed that, under the shadow of their "wise institutions," and thanks to the *coup d'état*, which,—as is well known, has reestablished order, the finances, the public safety, and public prosperity,—the budget, by the admission of Mr Fould himself, shows a deficit of 128,000,000 francs.

As for commercial activity since the *coup d'état*, as for the prosperity of trade, as for the revival of business, in order to appreciate them we must reject words and have recourse to figures. On this point, the following statement is official and decisive: the discounts of the Bank of France have produced during the first half year of 1852, only 589, 502fr. 62c. at the central office; while the profits of the branch establishments have only risen to 651,108fr. 7c. This appears from the half yearly report of the Bank itself.

M. Bonaparte, however, does not trouble himself with taxation. Some fine morning he wakes and yawns, rubs his eyes, takes his pen and decrees the budget! Achmet III. was once desirous of levying taxes according to his own fancy. "Invincible lord," said his Vizir to him, "your subjects cannot be taxed beyond what is prescribed by the law and the prophet."

This identical M. Bonaparte, when at Ham wrote as follows:—

"If the sums, levied each year on the inhabitants generally, are employed for unproductive purposes, such as creating useless places, raising sterile monuments, and maintaining in the midst of profound peace a more expensive army than that which con-

quered at Austerlitz, taxation becomes in such a case an overwhelming burthen; it exhausts the country, and takes without any return.*

With reference to this word budget an observation occurs to us. In this present year of 1852, the bishops and the judges of the *Cour de Cassation*,† have 50 francs per diem; the archbishops, the councillors of state, the chief presidents, and the attorneys general, have each 69 francs daily; the senators, the prefects, and the generals of division receive 38 francs each per day; the presidents of sections of the Council of State 222 francs per day; the ministers 262 francs per day; Monseigneur the Prince President, comprising, of course, in his salary the value of the royal residences, receives daily 24,444 francs, 44 centimes. The revolution of the 2nd December was made against the 25 francs of the deputies.

V.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

We have now seen the nature of the legislature, the administration, and the budget.

As to the courts of justice! What was formerly called the *Cour de Cassation* is no longer anything more than a record office for the registering of courts martial. A soldier steps out of the guard-house and writes in the margin of the book of the law, *I will*, or *I will not*. In all directions the corporal gives the order, and the magistrate countersigns it. Come! tuck up your gowns and begone, or else!——Hence arise those abominable trials, sentences, and condemnations. What a sorry spectacle is that troop of judges, their heads bowed down and their backs bent, driven with the butt end of the musket into baseness and iniquity!

* "*Extinction of Pauperism*," page 10. † Court of Appeal.

And the liberty of the press! What shall we say of it? Is it not a mockery merely to pronounce the words? That free press, the honour of French intellect, a light thrown from all points at once upon all questions, the perpetual warning of the nation—where is it? What has M. Bonaparte done with it? It is gone with the freedom of speech. Twenty journals extinguished in Paris, eighty in the departments—one hundred journals suppressed: in other words, looking only to the material side of the question, innumerable families deprived of bread; reflect on it citizens, one hundred houses confiscated, one hundred farms taken from their proprietors, one hundred dividends torn from the public funds. Profound identity of principles: freedom suppressed is property destroyed. Let the selfish idiots who applaud the *coup d'état* reflect upon this.

For a law of the press a decree has been laid upon it; a *fetfa*, a *firman* dated from the imperial stirrup; the régime of admonition. The system is well known. Its working is witnessed daily. Such men were requisite to invent such a thing. Despotism has never shown itself more grossly insolent and stupid than in this species of censorship of the morrow, which precedes and announces the suppression, and which administers the bastinado to a journal before it kills it entirely. The folly of such a government corrects and tempers its atrocity. The whole of the decree on the press may be summed up in one line: "I permit you to speak, but I require you to be silent!" Who reigns then? Is it Tiberius? Is it Schahabaham? Three-fourths of the republican journalists transported or proscribed, the remainder hunted down by mixed commissions, dispersed, wandering, hiding. Here and there, in four or five of the surviving journals, in four or five journals independent but waylaid, over whose heads is suspended the club of Maupas,* from fifteen to twenty writers, courageous, grave, pure, honest, and

* The Prefect of Police.

generous, who write, as it were, with a chain round their neck, and a cannon ball at their leg; talent between two sentinels, independence gagged, honesty under watch and ward, and Vetillot exclaiming: I am free!

VI.

NOVELTIES IN LEGAL MATTERS.

The press has the right of being censured, the right of being admonished, the right of being suspended, the right of being suppressed; it has even the right of being brought to trial. Trial! By whom? By the tribunals. What tribunals? The correctional courts. And how goes on that excellent trial by jury? It is outstripped. The jury is far behind us, and we return to the government judges: "Repression is more rapid and more efficacious," as our task-master Rouher says. And then 'tis so much better. Call on the causes: correctional police, sixth chamber; first affair, the said Dunup swindler; second affair, the said Lamennais, writer. This has a good effect, and accustoms the citizens to talk without distinction of writers and swindlers. That, certainly, is an advantage; but in a practical point of view, with reference to "repression," is the government quite sure of what it has done on that head? is it quite sure that the sixth chamber will answer better than that worthy assize court of Paris, for instance, which could boast for its presidents those abject Partarrieu-Lafosses, and for its orators, those horrid Suins and those vapid Mongis? Can it reasonably expect that the correctional judges will be still more base and more contemptible than that? Will those judges, even salaried as they are, work better than that jury-squad, who had the public prosecutor for their commanding officer, and who pronounced their judgments and gesticulated their

sentences with the precision of a charge in double quick time? So well indeed that the prefect of police, Carlier, good-humouredly observed to a celebrated advocate, M. Desm—— "*The jury! what a stupid institution! When not forced to it they never condemn, but when forced they never acquit.* Let us weep for that worthy jury which was made by Carlier and unmade by Rouher.

This government feels itself hideous. It wants no portrait; above all it wants no mirror. Like the ospray it takes refuge in the night, and it would die if once seen. Now it wishes to hold out, it will not hear itself spoken of; it will not have its deeds recounted. It has imposed silence on the press of France, and it has been seen in what manner. But to silence the press in France was only to succeed by halves. It must also be silenced in foreign countries. Two attempts for this purpose were made in Belgium, by a trial with the "*Bulletin Français*" and another with "*La Nation.*" They were aquitted by an honest Belgian jury. This was annoying. What was to be done? The Belgian journals were attacked on a pecuniary point. "You have subscribers in France," they were told; "but if you '*discuss*' us, you shall not enter. If you wish to enter, make yourselves agreeable." An attempt was made to frighten the English journals. "If you '*discuss*' us"—decidedly they do not wish to be discussed—"we shall drive your correspondents out of France." The English press laughed the threat to scorn. But this is not all. There are French writers out of France: they are proscribed, that is to say they are free. Should those fellows speak now? Should those demagogues write? They are very capable of doing both; and we must prevent them. But how are we to do it? To gag people at a distance is not so easy a matter: M. Bonaparte's arm is not long enough for that. Let us try, however; we shall bring actions against them in the countries where they have taken refuge. Be it so, the juries of free countries will

understand that these exiles represent justice, and that the Bonapartist government personifies iniquity. These juries will follow the example of the Belgian jury and acquit them. The friendly governments will then be solicited to expel these refugees, to banish these exiles. Be it so, the exiles will go elsewhere; they will always find some corner of the earth open to them where they can speak. How then are they to be got at? Rouher and Baroche clubbed their wits together, and between them they have hit upon this expedient: to patch up a lie on crimes committed by Frenchmen in foreign countries, and to slip into it "crimes of the press." The council of state sanctioned this, and the legislative body did not oppose it, and it is now the law of the land. If we speak out of France we shall be condemned for the offence in France; imprisonment, in future, (if caught) fines and confiscations. Still be it so. The book I am now writing will, therefore, be condemned in France, and its author duly sentenced; this I expect, and I confine myself to apprising all those individuals whatsoever, calling themselves magistrates, who, in black and red gown, shall concoct this affair, that, in case of condemnation to any maximum whatever being well and duly pronounced against me, nothing will equal my disdain for the judgment, but my contempt for the judges. This is my pleading.

VII.

THE ADHERENTS.

Who are they that flock round the establishment? The heart sickens to think of it.

All these rulers of the day, we, who are now proscribed, we remember them when they were representatives of the people, only twelvemonths back, passing and repassing them in

the lobbies of the Assembly, their heads high, and their walk, their air, and their look of independence, indicating that they belonged to it. How lofty and how proud they were! How they placed their hands on their hearts while they shouted "Vive la Republique!" and if some "terrorist," some "*Montagnard*," or some "red-republican," happened to allude from the tribune, to the planned *coup d'état* and the projected Empire, how they vociferated to him, "you are a calumniator!" How they shrugged their shoulders at the word senate!—"The Empire now" cried one, "would be blood and mire, you calumniate us, we shall never be implicated in such a matter." Another affirmed that he consented to be one of the president's ministers solely to devote himself to the defence of the constitution and the laws; a third glorified the tribune* as the palladium of the country; a fourth recalled the oath of Louis Bonaparte exclaiming: "Do you doubt that he is an honest man?" Those two individuals went the length of voting for and signing his deposition, on the 2nd December at the mayoralty of the tenth *arrondissement;* this other sent a note on the 4th December to the writer of these lines, to "felicitate him on having dictated the proclamation of the *partie gauche* by which Louis Bonaparte was outlawed—" And now behold them, senators, councillors of state, ministers, be-laced, be-tagged, bedizened with gold! Base wretches! Before you embroidered your sleeves you should have washed your hands!

M. L. B. paid a visit to M. O. B. and said to him: "only think of the assurance of this Bonaparte! he has had the presumption to offer me the place of Master of Requests!" "You refused it, of course?" "Certainly." The day following being offered the place of Councillor of State, salary 25,000 francs, our indignant Master of Requests becomes an affectionate Councillor of State.

* The place from which speeches are delivered in the Assembly. It is also used to signify liberty of speech.

One class of men rallied in mass: the fools! They comprise the sound part of the legislative body, and to them the Chief of the State addressed this little bonus:—"The first test of the Constitution, entirely of French origin, must have convinced you that we possessed the qualities of a strong and a free government. The control is serious, the discussion is free, and the vote of taxation decisive. France possesses a government animated by faith and a love of good, which is based upon the people, the source of all power; upon the army, the source of all strength; and upon religion, the source of all justice; accept the assurance of my sentiments." These worthy dupes, we know them also; we have seen them in numbers on the benches of the majority at the Legislative Assembly. Their chiefs, skilful operators, had succeeded in terrifying them, a certain method of leading them wherever they thought proper. These chiefs, unable any longer to employ usefully those old bugbears, the terms *Jacobin* and *sans-culotte*, decidedly too hackneyed, had furbished up the word *demagogue*. These ringleaders, trained to all sorts of schemes and manœuvres, availed themselves successfully of the term "*la Montagne*;" and agitated to good purpose this startling and magnificent *souvenir*. With these few letters of the alphabet formed into syllables and suitably accented:—Demagogues, *Montagnards*, Partitioners, Communists, and Red Republicans, they made wildfires dance before the eyes of the simple. They had found the method of perverting the brains of their ingenuous colleagues to that degree as to incrust them, so to speak, with a sort of dictionary, wherein every expression made use of by the democratical writers and orators was found readily translated. For instance—*humanity* was *ferocity*, *universal good* was *subversion*, *republic* was *terrorism*, *Socialism* was *pillage*, *fraternity* was *massacre*, *the gospel* was *death to the rich*. So that if an orator of the Left should say, for instance—*We wish for the suppression of war, and the abolis-*

tion of the punishment of death, a crowd of poor souls on the Right distinctly understood—*we wish to put everything to fire and sword*, and in a fury clenched their fists at the orator. After such speeches, in which the only questions had been of liberty, of universal peace, of prosperity arising from labour, of concord, and of progress, the representatives of that category which we have designated at the head of this paragraph, were seen to rise in a state of alarm, uncertain whether they were not already guillotined, and go to look for their hats to ascertain whether they still had heads to put them on.

These poor frightened beings made no difficulty of giving in their adhesion to the 2nd December. The expression, "Louis Napoleon has saved society," was invented especially for them.

Then those eternal prefects, those eternal mayors, those eternal magistrates, those eternal sheriffs, those eternal complimenters of the rising sun, or of the illumination lamp, who the day after success flock round the conqueror, round the triumpher, round the master, round his Majesty Napoleon the Great, round his Majesty Louis XVIII., round his Majesty Alexander I., round his Majesty Charles X., round his Majesty Louis Philippe, round Citizen Lamartine, round Citizen Cavaignac, round *Monseigneur* the Prince President, kneeling, smiling, overflowing, bearing upon salvers the keys of their towns, and on their faces the keys of their consciences.

But imbeciles, 'tis an old story, have always made a part of all institutions, and are almost an institution of themselves; prefects and magistrates, as for these adorers of every new régime, minions of fortune and vapidity, they abound at all times. Let us do justice to the régime of December; it can boast not only of such partisans as these, but it has creatures and adherents peculiar to itself; it has produced altogether a new race of notabilities.

Nations are never conscious of the riches they possess in

this article of knaves, and removals or subversions of this description are necessary to bring them to light. People then begin to wonder at what issues from the dust. It is splendid to contemplate. One whose habiliments and bad repute were sufficient to attract all the dogs of Europe in full cry, comes forth an ambassador. Another, who had a glimpse of *Bicêtre* and *la Roquette*,* awakes a General and Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour. Every adventurer assumes an official habit, furnishes himself with a good pillow, stuffed with bank-notes, takes a sheet of white paper, and writes thereon: End of my adventures. "You know so-and-so?" "Yes, is he sent to the galleys?" "No, he's a Minister."

VIII.

MENS AGITAT MOLEM.

In the centre is the man—the man we have described; the punic man, the fatal man, attacking civilisation to arrive at power; seeking elsewhere than amongst the real people we know not what ferocious popularity; cultivating the still savage domain of the peasant and the soldier, endeavouring to succeed by gross selfishness, by brutal passions, by newly-awakened desires, by excited appetites; something like a prince Marat, with nearly the same object, which with Marat was grand, and with Louis Bonaparte is little; the man who kills, who transports, who banishes, who expels, who proscribes, who despoils; this man with harassed gesture and glassy eye, who walks with distracted air in the midst of the horrible things which he does, like a sort of sinister somnambulist.

It has been said of Louis Bonaparte, whether with friendly intent or otherwise,—for these strange beings have strange flatteries,—"He is a dictator, he is a despot, nothing more." He is that in our opinion, and he is also something else.

* State prisons in Paris and Languedoc.

The dictator is a magistrate. Livy* and Cicero† call him *prætor maximus;* Seneca‡ calls him *magister populi,* which he declared to be held by a flat from above. Livy§ says—*pro numine observatum.* In those times of incomplete civilisation, the rigidity of the ancient laws not having foreseen all cases, his function was to provide for the safety of the people; he was the produce of this text—*salus populi suprema lex esto.* He had carried before him the twenty-four axes, the emblems of his power of life and death. He was outside the law, and above the law, but he could not touch the law. The dictatorship was a veil, behind which the law remained intact. The law was before the dictator and after him; and it resumed its power over him on the cessation of his office. He was appointed for a very short period—six months only—*semestris dictatura,* says Livy.‖ But as if this enormous power, even when freely conferred by the people, ultimately weighed heavy on the dictator, he generally resigned office before the end of the term. Cincinnatus gave it up at the end of eight days. The dictator was forbiden to dispose of the public funds without the authority of the senate, or to go out of Italy. He could not even ride on horseback without the permission of the people. He might be a plebeian; Marcius Rutilus, and Publius Philo were dictators. This magistrate was created for very different objects: to organise fêtes for holidays; to drive a sacred nail into the wall of the Temple of Jupiter; on one occasion to nominate the senate. Republican Rome had at different periods eighty-eight dictators. This intermittent institution continued for one hundred and fifty-three years, from the year of the imperial city 552, to the year 711. It began with Servilius Germinus, and reached Cæsar, passing over Sylla. It expired with Cæsar. The dictatorship, which was repu-

* Lib. vii., cap. 31.
† De Republica. Lib. i., cap. 40.
‡ Ep. 108.
§ Lib. iii., cap. 5.
‖ Lib. vi., cap. 1.

dicted by Cincinnatus, was espoused by Cæsar, who was five times dictator in the course of five years, from 706 to 711. This was a dangerous magistracy, and it finished by the destruction of liberty.

Is M. Bonaparte a dictator? We see no impropriety in answering—Yes. *Prætor maximus*-general-in-chief? the colours salute him. *Magister populi*,—the master of the people? ask the cannons levelled on the public places. *Pro numine observatum*.—Held as God? ask of M. Troplong. He has nominated the Senate; he has instituted holidays; he has provided for the "safety of society;" he has driven a sacred nail into the wall of the Pantheon, and he has hung upon this nail his *coup d'état*. The only discrepancy is, that he makes and unmakes the law according to his own fancy; he rides on horseback without permission, and as to the six months, he takes a little longer leave. Cæsar took five years—he takes double; that is but just. Julius Cæsar five, M. Louis Bonaparte ten—the proportion is well observed.

From the dictator, let us pass on to the despot. This is the other qualification almost accepted by M. Bonaparte. Let us avail ourselves for a while of the language of the Lower Empire. It suits the subject.

The *Despotes* succeeded the *Basileus*. Amongst other attributes, he was general of the infantry and of the cavalry—*magister utriusque exercitûs*. It was the Emperor Alexis, surnamed the Angel, who created the dignity of *despotes*. This officer was less than the Emperor, and above the Sebastocrator, or Augustus, and above the Cæsar.

It will be seen that this is somewhat the case with us. M. Bonaparte is *despotes*, if we admit, which is not difficult, that Magnan is Cæsar, and that Maupas is Augustus.

Despot and dictator, that is admitted. But all this great *éclat*, all this triumphant power does not prevent little incidents from passing in Paris, like the following, which honest

badauds, witnesses of the fact, will relate to you in thoughtful mood, two men walking in the street, were talking of their business and their private affairs. One of them, referring to some knave or other, of whom he thought he had reason to complain, exclaimed: "He is a wretch, a swindler, a ragamuffin!" A police agent who heard these words, cried out: "Sir, you are speaking of the President; I arrest you."

And now, will M. Bonaparte be Emperor, or will he not?

What a fine question! He is master—he is Cadi, Mufti, Bey, Dey, Sultan, Grand Khan, Grand Lama, Great Mogul, Great Dragon, Cousin to the Sun, Commander of the Faithful, Shah, Czar, Sofi, and Caliph. Paris is no longer Paris, but Bagdad; with a Giaffar, who is called Persigny, and a Sheherazade, who runs a risk of having her head chopped off every morning, who is called *Le Constitutionnel*. M. Bonaparte may do whatever he likes with property, families, and persons. If French citizens wish to fathom the depth of the "Government" into which they are fallen, they have only to ask themselves a few questions. Let us see: Judge, he tears off your gown, and sends you to prison. What next? Let us see: Senate, Council of State, and Legislative Body, he seizes a shovel, and flings you all in a heap into a corner. What next? You, proprietor, he confiscates your summer-house and your winter-house, with court-yards, stables, gardens, and appurtenances. What next? You, father, he takes your daughter; you, brother, he takes your sister; you, citizen, he takes your wife, with authority and *vi et armis*. What next? You, passenger, your features displease him, and he blows your brains out with a pistol, and returns to his residence. What next?

All these things being done, what would be the result? Nothing. "Monseigneur the Prince President took his customary drive yesterday in the Champs Elysées, in a caleche, *à la Daumont*, drawn by four horses, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp." This is all that will be said by the newspapers.

He has effaced from the walls Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and he is right. Frenchmen, alas! you are no longer free,—the strait-waistcoat is upon you; nor equal,—the soldier is everything; nor brothers,—for civil war is brewing under this melancholy peace of martial law.

Emperor! Why not? He has a Maury who is called Sibour; he has a Fontanes, or, if you prefer it, a *Faciuntasinos* who is called Fortoul; there is a Laplace who answers to the name of Leverrier, but who has not made the celestial sphere. He will easily find Esménards and Luce de Lancivals. His Pius VII. is at Rome, in the cassock of Pius IX. His green uniform, it has been seen at Strasburg; his eagle, it has been seen at Boulogne; his grey riding-coat, did he not wear it at Ham? Cassock or riding-coat, 'tis all one. Madame de Staël comes from his residence;—she has written "Lelia." He smiles on her in the interim before her banishment. Would you have an Archduchess? wait awhile and he will get one. *Tu felix, Austria, nube.* His Murat is called Saint-Arnaud, his Talleyrand is called Morny, his Duke d'Enghein is called the *coté droit.*

What does he want then? Nothing; a mere trifle; scarcely Austerlitz and Marengo.

Choose your party, therefore, he is Emperor *in petto;* one of these mornings he will be so in the noon-day; nothing more is wanting than a very little formality, the mere consecration and crowning of his false oath at Notre-Dame. After that we shall have fine doings. Do you look for an imperial spectacle? Do you look for whims? Do you look for surprises, for astonishment, for amazement, for the most unexpected connection of words and phrases, for the most intrepid cacophany? Do you look for Prince Troplong, for Duke Maupas, for Duke Mimerel, for Marquis Lebœuf, for Baron Baroche? Form line courtiers, hat in hand senators, the stable-door opens, Monseigneur the horse is consul. Gild the oats of his Highness Incitatus.

Elysée with old easy chairs in the carriages of the *garde-meuble*, the Conservative Senate restitched and regilded, the Council of State of 1806 refurnished and new-bordered with fresh lace; the old Legislative Body readjusted, with new brass nails and fresh paint, with Lainé less and Morny in addition! In lieu of the liberty of the press, the office of the public spirit; in place of individual liberty, the minister of police. All these institutions, which we have passed in review, are nothing more than the old saloon furniture of the Empire. Beat it, dust it, sweep away the cobwebs, splash it over with stains of French blood, and you have the establishment of 1852. This jumble of old traps it is that now governs France. These are the creations! Where is the good sense—where is the reason—where is the truth? Not a sound portion of contemporary intelligence that has not received a shock, not a just conquest of the age that has not been thrown down and broken, all sorts of extravagance reduced to practice. All that we have seen since the 2nd December is a gallop through all that is absurd, of an ordinary man broke loose.

These individuals, the malefactor and his accomplices, are in possession of power immense, incomparable, absolute, unlimited, sufficient we repeat, to change the whole face of Europe; but they make use of it only for amusement. To enjoy and enrich themselves, such is their socialism. They have stopped the budget on the public highway, and there opening the coffers they have filled their money bags: they have money enough and to spare. All the salaries are doubled or trebled, we have given the figures above. Three ministers, Turgot—for there is a Turgot in this affair—Persigny and Maupas, have a million each of secret funds; the Senate a million, the Council of State half a million, the officers of the 2nd December have a Napoleon month's pay, that is to say, some millions; the soldiers of the 2nd December have medals, that is to say, some millions; M. Murat wants millions and will have them; a minister gets married,

quick half a million; M. Bonaparte, *quia nominor Leo*, has twelve millions, four millions more, sixteen millions. Millions, millions! This is the régime of millions. M. Bonaparte has three hundred horses for private use, the fruit and vegetables of the national domains, and parks and gardens formerly royal; he is glutted with good things; he said the other day, *all my carriages*; as Charles V. said,—all my Spains; and as Peter the Great said,—all my Russias. The marriage of Camacho is held at the Elysée; the spits are turning day and night before the joyous fires; according to the bulletins published on the subject, which may be called the bulletins of the new empire, they consume there six hundred and fifty pounds of meat every day; the Elysée will soon have one hundred and forty wine kitchens, like the Castle of Schœnbrunn; they drink, they eat, they laugh, they feast; banquet at all the ministers, banquet at the military school, banquet at the *Hotel de Ville*, banquet at the Tuileries, a monster fête the 10th May, a still more monster fête the 15th August; they swim in all sorts of abundance, and in every sort of intoxication. And the poor man,—the daily labourer who is out of work, the outcast in rags, with naked feet, to whom summer brings no bread, and winter no fuel, whose old mother lies in agony upon a rotten mattrass, whose daughter walks the streets for a livelihood, whose little children are shivering with hunger, fever, and cold, in the holes and corners of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, in the cock-lofts of Rouen, and in the cellars of Lille,—is he thought of? What is to become of him? What is done for him? Let him die like a dog!

X.

THE TWO PROFILES OF M. BONAPARTE.

But what is most curious, they are desirous of being respected; a general is venerable, a minister is sacred. The

Countess d'Andl— a young lady of Brussels, was at Paris, in March 1852, and was one day in a saloon of the Faubourg Saint Honoré when M. de P. entered. Madame d'Andl——, on going out, passed before him, and it happened that, while probably thinking of something else, she shrugged her shoulders. M. de P. perceived it, and the following day Madame d'Andl—— was apprised, that henceforward, under pain of being expelled from France like a representative of the people, she must abstain from every mark of approbation or disapprobation when she happened to meet the ministers.

Under this corporal government, and under this counter-sign constitution, everything proceeds in military form. The French people consult the order of the day to know how they should get up, how they should go to bed, and how dress themselves; in what toilette they should go to the sitting of the court, or to the soirée of the prefect; they are prohibited from making ordinary verses; prohibited from wearing beards; the frill and the white cravat are laws of state. Rule, discipline, passive obedience, eyes cast down, silence in the ranks,—such is the yoke, under which bow at this moment the nation of the initiative and of liberty, the great revolutionary France. The reformer will not stop until France shall be so completely a barrack, that the generals shall exclaim, that is all right: and clerical enough for the bishops to cry out, that will do!

Do you like soldiers? They are to be found everywhere. The Municipal Council of Toulouse gave in its resignation; the prefect Chapuis Montlaville replaced the mayor by a colonel, the first deputy by a colonel, and the second deputy by a colonel.* military men take the wall of everybody. "The soldiers," says Mably, "considering themselves in the place of the citizens who had formerly made the consuls, the dictators, the censors, and the tribunes, associated with the government of the emperors, a species of military democracy." Only put a shako on your head,

* These three Colonels are: MM. Cailhassou, Dubarry and Polycarpe.

and you may do what you please. A young man returning from a ball, passed through the Rue de Richelieu before the gate of the National Library; the sentinel took aim at and killed him; the journals of the following morning said, "the young man is dead," and there it ended. Timour Bey granted to his companions-in-arms, and to their descendants to the seventh generation, impunity for all crimes whatever, provided the delinquent did not commit the same crime nine times. The sentinel of the Rue Richelieu has, therefore, eight citizens more to kill before he can be brought before a court-martial. "It is a good thing to be a soldier, but not so good to be a citizen." At the same moment, however, they dishonour this unfortunate army. On the 3rd December, they decorated the police officers who arrested its representatives and its generals; though it is equally true that the soldiers themselves received two louis per man. A shame upon all sides! money to the soldiers, and the cross of the legion to the police spies!

"Jesuitism and corporalism, this is the sum total of the régime. The sole political expedient of M. Bonaparte is composed of two hypocrisies—a military hypocrisy towards the army—a catholic hypocrisy towards the clergy. When it is not *Fracasse* it is *Basile*. Sometimes it is both together. In this manner he wonderfully succeeded in duping at the same time Montalembert who does not believe in France, and Saint-Arnaud who does not believe in God.

"Does the Dictator enjoy incense? Does he take snuff? Inquire. He takes both snuff and incense. O, France! what a Government! The spurs pass by under the cassock. The *coup d'état* goes to mass, thrashes the *pekins*,* reads its breviary, embraces Catin, tells its beads, empties the wine pots, and takes the sacrament. The *coup d'état* asserts, what is doubtful, that we have gone back to the times of the *Jacqueries*; but what is certain is, that it will bring us back to those of the

* Civilians.

Crusades. Cæsar takes the cross for the Pope. *Dieu le veut!* The Elysée has the faith, and the thirst also of the Templar.

To enjoy and to live well, we repeat, and to consume the budget; to believe nothing, to take advantage of all, to compromise at once two sacred things, military honour and religious faith; to stain the altar with blood, and the standard with holy water; to make the soldier ridiculous, and the priest a little ferocious; to mix up with that great political swindle which he calls his power, the Church and the nation, and the conscience of the Catholic and the patriot. This is the system of Napoleon the Little.

All his acts, from the most enormous to the most puerile, from that which is hideous to that which is risible, are impressed with this double part. For instance, national solemnities are tiresome to him. The 24th February and the 4th May; they revive disagreeable or dangerous recollections, which obstinately return at fixed periods. An anniversary is an intruder; we will therefore suppress anniversaries. So be it. We will keep but one fête, our own. Wonderfully well. But with one fête alone how are two parties to be satisfied?—the soldier party and the priest party. The soldier party is Voltairian. Where Canrobert smiles Riancey makes a face. What's to be done? You shall see. Your great jugglers are not to be embarrassed by such a trifle. The *Moniteur* one fine morning declares that hereafter there will be no more than one national fête—the 15th August. On this arises a semi-official commentary; and the two masks of the Dictator speak. The 15th August, says the *Ratapoil* mouth—Saint Napoleon's day! The 15th August says the *Tartuffe* mouth, the fête of the Holy Virgin! On one side the 2nd December puffs out its cheeks, magnifies its voice, draws its great sabre and exclaims—*sacrebleu*, grumblers! Let us celebrate the birth-day of Napoleon the Great! On the other, it casts down

its eyes, makes the sign of the cross, and mumbles—My very dear brothers, let us adore the sacred heart of the Virgin Mary.

The present Government is a hand stained with blood, which dips a finger in the holy water.

XI.

RECAPITULATION.

But we are asked—Are you not going a little too far? Are you not unjust? Grant him something. Has he not to a certain extent "made Socialism?" and the landed credit, the railroads, and the lowering of the funds are brought upon the carpet.

We have already estimated these measures at their proper value; but, while we admit that this is "Socialism," we should be simpletons to ascribe the merit of them to M. Bonaparte. It is not he who has made Socialism, but time.

A man is swimming against a rapid current; he struggles with unheard of efforts, he strikes the wave with his fist, his forehead, his shoulders, and his knee. You say he will re-ascend the stream, but a moment after you look, and he has gone down further. He is much lower in the river than he was when he started. Without knowing, or even suspecting it, he loses ground at every effort he makes; he fancies that he is stemming the torrent, but it is sweeping him away. He thinks he is advancing, but he is falling back. Landed credit, as you say, lowering of the funds, as you say; M. Bonaparte has already made several of those decrees which you qualify as Socialist, and he will make more. M. Changarnier, had he triumphed instead of M. Bonaparte, would have done as much. Henry V. should he return to-morrow, would do the same. The Emperor of Austria does it in Galitia, and the Emperor Nicholas in Lithuania. But after all, what does this prove?

that this torrent which is called Revolution, is stronger than this swimmer, who is called Despotism.

But even this socialism of M. Bonaparte, what is it? Socialism! I deny it. Hatred of the citizen class it may be, but not socialism. Look at the socialist ministry *par excellence*, the ministry of agriculture and of commerce, he has abolished it. What has he given you in compensation? the ministry of police! The other socialist ministry is the ministry of public instruction, and that is in danger: one of these days it will be suppressed. The starting-post of socialism is education—is gratuitous and obligatory teaching—is knowledge. To take the children and make men of them, and of the men to make citizens, intelligent, honest, useful, and happy citizens. The intellectual and the moral progress first, and the material progress after. The two first irresistibly, and of themselves, bring on the last. What does M. Bonaparte do? He persecutes and stifles instruction everywhere. There is one *pariah* in France of the present day, and that is the schoolmaster.

Have you ever reflected on what a schoolmaster really is—on that magistracy in which the tyrants of old took refuge, like criminals in the temple, as a place of asylum? Have you ever thought of what that man is who teaches children? You go into the workshop of a wheelwright; he is making wheels and shafts, and you say he is a useful man; you enter the house of a weaver who is making cloth, and you say this is a valuable man; you visit the blacksmith's shop, where you find him making pick-axes, hammers, and ploughshares, and you say—this man is essential: you salute these men, these skilful labourers; you enter the house of a schoolmaster, salute him more profoundly: do you know what he is doing? he is manufacturing minds.

He is the wheelwright, the weaver, and the blacksmith of the work, in which he is aiding the views of Providence: the future.

Well! now-a-days, thanks to the clerical reigning party, as

the schoolmaster must not be allowed to work for this future,—as this future is to consist of darkness and brutishness, and not of intelligence and light,—do you wish to know in what manner this humble, though great magistrate, the schoolmaster, is made to operate? The schoolmaster, then, serves at mass, sings in the choir, rings the vesper bell, arranges the seats, renews the bouquets before the sacred heart, furbishes the altar candlesticks, dusts the tabernacle, folds the capes and the chasubles, counts up and keeps in order the linen of the sacristy, puts oil in the lamps, beats the cushion of the confessional, sweeps out the church, and sometimes the parsonage-house: the remainder of his time, on condition that he does not pronounce either of these three words of the demon, country, republic, liberty, he may employ, if he thinks proper, in making little children spell their A, B, C.

M. Bonaparte strikes at instruction at the same moment above and below: below to please the curates, above to please the bishops. At the same time that he is trying to shut up the village school, he mutilates the college of France. He overturns with the same stick the professors' chairs of Quinet and of Michelet. Some fine morning, he will issue a decree, declaring Greek and Latin to be under suspicion, and interdicting as much as he can to the intellectual, all intercourse with the ancient poets and historians of Athens and of Rome, scenting in Eschylus and in Tacitus, a vague odour of demagogism. With a stroke of the pen, for instance, he exempts all medical men from literary instruction, which is saying to Doctor Serres: *We are dispensed, by decree, from learning to read and write.*

New taxes, sumptuary taxes, vestiary taxes; *nemo audeat comedere præter duo fercula cum potagio;* tax on the living, tax on the dead, tax on successions; tax on carriages; tax on paper; bravo! shout the Church party, no more books; tax upon dogs, the collars will pay; tax upon senators, the armorial

bearings will pay. All this will make me popular! says M. Bonaparte, rubbing his hands. He is the socialist emperor, vociferate the trusty partizans of the Faubourgs; he is the Catholic emperor, murmur the sanctimonious in the sacristies. How happy he would be if he could pass in the latter for Constantine, and in the former for Babeuf! Watchwords are repeated, adhesion is declared, enthusiasm spreads from one to another, the military school draws his cypher with bayonets and pistol-barrels, the Abbé Gaume and Cardinal Gousset applaud, his bust is crowned with flowers in the market-place, Nanterre dedicates rose bushes to him, social order is decidedly saved, property, family, and religion breathe again, and the police erect a statue to him.

Of bronze?

Fie! that may do for the uncle.

Of marble! *Tu es* PIETRI *et super hanc pietram ædificabo effigiem meam.**

That which he attacks, that which he persecutes, that which they all persecute with him, and against which they are enraged, which they wish to crush, to burn, to suppress, to destroy, to annihilate, is it this poor obscure man who is called primary instructor? Is it this sheet of paper that is called a journal? Is it this bundle of leaves which is called a book?

* We read in the Bonapartist correspondence:—"The committee appointed by the *employes* of the police prefecture, considers that bronze is not worthy to represent the image of the Prince; it will therefore be executed in marble; and it will be placed on a marble pedestal. The following inscription will be inlaid in the beauty and richness of the stone. 'In memory of the oath of fidelity to the Prince President, taken by the *employes* of the prefecture of police, the 29th of May, 1852, before M. Pietri, prefect of police.'

"The subscriptions of the *employes*, whose zeal it was necessary to moderate, will be apportioned as follows:—Chief of division 10fr., principal of an office 6fr., *employes* at a salary of 1,800fr. 3fr., at 1,500fr. salary 2fr. 50c., and finally at 1,200fr. salary 2fr. It is calculated that this subscription will amount to upwards of 6,000 francs."

Is it this machine of wood and iron which is called a press? No, it is thought, it is human reason, it is the nineteenth century, it is Providence, it is the Deity himself!

We who combat them are "the eternal enemies of order." We are—for they don't yet consider the word to be used up—demagogues.

In the language of the Duke of Alba, to believe in the sacredness of the human conscience, to resist the inquisition, to brave the funeral pile for one's faith, to draw the sword for one's country, to defend one's worship, one's city, one's home, one's house, one's family, and one's God, was called *vagabondism;* in the language of Louis Bonaparte, to struggle for freedom, for justice, for right, to fight in the cause of progress, of civilisation, of France, of humanity, to wish for the abolition of war, and of the penalty of death, to look in a serious light on the fraternity of man, to believe in a sworn oath, to take up arms for the constitution of one's country, and to defend the laws, this is called *demagogism.*

The man is a demagogue in the nineteenth century, who, in the sixteenth would have been a vagabond.

This being granted that the dictionary of the Academy no longer exists, that it is night at noonday, that a cat is no longer called cat, and that Baroche is no longer called a knave, that justice is a chimera, that history is a dream, that the Prince of Orange was a vagabond, and the Duke of Alba a just man, that Louis Bonaparte is identical with Napoleon the Great, that they who have violated the Constitution are saviours, and that they who defended it are brigands,—in a word that human probity is dead: if this be so, then I admire this government. It works well. It is a model of its species. It compresses, it represses, it oppresses, it imprisons, it exiles, it shoots down with grape-shot, it exterminates, and it even "pardons!" It exhibits its authority with cannon-balls, and its clemency with the flat of the sabre.

At your pleasure, repeat some brave incorrigibles of the ex-party of order, be indignant, rail, stigmatise, despise us, 'tis all the same to us, stability is our motto! All these things put together constitute, after all, a solid government.

Solid! We have already explained ourselves on this solidity.

Solid! I admire this solidity. If it rained journals upon France for two days only, on the morning of the third nobody would any longer know what had become of M. Louis Bonaparte.

No matter; this man is a weight upon the whole age, he disfigures the nineteenth century, and there will be in this century, perhaps, two or three years upon which it will be recognised, by some ignoble trace or other, that Louis Bonaparte was then in existence.

This person, we grieve to say it, is now the question that occupies all mankind.

At certain epochs in history, the whole human race, from all points of the earth, fix their eyes upon some mysterious spot whence it would seem that universal destiny was about to issue. There have been hours when the world has looked towards the Vatican,—Gregory VII. and Leo X. occupied therein the pontifical throne; other times, when it has contemplated the Louvre,—Philip Augustus, Louis IX., Francis I., and Henri IV. were there; Saint-Just,—Charles V. was dreaming of it; Windsor,—Elizabeth the great reigned there; Versailles,—Louis XIV. shone there in the midst of stars; the Kremlin,—it afforded a glimpse of Peter the Great; Potsdam,—Frederick II. was closetted there with Voltaire. At present, history bow thy head, the whole universe regards the Elysée.

This species of bastard-gateway, guarded by two sentry-boxes painted on canvass, at the extremity of the Faubourg Saint Honoré, is the object towards which the eyes of the civilized world are now turned with a sort of profound anxiety!—

Ah! what can be the nature of that place, whence no idea has issued that has not been a snare, no action that has not been a crime? What can be the nature of that place wherein reside all sorts of impudence, with every sort of hypocrisy? What sort of place can it be where the bishop elbows the fishfag on the staircase, and, as it was a hundred years ago, salutes her down to the ground; where Samuel Bernard laughs in a corner with Laubardemont; into which Escobar enters, arm-in-arm, with Guzman d'Alfarache; where, frightful rumour, in a thicket of the garden, they dispatch, it is said, men with the bayonet whom they dare not bring to trial; where a man is heard to say to a female who is weeping and interceding: "I forget our loves, and you must overlook my hatred?" What sort of a place can it be where the orgies of 1852 intrude upon and dishonour the mourning of 1815! where Cesarion, with his arms crossed, or his hands behind his back, walks under those very trees, and in those very alleys still haunted by the indignant phantom of Cæsar?

This place is the stain of Paris; this place is the pollution of the age; this gate, whence issue all sorts of joyous sounds, flourishes of trumpets, music, laughter, and the jingling of glasses; this gate saluted during the day by the battalions which pass; illuminated at night; all grandly open with insolent confidence; is a sort of public insult always present. There is the centre of the world's shame.

Alas! what is France dreaming about? We must certainly awake this slumbering nation, we must take it by the arm, we must shake it, we must speak to it; we must walk through its fields, enter its villages, go into its barracks, speak to the soldier who no longer knows what he is doing, speak to the labourer who has in his cabin an engraving of the Emperor, and who, for that reason, votes for everything they ask; we must remove the radiant phantom that dazzles their eyes; the whole of this situation is nothing but an immense and a fatal

delusion. We must dispel this delusion: probe to the bottom, disabuse the people,—the country people above all,—excite them, agitate them, stir them up, show them the empty houses, the yawning graves, and make them touch with their finger the tangible horror of this régime. The people are good and honest, they will comprehend. Yes, peasant, there are two, the great and the little, the illustrious and the infamous,—Napoleon and Naboleon!

Let us sum up this government. Who is at the Elysée and at the Tuileries? Crime. Who is established at the Luxembourg? Baseness. Who at the Palais Bourbon? Imbecility. Who at the Palais d'Orsay? Corruption. Who at the Palais de Justice? Prevarication. And who are in the prisons, in the fortresses, in the cells, in the casemates, in the hulks at Lambessa, at Cayenne, and in exile? Law, honour, intelligence, liberty, and right.

Oh! ye proscribed, what do you complain of? You occupy the noble position.

BOOK THIRD.

THE CRIME.

But this government, this horrible, hypocritical, and stupid government,—this goverment which makes us hesitate between a laugh and a sob,—this constitution of the gibbet on which all our liberties are hung,—this great universal suffrage and this little universal suffrage, the first naming the president, and the other the legislators; the little one saying to the great one: *Monseigneur, accept these millions*, and the great one saying to the little one: *Be assured of my consideration for you*,—this Senate,—this Council of State—whence do they all spring? Good Heavens! are we already gone so far that it is necessary to remind the reader of their source?

Whence does this government spring? Look! It is still running—it is still smoking! It is blood!

The dead are far away, the dead are dead.

Ah! it is a horrible question to put, but is it possible that we no longer think of this?

Is it possible that,—because we still eat and drink; that because the coachmakers' trade is flourishing; because, you, navigator, have work in the Bois de Boulogne; because you, mason, gain forty sous a-day at the Louvre; because you, banker, have made money by the Austrian metallics, or by a loan of the house of Hope and Co.; because the titles of nobility are restored; because a person can now be called *Monsieur le Comte* or *Madame la Duchesse*; because religious processions

traverse the streets on the occasion of the Fête-Dieu; because people take their pleasure; because they are merry; because the walls of Paris are covered with bills of fêtes and theatres,—is it possible that, because this is the case, men forget that there are corpses lying beneath?

Is it possible that because men's daughters have been to the ball at the Ecole Militaire,—because they returned home with dazzled eyes, aching heads, torn dresses and faded bouquets,—because, throwing themselves on their couches, they have dozed off to sleep, and dreamt of some handsome officer,—is it possible that, because this is the case, we should no longer remember that under the turf beneath our feet, in an obscure grave, in a deep pit, in the inexorable gloom of death, there lies a crowd that is still, icy-cold and terrible; a multitude of human beings already become a shapeless mass, devoured by the worm, consumed by corruption, and beginning to be confounded by the earth around them—a multitude of human beings who existed, worked, thought, and loved—who had the right to live, and who were murdered?

Ah! if men recollect this no longer, let us recall it to the minds of those who are thus forgetful! Awake, you who sleep! The dead are about to pass before your eyes.

Extract from an unpublished Work.

ENTITLED

THE CRIME OF DECEMBER 2ND.*

THE DAY OF THE 4TH DECEMBER.

THE COUP D'ETAT AT BAY.

I.

"The resistance had assumed unexpected proportions.

"The combat had become menacing; it was no longer a combat, but a battle which was beginning in every direction. At the Elysée, and the different ministries, people began to

* By VICTOR HUGO. This work will be published shortly. It will form a complete account of the infamous event of 1851. A large portion of it is already written, and the author is now engaged in collecting materials for the rest.

He thinks it right that he should enter at once into certain details connected with this book, which he has undertaken as a duty.

The author must do himself the justice to say that, while writing this account,—the austere occupation of his exile,—he always keeps in view the heavy responsibility attached to the offices of the historian.

When his account is published, it will certainly give rise to violent and numerous objections; but this the author expects, for a writer cannot cut with impunity into the flesh of a contemporary crime—which crime, too, for the moment is all-powerful. But however this may be, and despite of all

This account of the proceedings of the 2nd December will contain, besides the general facts, of which no one is ignorant, a large number of unknown circumstances, which will be published for the first time. The author has himself seen, touched, traversed many of the parts of which he can say, *quæque ipse vidi et quorum pars fui.* The members of the Republican Left, who conducted themselves with such intrepidity, witnessed these facts; and did, and their testimony will not fail him. With regard to the rest of the work, the author has adopted the plan of a strict criminal enquiry; he has, so to say, constituted himself the judge, and cited history to appear at the bar. Each actor in the drama, each combatant, each victim, each witness has come and given his testimony before him. In every case where the facts were doubtful, he has confronted the different accounts, and, when necessary, the different persons. In general, historians speak to facts that are dead, they touch them with their rod in the tomb and make them rise in order to question them. The author of the present work, however, spoke to facts still living.

In this manner, all the details of the 2nd December have passed before his own eyes; he has noted them all down, he has weighed them all, and not one has escaped him. History may complete his account, but cannot invalidate it. The magistrates were wanting in their duty, and he undertook their office. When direct testimony from the mouths of the parties concerned failed him, he despatched what may strictly be termed commissions of enquiry, to the scene of action. He could name many a fact for which he drew up a series of the most searching questions, all of which were answered with scrupulous minuteness.

He repeats it; he submitted the events of the 2nd December to a long and severe examination. He carried the torch as far, and he held it as much in advance of him as he could. Thanks to this investigation he has in his possession nearly two hundred written accounts on which his book will be founded. There is not a single fact in all his narrative, to which, when the book is published, the author cannot add a name. The reader will easily appreciate the author's motive for not doing so at present; nay, more than this, he will understand why the author sometimes substitutes for proper names, and even certain places, other designations as little transparent as possible, in presence of the proscriptions yet hanging

All the centre of Paris was becoming covered with barricades, thrown up at a minute's notice; the quarters thus barricaded, formed a sort of immense trapezium, between the Halles and the Rue Rambuteau on one side, and the Boulevards on the other; bounded on the east by the Rue du Temple, and on the west by the Rue Montmartre. This vast net work of streets, cut in all directions by redoubts and retrenchments, assumed every hour a more terrible aspect, and was becoming a kind of fortress. The combatants of the barricades pushed the head quaters of their advanced posts, as far as the quays. Outside the trapezium, which we have just mentioned, the barricades extended, as we have said, some distance up the Faubourg St. Martin, and to the neighbourhood of the canal. The quarter of the schools, whither the Committee of Resistance had despatched the representative De Flotte, had risen more generally than they had done the evening before; the suburbs were begining to grow excited; the drums were be-

over men's heads. He has no wish to furnish M. Bonaparte with a supplementary list.

It is most true that the author is not in this account of the 2nd December, any more than in the work which he now publishes, "impartial" to adopt the common expression men use when they wish to praise an historian. Impartiality! thou strange virtue, which Tacitus never possessed. Woe to him who can remain impartial before the bleeding wounds of liberty! In presence of the event of December, 1851, the author feels all human nature rise in his breast; he does not try to conceal it, and the reader cannot help perceiving it in reading his work. But with him his passion for truth equals his passion for right. An indignant man does not lie. In citing, therefore, a few pages from this history of the 2nd December, he declares that the work will be written in the manner just described, and in the limits of the strictest reality.

We think that it will be useful for us, at this epoch, to select for publication a chapter which, we believe, will strike every mind on account of its casting a new light upon the "success" of M. Bonaparte. Thanks to the silence on certain points of the official historiographers of the 2nd December, the public is not aware how nearly the *coup d'état* miscarried, while they are entirely ignorant by what means it was saved. We will give the reader an account of this particular fact.

beginning to beat to arms at the Batignolles; Madier de Montjau was agitating Belleville; while three enormous barricades were in course of construction at the Chapelle Saint-Denis. In the business streets, the citizens were delivering up their muskets, and the women were making lint. 'All is going on well! Paris is up!' exclaimed B——, to us, as he entered the Committee of Resistance with a face radiant with joy.* Fresh intelligence reached us every instant; all the permanent committees of the different quarters, had placed themselves in communication with us. The members of the committee deliberated with one another, and issued orders and instructions for the combat in every direction. Victory seemed certain. There was a moment of enthusiasm and joy when all these men, still standing between life and death, embraced each other.

'At present,' exclaimed Jules Favre, 'let but a regiment turn, or a legion appear and Louis Bonaparte is lost.' 'To-morrow, the Republic will be at the Hotel de Ville!' said Michel (de Bourges). All was ferment, all was excitement; in the most peaceful quarters of the town the proclamations were torn down, and the ordinances defaced. In the Rue Beaubourg, the women cried from the windows to the men employed in erecting a barricade, 'courage!' The agitation reached the Faubourg Saint Germain. At the Hotel of the Rue de Jérusalem, which is the centre of the great network that the police spreads over Paris, everyone trembled. Their anxiety was immense, for they saw the possibility of the Re-

* A Committee of Resistance charged with the task of centralising the action, and directing the combat, had been named on the evening of the 2nd December, by the members of the Left assembled at the house of the representative Lafon, Quai Jemmappes, No. 2. This committee, which was obliged to change its retreat twenty-seven times in four days, (and which, so to say, sat night and day, and did not cease to act for a single instant during the various crises of the *coup d'état*, was composed of the representatives Carnot, De Flotte, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, Michel (de Bourges) Schœlcher, and Victor Hugo.

public being triumphant. In the courtyards, in the bureaus, and in the passages, the clerks, and sergents-de-ville, began to talk to one another with affectionate regret for Causeridière. If one can believe what has oozed out from this den, the prefect Maupas, who had been so warm in the cause the evening before, and was put forward so odiously, began to back out and lose courage. It seemed as if he were listening with terror to the noise made by the tide of insurrection—of the holy and legal insurrection of right—which was rising to high water-mark. He stammered and hesitated while the word of command died away upon his tongue. "That poor young man has got the cholic," said the former prefect, Carlier, on leaving him. In this state of consternation, Maupas clung to Morny. The electric telegraph maintained a perpetual dialogue from the prefecture of police to the ministry of the interior, and from the ministry of the interior to the prefecture of police. Every piece of news of a more than ordinarily alarming kind, all the signs of panic and confusion kept arriving one after the other from the prefect to the ministers. Morny, who was less frightened, and who is, at least, a man of sense, received all these shocks in his cabinet. It is reported that at the first communication he said: 'Maupas is ill,' and to the question: 'What is to be done,' replied by the telegraph: 'Go to bed!' to the second question he still replied: 'Go to bed!' and, at the third, losing all patience he answered: 'Go to bed and be d—d!'

The zeal of the government agents was fast giving way and beginning to change sides. An individual of great intrepidity, who had been despatched by the committee of resistance to raise the faubourg, Saint-Marceau was arrested in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor, with his pockets filled with the proclamations and decrees of the Left. He was immediately marched off in the direction of the prefecture of police. He expected to be shot. As the escort which was conducting him prisoner was passing before the Morgue, on the Quai Saint-

Michel, some musket-shots were heard in the Cité. The sergent-de-ville at the head of the escort said to the soldiers: 'Go back to your guard-house; I will take care of the prisoner.' As soon as the soldiers were gone, he cut the cords with which the prisoner's hands were fastened, and said to him: 'Go, I will save your life. Do not forget that it was I who set you at liberty. Look at me well that you may know me again.'

"The principal military accomplices in the drama held a council together. The question was discussed whether it was not necessary for Louis Bonaparte to quit the Faubourg Saint-Honoré immediately, and remove either to the Invalides or to the Palace of the Luxembourg; two places, which, in a strategical point of view, are more easy to defend against any sudden attack than the Elysée. Some preferred the Invalides and others the Luxembourg, and the subject was one which gave rise to an altercation between two generals.

"It was at this moment that the ex-King of Westphalia, Jérome Bonaparte, seeing that the *coup d'état* was tottering to its ruin, and having some care for the morrow, wrote his nephew the following significant letter:—

"My dear Nephew,—The blood of Frenchmen has been spilt; stop its effusion by a serious appeal to the people. Your sentiments are not rightly understood. Your second proclamation, in which you speak of the plebiscitum is badly received by the people, who do not look upon it as re-establishing the right of suffrage. Their liberty possesses no guarantee if there is not an Assembly to contribute to the constitution of the Republic. The army has the upper hand. Now is the moment to complete a material victory by a moral victory, and that which a government cannot do when beaten, it ought to do when victorious. After destroying the old parties, bring about the restoration of the people; proclaim that free and universal suffrage, acting in harmony with the greatest liberty,

shall name the President and the Constituent Assembly to serve and restore the Republic.

"It is in the name and memory of my brother, and sharing his horror for civil war, that I now write to you; trust my long experience, and remember that France, Europe, and posterity will be called on to judge your conduct.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"JEROME BONAPARTE."

On the Place de la Madeleine, the two representatives, Fabvier and Crestin met and accosted one another. General Fabvier directed his colleague's attention to four pieces of cannon which, turning in an opposite direction to that they had before been pursuing, left the Boulevard and galloped off towards the Elysée. "Can the Elysée already be obliged to stand on the defensive?" said the General. Crestin, pointing to the façade of the palace of the Assembly, on the other side the Place de la Révolution, replied:—"General, to-morrow we we shall be there." From some garrets that look out upon the stable-yard of the Elysée, three travelling carriages were observed from an early hour in the morning, with the horses put to, the luggage packed on the top, and the postillions in their saddles ready to start.

"The impulsion was really given, the movement of rage and hatred was becoming universal, and the *coup d'état* appeared lost; one shock more and Louis Bonaparte would have fallen. Had the day but ended as it began, all would have been over. The *coup d'état* was approaching a state of despair. The hour for the most fearful measures was come. What did he intend doing? It was necessary that he should strike some great blow, some unexpected blow, some terrible blow. He was reduced to this alternative: he was doomed to perish, or to save himself by a frightful expedient.

"Louis Bonaparte had not quitted the Elysée. He occupied a cabinet on the ground floor, near the splendid gilt saloon, where, when he was a child in 1815, he had been present at the second abdication of Napoleon. He was there alone, orders had been given that no one should be allowed to have access to him. From time to time the door was opened a little, and the grey hair of General Roguet, his aide-de-camp, appeared. The General was the only person who was allowed to open this door and enter the room. The General brought the news, which was becoming every instant more and more alarming, and he frequently terminated what he had to say with the words: 'Matters are not going well,' or 'Matters are going badly.' After he had finished, Louis Bonaparte, who was seated with his elbows on a table and his feet upon the fire-dogs, before a large fire, turned his head half round on the back of his chair, and, with the most phlegmatic voice, and without any apparent emotion, invariably answered in the four following words: '*Qu'on exécute mes ordres*,' (let them execute my orders.) The last time that General Roguet entered the room in this manner with bad news, it was nearly one o'clock. He himself has related these details, to the honour of his master's calmness. He told the prince that the barricades in the centre of the town still held out, and were increasing in number; that on the Boulevards the cries of 'Down with the dictator,' (he did not dare say, 'Down with Soulouque,') and hisses everywhere hailed the troops as they passed by; that before the Galerie Jouffroy an adjutant-major had been pursued by the crowd, and that at the corner of the Café Cardinal a captain of the staff had been torn from his horse. Louis Bonaparte half rose up from his chair, and looking fixedly at the General, calmly said to him: 'Very well, let Saint-Arnaud be told to execute my orders.'

"What were these orders?

"We shall see.

"Here we pause to collect all our strength of mind, and the narrator lays down his pen with a kind of hesitation and agony. We are approaching the abominable events of that mournful day, the 4th; we are approaching that monstrous fact from which arose the success of the *coup-d'état* dripping with blood. We are about to unveil the most horrible thing ever premeditated by Louis Bonaparte; we are about to reveal, tell, narrate, and describe that which all the historiographers of the 2nd December have concealed; that which General Magnan carefully omitted in his report; that which, even at Paris, the place where these things were witnessed, men scarcely dare to whisper to each other. We are about to enter on the horrible.

"The 2nd December is a crime covered with darkness, a coffin closed and silent, but from the cracks in which streams of blood gush forth.

"We will now lift the coffin-lid.

II.

"From an early hour in the morning, for here,—and we especially point out the fact,—there is most incontestible proof of a premeditated plan; from an early hour in the morning, strange notices had been posted up at the corners of all the streets; we have copied these notices, and our readers must remember them. During sixty years that the cannons of revolutions have, on certain days, boomed through Paris, and that the government, when menaced, has had recourse to desperate measures, nothing had ever been seen like these notices. They informed the inhabitants that all crowds, no matter of what kind, would be dispersed by armed force, *without any previous warning whatever*. In Paris, the metropolis of civilization, people do not easily believe that a man will push his crime to extremities; and, therefore, these notices had been

looked upon as a means of intimidation that was hideous and savage, but, at the same time, almost ridiculous.

"The public were wrong. These notices contained the very germ of Louis Bonaparte's plan. They were seriously meant.

"One word on what is about to be the stage for the unheard-of drama, prepared and perpetrated by the man of December.

"From the Madeleine to the Faubourg Poissonnière, the Boulevard was unobstructed; from the theatre of the Gymnase to the theatre of the Porte Saint-Martin it was barricaded. This was the case with the Rue de la Lune and all the streets which bound, or debouch upon, the Porte Saint-Denis and the Porte Saint-Martin. Beyond the Porte Saint-Martin the Boulevard was again free as far as the Bastile, with the exception of a single barricade, which had been begun opposite the Château d'Eau. Between the Porte Saint-Denis and the Porte Saint-Martin, seven or eight redoubts crossed the road at a certain distance from each other. A square of four barricades shut in the Porte Saint-Denis. Of these four barricades, that one which looked towards the Madeleine, and which was destined to receive the first shock of the troops, had been constructed at the culminating point of the Boulevard, with its left extremity resting on the angle of the Rue de la Lune, and its right upon the Rue Mazagran. Four omnibuses, five waggons for removing furniture, the little house of the inspector of hackney coaches, which had been thrown down, the Vespasian columns, which had been broken up, the public seats of the Boulevards, the flag-stones of the steps of the Rue de la Lune, the entire iron balustrade of the pavement, which had been wrenched from its place at a single effort by the formidable hand of the crowd—such were the objects heaped together, but which were hardly sufficient to block up the Boulevard, which, at this point, is very broad. There

were no paving-stones, as the road is macadamized. The barricade did not even extend from one side of the Boulevard to the other, but left a large open space near the Rue de Mazagran, where there was a house in course of erection. Observing this gap, a well-dressed young man got upon the scaffolding, and, quite unaided, without the least hurry, or even taking his cigar from his mouth, cut the cords of the scaffolding. The people at the surrounding windows laughed and applauded him. An instant afterwards the scaffolding gave way in a single mass, and with a loud noise. This completed the barricade.

"While this redoubt was being completed, some twenty persons entered the theatre of the Gymnase by the stage-door. A few moments afterwards they came out again with some muskets and a drum which they had found in the wardrobe, and which were a part of what, in the theatrical language, is termed "the properties." One of the men took the drum and commenced beating to arms. The others, throwing down the Vespasian columns, tilting up carriages on one side, tearing blinds, and shutters off their hinges, and heaping a number of old scenes upon each other, constructed, opposite the guard-house of the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, a little barricade as a sort of advanced post, or rather a lunet which commanded the Boulevards Poissonnière and Montmartre as well as the Rue Hauteville. The military had already evacuated the guard-house in the morning. The flag was taken from the guard-house and planted upon the barricade. It is this same flag which was afterwards declared by the newspapers of the *coup d'état* to have been a 'red flag.'

"Some fifteen men took up their position at this advanced post. They had muskets, but no cartridges, or, at most, very few. Behind them, the large barricade, which covered the Porte Saint-Martin, was held by about a hundred combatants, in the midst of whom were observed two women and an old

man with white hair. In his left hand he held a stick, on which he supported himself, and, in his right, he grasped a musket. One of the two women wore a sabre suspended to a cross-belt. While helping to tear up the railing that ran along the side of the pavement, she severed three fingers of her right hand with the sharp edge of an iron bar. She showed the wound to the crowd, and as she did so, cried: *Vive la République!* The other woman had ascended to the top of the barricade, whence, leaning on the flag-staff, and escorted by two men in blouses, who were armed with muskets and presented arms, she read aloud the call to arms issued by the Representatives of the Left. The crowd clapped their hands.

"All this occurred between twelve and one o'clock in the day. An immense number of people on this side the barricades, covered the pavement on both sides the Boulevards; in some places they were silent; in others, they cried: 'Down with Soulouque! Down with the traitor!'

"From time to time, some mournful processions traversed the multitude; they consisted of files of closed litters carried along by hospital men and soldiers. At their head marched men, holding in their hands long poles, at the end of which hung blue placards, on which was inscribed, in large letters: *Service of the Military Hospitals.* On the curtains of the litters: *Wounded. Ambulance.* The weather was gloomy and wet.

"At this time there was a great number of persons at the Bourse. On all the walls bill-stickers were posting up bills, announcing the adhesion of the departments to the *coup d'état*. Even the stockbrokers, while trying to bull the market, laughed and shrugged up their shoulders at these bills. Suddenly, a well-known speculator, who had for two days been a great admirer of the *coup d'état*, made his appearance, pale and breathless, like a fugitive, and exclaimed: 'They are firing grape on the Boulevards.'

"We will now describe what was going on there.

"A little after one o'clock, a quarter of an hour after the last order given by Louis Bonaparte to General Roguet, the whole length of the Boulevards, from the Madeleine, was suddenly covered with cavalry and infantry. Almost the whole of Carrelet's division, composed of the five brigades of Cotte, Bourgon, Canrobert, Dulac, and Reibell, and presenting a total of sixteen thousand four hundred and ten men, had taken up their position, and extended themselves in *echelons* from the Rue de la Paix to the Faubourg Poissonnière. Each brigade had its artillery with it. Eleven pieces of cannon were counted on the Boulevard Poissonnière alone. Two of the cannons, with their muzzles turned different ways, had been pointed at the ends of the Rue Montmartre and Faubourg Montmartre respectively; no one knew why, as neither the street nor the Faubourg presented even the appearance of a barricade. The spectators, who crowded the pavement and the windows, looked with affright at all these cannons, sabres, and bayonets, which thus blocked up the street.

"'The troops were laughing and chatting,' says one witness. Another witness says, 'The soldiers had a strange look about them.' Most of them were leaning upon their muskets, with the butt-end upon the ground, and seemed nearly falling from fatigue, or something else. One of these old officers who are accustomed to read a soldier's thoughts in his eyes, General ——, said, as he passed the Café Frascati, 'They are drunk.'

"There were now some indications of what was about to happen.

"At one moment, when the crowd was crying to the troops—'*Vive la République!*' 'Down with Louis Bonaparte!' one of

the officers was heard to say, in a low voice—'*Ceci va tourner à la charcuterie!* (we shall soon have a little to do in the pork-butchering line).

"A battalion of infantry debouches from the Rue Richelieu. Before the Café Cardinal it is greeted by a unanimous cry of '*Vive la République!*' A literary man, the editor of a Conservative paper, who happened to be on the spot, adds the words—'*Down with Soulouque!*' The officer of the staff, who commanded the detachment, makes a blow at him with his sabre. The journalist avoided the blow, and the sabre cuts in two one of the small trees on the Boulevards.

"As the 1st Regiment of Lancers, commanded by Colonel Rochefort, came up opposite the Rue Taitbout, a numerous crowd covered the pavement of the Boulevards. This crowd was composed of some of the inhabitants of that quarter of the town, of merchants, artists, journalists, and even several young mothers, leading their children by the hand. As the regiment was passing by, men and women,—every one, in fact,—cried: '*Vive la Constitution!*' '*Vive la Loi!*' '*Vive la République!*' Colonel Rochefort, the same person who had presided at the banquet, given on the 31st October, 185], at the Ecole Militaire, by the 1st Regiment of Lancers, to the 7th Regiment of Lancers,—and who, at this banquet, had proposed as a toast—'Prince Louis Napoleon, the chief of the State, the personification of that order of which we are the defenders!'—this colonel, on hearing the crowd utter the above cry, which was perfectly legal, spurred his horse into the midst of the crowd, through all the chairs on the pavement, while the Lancers precipitated themselves after him, and men, women, and children were indiscriminately cut down. 'A great number remained dead on the spot,' says a defender of the *coup d'état;* and then adds—'It was done in a moment.'*

"About two o'clock, two howitzers were pointed at the

* Captain Mauduit, "*Révolution Militaire du Decembre,*" p. 217.

extremity of the Boulevard Poissonnière, at a hundred and fifty paces from the little advanced barricade of the guard-house on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle. While placing the guns in their proper position, two of the artillerymen, who are not often guilty of a false manœuvre, broke the pole of a caisson. '*Don't you see they are drunk!*' exclaimed a man of the lower classes.

"At half-past two, for it is necessary to follow the progress of this hideous drama minute by minute, and step by step, the firing commenced before the barricade, but it was languid and almost seemed as if done for amusement only. The chief officers appeared to be thinking of anything but a combat. We shall soon see, however, of what they were thinking.

"The first cannon ball, badly aimed, passed above all the barricades and killed a little boy at the Château d'Eau as he was procuring water from the basin.

"The shops were shut, as were also almost all the windows. There was, however, one window left open on an upper story in the house at the corner of the Rue du Sentier. The principal mass of mere spectators were still on the southern side of the street. It was an ordinary crowd and nothing more,—men, women, children, and old people who looked upon the languid attack and defence of the barricade as a sort of sham fight.

"This barricade served as a spectacle until the moment arrived for making it a pretext.

IV.

"The soldiers had been skirmishing in this manner, and the defenders of the barricade returning their fire, for about a quarter of an hour, without any one being wounded on either side, when suddenly, as if by the agency of electricity, an ex-

traordinary and terrible movement was observed in the infantry first, and then in the cavalry. The troops suddenly faced about.

"The historiographers of the *coup d'état* have asserted that a shot, directed against the soldiers, was fired from the window which had remained open at the corner of the Rue du Sentier. Others say that it was fired from the top of the house at the corner of the Rue Notre-Dame de Recouvrance and the Boulevard Poissonnière. According to others, it was merely a pistol shot fired from the roof of the lofty house at the corner of the Rue de Mazagran. The shot is contested, but what cannot be contested is that,—for having fired this problematical shot which, after all, was perhaps nothing more than the noise occasioned by some door slammed-to violently,—a dentist, who inhabited the next house, was killed by a musket ball. The question resolves itself into this: Did any one hear a pistol or musket shot fired from one of the houses on the Boulevard? Is this the fact or is it not? a host of witnesses deny it.

"If the shot was really fired there still remains one point that requires to be cleared up. Was it a cause, or was it a signal?

"However this may be, all of a sudden, as we have said before, the cavalry, infantry, and artillery, faced towards the dense crowd upon the pavement, and then, without anyone being able to assign a reason for it, unexpectedly, without any motive, without any previous warning, as the infamous proclamations of the morning had announced, the butchery commenced from the Theatre of the Gymnase, to the Bains Chinois, that is to say the whole length of the richest, the most frequented, and the most joyous Boulevard of Paris.

"The army commenced shooting down the people, with the muzzles of their muskets actually touching them.

"It was a horrible moment; it would be impossible to describe the cries, the arms of the people raised towards

heaven, their surprise, their horror; the crowd flying in all directions, the shower of balls falling on the pavement and bounding to the roofs of the houses, corpses covering the road in a single moment, young men falling with their cigars still in their mouths, women in velvet gowns shot down dead by the long rifles, two booksellers killed on their own thresholds without their having known what offence they had committed, shots fired down the cellar-holes and killing anyone, no matter who happened to be below, the Bazaar riddled with shells and balls, the Hôtel Sallandrouze bombarded, Tortoni's carried by assault, hundreds of corpses stretched upon the Boulevard, and a torrent of blood in the gutters of the Rue de Richelieu.

"The narrator must here again crave permission to suspend his narrative.

"In the presence of these deeds without a name, I, who write these lines, declare that I am the registrar of the court. I record crime, I summon the witnesses in the trial. My functions extend no farther. I cite Louis Bonaparte, I cite Saint Arnaud, Maupas, Morny, Magnan, Carrelet, Canrobert, and Reybell, his accomplices, I cite too, the rest whose names will be found elsewhere, I cite the executioners, the murderers, the witnesses, the victims, the heated cannons, the smoking sabres, the drunken soldiers, the mourning families, the dying, the dead, the horror, the blood, and the tears,—I cite them all to the bar of the civilized world.

"The mere narrator, whoever he might be, would never be believed. Let the living facts, the bleeding facts, therefore, speak for themselves. Let us hear the witnesses.

V.

"We shall not print the names of the witnesses, and we have said why we shall not do so, but the reader will easily

recognise the sincere and poignant accent of reality in every account we give.

"One witness says:—

"'* * * I had not taken three steps on the Boulevard, before the troops, which were defiling past me, suddenly stopped; and facing about towards the south and levelling their muskets, by an instantaneous movement, fired upon the affrighted crowd.

"'The volleys of musketry continued uninterruptedly for twenty minutes, while now and then the cannon was heard booming above all the rest.

"'At the first volley, I threw myself on the ground and crept along on the pavement to the first door I found open.

"'It was a wine shop at No. 180, next door to the Bazar de l'Industrie. I was the last person who went in. All this time the discharge of musketry was still kept up.

"'In this shop there were about fifty persons, and among them five or six women, and two or three children. Three poor wretches were wounded when they came in. Two of them died, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, in horrible agony: the third was still alive when I left the shop at four o'clock;—however, as I afterwards learned, he did not survive the effects of his wounds.

"'In order to give an idea what were the kind of people on whom the troops fired, I cannot do better than mention some of the persons assembled in the shop.

"'There were several women, two of whom had been out in the neighbourhood to buy provisions for their dinners,—a little lawyer's clerk who had been sent out on an errand by his master,—two or three frequenters of the Bourse,—two or three house-owners—and several workmen, in wretched blouses, or without any at all. One of the unhappy beings who had taken refuge in the shop produced a deep impression on me. He was a man, of about thirty, with light hair, and wearing a grey paletot. He was going with his wife to dine at his own house in the Rue

Montmartre, when he was stopped on the Boulevards by the troops that were passing along. At the very beginning, at the first discharge, both he and his wife fell down. He rose, however, but he had no longer his wife on his arm! His despair cannot be described. In spite of all we could say, he begged and prayed that the door might be opened for him to run and look for his wife in the midst of the grape-shot that was sweeping the streets. It was all we could do to keep him with us for an hour. The next day, I learned that his wife had been killed, and her body found in the Cité Bergère. A fortnight afterwards, I was informed that the poor wretch, having threatened to apply the *lex talionis* to M. Bonaparte, had been arrested and sent to Brest, previously to being transported to Cayenne. Almost all the persons assembled in the wine-shop held monarchical opinions, and I only saw two, a compositor, named Meunier, who had formerly worked on the *Réforme*, and a friend of his, who declared themselves to be Republicans. About four o'clock, I left the shop.'

"Another witness, who was one of those who fancied he heard the pistol-shot in the Rue de Mazagran, adds:—

"'This shot was a signal for the soldiers to fire upon all the houses, and at all the windows: the volleys lasted, at least, thirty minutes. The discharge was simultaneous from the Porte Saint-Denis as far as the Café du Grand Balcon. The report of artillery was soon added to the noise of musketry.

"Another witness says:—

"'At a quarter past three, a singular movement took place. The soldiers who were turned towards the Porte Saint-Denis, fronted about in an instant, resting against the houses from the Gymnase, the house of the Pont de Fer, and the Hôtel Saint-Phar. Immediately afterwards, a running fire was directed on the houses and people on the opposite side of the way, from the Rue Saint-Denis to the Rue Richelieu. A few minutes were sufficient to cover the pavement with dead bodies,

and riddle the houses with balls; this paroxysm of fury on the part of the troops, remained undiminished for three quarters of an hour.'

"Another witness says:—

—'* * * * The first cannon-shots fired against the Barricade Bonne-Nouvelle, served as a signal to the rest of the troops, who fired almost simultaneously at every one within the range of their muskets.'

'Another witness says:—

'No words are powerful enough to describe such an act of barbarity. A person must himself have seen in order to be bold enough to speak of it, and attest the truth of a fact which nothing can palliate.'

'The soldiers fired volleys of thousands and thousands of shots—the number is inappreciable*—on the unoffending crowd, and without having the slightest reason for doing so. There was a desire to produce a deep impression. That was the whole secret of the matter.'

"Another witness says:—

"'The troops of the line, followed by the cavalry and the artillery, arrived on the Boulevard at a time that the general agitation was very great. A musket shot was fired from the midst of the troops, and it was easy to perceive that it had been fired in the air, from the smoke which rose perpendicularly. This was the signal for firing on and bayonetting the people without any previous warning. This is a significant fact, and proves that the military wanted the appearance of a motive for beginning the massacre which followed.'

"Another witness tells the following tale:—

'* * * * The cannon, loaded with grape-shot, cut up all the shop-fronts from the establishment, known as the *Prophète* to the Rue Montmartre. From the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle

* "The witness means *incalculable*, but we would change nothing in the original depositions."

the cannon must have fired full on the Maison Billecoq, for it was struck at the angle of the wall on the Aubusson side, and the ball, after having traversed the wall, penetrated into the interior of the house.'

'Another witness, one of those who deny the shot, says:—

"'People have endeavoured to excuse this discharge of musketry and these murders, by pretending that the troops had been fired on, from the windows of some of the houses. Not only does General Magnan's official report seem to deny the truth of this rumour, but I here assert that the discharge was instantaneous from the Porte Saint-Denis to the Porte Montmartre, and that there was not, previously to the general discharge, a single shot fired separately, either by persons at the windows or by the soldiers, from the Faubourg Saint-Denis to the Boulevard des Italiens.

"'Another witness, who is also one of those who did not hear the shot, says:—

"'The troops had been defiling for about twenty minutes, before the steps of the Café Tortoni, where I myself was, when, before any report of fire-arms had reached us, an extraordinary commotion manifests itself among them; the cavalry go off at a gallop and the infantry at double-quick. All of a sudden we see, coming down from the direction of the Boulevard Poissonnière, a sheet of fire, which gains ground and extends rapidly. I can vouch for the fact that, before this discharge commenced it had not been preceded by any report of fire-arms, and that not a single shot had been fired from any of the houses between the Café Frascati and the spot where I stood. At last we saw the soldiers before us level their muskets in a menacing manner. We take refuge in the Rue Taitbout, under a large gateway. At the same moment the balls fly over our heads, and all around us. A woman is killed ten paces from me at the very instant I was hiding myself under the gateway. I can swear that up to

that time, there was neither a barricade nor an insurgent; there were *sportsmen, and there was game* flying from them: that is all.'

"This image 'sportsmen and game' is the one which immediately suggests itself to the mind of all those who beheld this horrible proceeding. We meet with the same simile in the testimony of another witness:—

"'* * * At the end of my street, and I know that the same thing was observed in the neighbouring ones as well, we saw the Gendarmes Mobiles with their muskets, and themselves in the position of *sportsmen waiting for the game to rise*, that is to say, with their muskets at their shoulders, in order that they might take aim and fire more quickly.

"'In order that those persons who had fallen wounded near the doors in the Rue Montmartre might receive the first necessary attentions, we could see the doors opened from time to time down the street, while an arm would be stretched out, and then hastily draw in the corpse or the dying man whom the balls were still striving to claim as their own.'

"Another witness hits upon the same image:—

"'The soldiers stationed at the corners of the streets awaited the inhabitants as they passed along, *like sportsmen lying in wait for their game*, and directly they saw them in the street they fired at them *as they would do at a target*. A great many persons were killed in this manner in the Rue du Sentier, Rue Rougemont, and Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière.

* * * * * *

"'Go on,' said the officers to the unoffending citizen who demanded their protection. At these words people went their way quietly and with confidence; but it was merely a form of expression already agreed on, and which meant *death*; for hardly had they gone a few steps before they fell.

"'At the moment the firing began upon the Boulevard,' says another witness, 'a bookseller, who lived near the carpet

warehouse, was hastily shutting up his shop, when a number of fugitives who were striving to obtain admittance, were suspected by the troops of the line, or the Gendarmerie Mobile, I do not know which, of having fired upon them. The soldiers enter the bookseller's house. The bookseller endeavours to explain matters; he alone is led out before his own door, and his wife and daughter have only time to throw themselves between him and the soldiers as he falls dead. His wife had her thigh traversed by a ball, while his daughter was saved by the steel busk of her stays. I have been informed that his wife has since gone mad.'

"Another witness says:—

"'* * * The soldiers entered the two booksellers' shops, which are situated between the establishment of the *Prophète* and that belonging to M. Sallandrouze. The murders committed there have been proved. The two booksellers were massacred on the pavement. The other prisoners were put to death in the shops.'

"Let us terminate this list by three extracts which it is impossible to transcribe without a shudder:—

"'For the first quarter of an hour of this deed of horror,' says a witness, 'the firing, which for a moment became less sharp, caused some persons who were merely wounded to suppose that they might get up again. Of those who were lying stretched on the ground before the *Prophète*, two rose. One of them fled in the direction of the Rue du Sentier, from which he was only the distance of a few yards off. He reached it in the midst of a shower of balls which carried away his cap. The other could only succeed in raising himself on his knees, in which position, with his hands clasped together, he besought the soldiers to spare his life, but he immediately fell down shot dead. The day afterwards there was one spot to be seen near the steps leading into the show rooms of the *Prophète*, scarcely a few feet in extent, into which more than a hundred balls had been fired.'

'Another witness says:—

'At the end of the Rue Montmartre as far as the fountain, a space of about sixty paces, there were sixty bodies of men and women, both of the upper and lower classes, children, and young girls. All these unfortunate creatures had fallen victims to the first volley fired by the troops and the gendarmerie, who were stationed on the opposite side of the Boulevard. They all died at the first discharge, and, proceeding a few paces, sank down to rise no more. One young man had taken refuge in a gateway, and tried to shelter himself behind the projection of the wall on the side of the Boulevards. After ten minutes of badly aimed shots, he was hit, in spite of all his efforts to render himself as small as possible by drawing himself up to his full height; he was then seen to sink down and rise no more.'

'Another witness says:—

'"The plate-glass and the windows in the house of the Petit de Fer were all shattered. One man, who was in the courtyard, went mad with fright. The cellars were filled with women who had sought refuge there, but in vain. The soldiers fired through the shops and the cellar holes. From Tortoni's to the theatre of the Gymnase similar things took place. This lasted more than hour.'

VI.

"Let us here close these extracts. Let us terminate this mournful inquest. We have had proofs enough.

"The execration felt for the dead is patent. The testimonies of a hundred more individuals, which we have before us, repeat almost the same facts in the same words. It is at present certain, it is proved, it is beyond the possibility of doubt, it cannot be denied, it is as evident as day, that on

Thursday, the 4th December, 1851, the unoffending inhabitants of Paris, the inhabitants who were not in any way mixed up with the fighting, were mown down without warning, and massacred merely for the sake of intimidation, and that it is not possible to attach any other intention to Monsieur Bonaparte's mysterious command:—

"Let them execute my orders."

This execution lasted until night set in. For more than an hour, there was, as it were, an orgy of musketry and artillery. The cannonade and the platoon firing crossed each other indiscriminately; at one particular period the soldiers were killing each other. The battery of the 6th regiment of Artillery, which composed part of Cannobert's brigade was dismounted; the horses, rearing up in the midst of the balls, broke the fore-carriages, the wheels and the poles of all the battery, in less than a minute, there only remained one gun fit for service. A whole squadron of the 1st Lancers was obliged to seek refuge in a shed in the Rue Saint-Fiacre. Seventy bullet-holes were counted the next day, in the pennons of the lances. The soldiers had become wild with excitement. At the corner of the Rue Rougemont, in the midst of the smoke, and general was waving his arms as if to restrain them; a medical officer of the 27th was nearly killed by the soldiers whom he was endeavouring to check. A sergeant said to an officer who stopped his arm: 'Lieutenant, you are betraying us.' The soldiers did not know any longer what they were about; they had, as it were, gone mad with the crime they were ordered to commit. There is a certain moment when the disgust a man feels for what he is doing, makes him re-double his blows. Blood is a kind of horrible wine; men get drunk with carnage.

It seemed as if some invisible hand were launching death from the midst of a cloud. The soldiers were no longer aught but mere projectiles.

Two guns in the road of the Boulevard were pointed at

the front of a single house, that of M. Sallandrouze, and with their muzzles almost touching it, or only a few paces removed, kept firing volley after volley as fast as it was possible to fire. This house, which is an old stone mansion, remarkable for the almost monumental flight of steps leading up to it, was split by the balls as if by so many iron wedges. It opened, gaped, and separated from top to bottom, while the soldiers redoubled their efforts. At every discharge, the walls cracked again. All of a sudden, an officer of artillery galloped up, and exclaimed: 'Stop, stop!' The house was bending forwards; another ball, and it would have fallen on the guns and the gunners.

"The artillerymen were so drunk that many of them, not knowing what they were doing, allowed themselves to be killed by the rebound of their guns. The balls came simultaneously from the Porte Saint-Martin, the Boulevard Poissonnière and the Boulevard Montmartre. The drivers, hearing them whizzing past their ears in every direction, lay down upon their horses, while the gunners hid underneath the caissons and behind the waggons: soldiers were seen, with their caps falling off their heads, to fly in dismay to the Rue Notre-Dame de Recouvrance; troopers, in a state of unconsciousness, fired their carbines in the air, while others dismounted and sought shelter behind their horses. Two or three of the latter, without riders, ran about here and there, in the greatest state of terror.

"The most horrible amusements were mixed up with the massacre. The Tirailleurs de Vincennes had established themselves at one of the barricades on the Boulevard that they had carried by assault, and from thence they exercised themselves in shooting at persons who were passing at a distance. From the neighbouring houses, such hideous dialogues as the following were heard: 'I bet I will bring that fellow down.'—'I bet you won't.'—'I bet I will.' And then the shot followed. It was easy to know if the person fell by

the roar of laughter which accompanied his fall. Whenever a woman passed, the officers cried out: 'Fire at that woman; give her a touch!'

"This was one of the orders. On the Boulevard Montmartre, where the bayonet was greatly in requisition, a young captain of the staff cried out: 'Prick up the women!'

"One woman, with a loaf under her arm, thought she might cross the Rue Saint-Fiacre. A tirailleur shot her down.

"Matters were not so bad as this in the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau. A woman cried, 'Vive la République!" she was merely whipped by the soldiers. But let us return to the Boulevards.

"One of the passers by, a huissier, was struck by a ball aimed at his forehead; he fell upon his hands and knees, imploring mercy! He received thirteen more balls in his body. He survived: by a miraculous chance, not one of his wounds was mortal. The ball which struck his forehead tore the skin, and then passed round his skull without fracturing it.

"An old man of eighty-four years of age was found concealed somewhere or other, brought before the steps of the *Prophète*, and shot: he fell. 'He will have no bump on his head,' said a soldier; the old man had fallen upon a heap of dead bodies. Two young men from Issy, who had been married only a month to two sisters, were crossing the Boulevard on their way from their business. They saw the muskets levelled at them, and threw themselves on their knees, exclaiming, 'We have married two sisters!' They were killed. A dealer in cocoa, named Robert, residing in the Faubourg Poissonnière, was flying, with his cocoa-machine on his back, down the Rue Montmartre; he was killed.* A boy of thirteen, a saddler's

* "We may name the witness who saw this, as he is proscribed; it is M. Versigny, a representative of the people. He says:—

"'I can still see, opposite the Rue du Croissant, an unfortunate itinerant vendor of cocoa, with his tin can on his back, stagger, and gradu-

apprentice, was passing on the Boulevard opposite the Café Vachette. The soldiers pointed their muskets at him. He uttered the most heartrending cries, and, holding up a bridle which he had in his hand, waved it in the air, exclaiming, 'I am sent on an errand!' He was killed. Three balls perforated his breast. All along the Boulevards were heard the shrieks of the wounded, as they fell heavily upon the pavement, while the soldiers pierced them with their bayonets, and then left, without taking the trouble to despatch them.

Some villains seized the opportunity for stealing. The treasurer of a company, whose offices are in the Rue de la Banque, left at two o'clock to receive a bill of exchange in the Rue Bergère. As he was returning with the money, he was killed on the Boulevard. When his body was removed, he had neither ring, watch, nor the money he was taking to his office.

On the pretence that shots had been fired at the troops, the latter entered ten or twelve houses, at hazard, and despatched with their bayonets every one they found. In all the houses on the Boulevard, there are metal pipes by which the dirty water runs out into the gutter. The soldiers, without knowing wherefore, took a feeling of mistrust and dislike to such and such a house, closed from top to bottom, silent and sad, and which, like all the houses on the Boulevard, seemed uninhabited, so silent was it. They knocked at the door; the door was opened and they entered. An instant afterwards there was seen to flow from the mouth of the metal pipes a red, smoking stream. It was blood.

A captain, with his eyes starting from their sockets, cried out, 'In the house where they have just fired on the troops, the women and children are up to the knees in blood!'

Finally sinking down, fall dead before a shop. He alone, among all those killed, had received the honour of being fired at by a whole platoon.

The same witness adds:—'The soldiers swept the streets with their guns, even where there was not a paving stone moved from its place, nor a single combatant.'

out to the soldiers: 'No quarter!' cried a chief of battalion, 'fire and kill! Enter the houses and kill every one!' Some sergeants were heard to say: *Pitch into the Bedouins; kill them hard!* In the writer's time,' says a witness, 'the soldiers used to call the civilians *pekins*. At present, we are Bedouins.' The soldiers massacred the people, to the cry of *Vive la Bedouine!*

At the Circle Frascati, where many of the regular frequenters of the place were assembled, and among them an old general, they heard the thunder of musketry and artillery, and could not believe that the troops were firing ball. They laughed, and said to one another: 'It is blank cartridge. What a *mise en scene!* What an actor is this Bonaparte!' They thought they were at the Circus. Suddenly the soldiers entered, mad with rage, and were about to shoot every one. The persons present had no idea of the danger they were running. They still continued to laugh. One of the eye-witnesses said to us: '*We thought that this was part of the buffoonery.*' However, seeing the soldiers continue to threaten them they at last understood the true state of matters. '*Kill them all,*' cried the soldiers. A lieutenant, who recognised the old general, prevented them from carrying out their threats. In spite of this, a sergeant said: '*D—n you, lieutenant, hold your tongue, can't you; it is not your business but ours.*'

'The troops killed,' for the mere sake of killing. In the courtyards of certain houses, even the horses and dogs were shot.

"In the house next to Frascati's, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, the soldiers were very quietly going to shoot even the women and children, who were already drawn up in a heap before a platoon, when the colonel arrived. He stopped the massacre, and pent up these poor trembling creatures in the Passage des Panoramas. A celebrated writer, Monsieur Lireux, after having escaped the first balls, was led about, during

an hour, from one guard-house to the other, in order to be shot. The most miraculous efforts had to be made to save him. The celebrated artist, Sax, who happened to be in the musical establishment of M. Brandus, was about to be shot, when a general recognised him. Everywhere else the people were killed indiscriminately.

"The first person killed in this butchery—history has also preserved the name of the first person killed at the massacre of Saint Bartholomew—was named Theodore Debaecque, and lived in the house at the corner of the Rue du Sentier, where the carnage began.

VII.

"When the butchery was ended,—that is to say when night had completely set in, and it had began in the middle of the day,—the dead bodies were not removed; they were so numerous that thirty-three of them were counted before a single shop, that of M. Barbedienne. Every space of ground left open in the asphalte at the foot of the trees on the Boulevards was a reservoir of blood. 'The dead bodies,' says a witness, 'were piled up in heaps, one upon the other, old men, children, persons in blouses and paletots, all collected pell-mell, in one indescribable mass of heads, arms, and legs.'

"Another witness describes a group of three individuals in the following terms: 'Two had fallen upon their backs; and the third, having become entangled under their feet, had fallen upon them.' The isolated corpses were rare and were more remarkable than the others. One young man, well dressed, was seated against a wall, with his legs separated, and his arms half folded on his breast. He held in his hand one of Verdier's canes, and seemed to be looking at what was going on around him. He was dead. A little further on, the bullets

had transfixed against a shop a youth in velveteen trowsers who had got some proof-sheets in his hand. The wind agitated these proofs covered with blood, on which the fingers of the corpse were still closed. A poor old man, with white hair, was lying stretched in the middle of the road with his umbrella at his side. His elbow almost touched a young man in patent leather boots and yellow gloves, who lay extended with his eye-glass still in his eye. At a few paces' distance, with her head upon the pavement, and her feet in the road, lay a woman of the lower classes, who had attempted to escape, with her child in her arms. Both were dead; but the mother still tightly grasped her child.'

"Ah! you will tell me, M. Bonaparte, that you are sorry, but that it was an unfortunate affair; that in presence of Paris, ready to rise, it was necessary to adopt some decided measure, and that you were forced to this extremity; that as regards the *coup d'état*, you were in debt, that your ministers were in debt, that your aides-de-camp were in debt, that your footmen were in debt, that you had made yourself answerable for them all, and that, deuce take it, a man cannot be a prince without squandering from time to time, a few millions too much; that he must amuse himself and enjoy life a little; that the Assembly was to blame for not having understood this, and for wishing to restrict you to two wretched millions a year, and what is more, for wishing to make you resign your authority at the expiration of four years, and act up to the Constitution; that, after all, you could not leave the Elysée to enter the debtors' prison at Clichy; that you had in vain had recourse to those little expedients which are provided for by the Article 405 of the criminal code; that an exposure was at hand, that the demagogical press was spreading strange tales, that the matter of the Gold Ingots threatened to become known, that you were bound to respect the name of Napoleon, and that, by my faith, having no other alternative, and not wishing to be a vulgar criminal, to be dealt with in the

common course of law, you preferred being one of the assassins of history!

"So then, instead of polluting, this blood you shed, purified you! Very good.

"I continue my account.

VIII.

"When all was finished, Paris came to see the sight. The people flocked in crowds to the scenes of these terrible occurrences; no one offered them the least obstruction. This was what the butcher wanted. Louis Napoleon had not done all this to hide it afterwards.

"The southern side of the Boulevard was covered with fragments of cartridge paper; the northern side of the pavement disappeared under the mass of masonry and mortar, which had been torn from the fronts of the houses by the balls, and was as white as if a snow storm had fallen on it; while pools of blood left large dark patches on the snow-like ruins. The foot of the passer-by only avoided a corpse to tread upon fragments of broken glass, plaster, or stone. There were some houses so cut to pieces by the grape shot and the cannon balls, that they seemed on the point of tumbling down; this was the case with M. Sallandrouze's, which we have already mentioned, and the mourning warehouse at the corner of the Faubourg Montmartre. The house of Billecoq and Co. says a witness, 'is at the present moment, still propped up by beams of wood, and the front will have to be partly rebuilt. The balls have traversed the carpet warehouse, through and through, in several places.' Another witness says: 'All the houses, from the Cercle des Etrangers, to the Rue Poissonnière, were literally riddled with balls, especially on the right hand side of the Boulevard. One of the large sheets of plate glass in the magazines of the *Petite Jeannette*, received most certainly more than two hundred

bullets for its own share. There was not a window that had not a ball. People breathed an atmosphere of saltpetre. Thirty-seven corpses were heaped up in the Cité Bergère; the passers-by could count them through the iron railings. A woman was standing at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. She was looking on. All of a sudden, she felt that her feet were wet. 'Why it must have been raining here,' she said, 'my shoes are full of water.' 'No, Madam,' replied a person who was passing, 'it is not water.' Her feet were in a pool of blood.

In the Rue Grange Batelière three corpses were seen quite naked.

"During the butchery, the barricades on the Boulevards had been carried by Bourgon's brigade. The corpses of those who had defended the barricade of the Porte Saint Denis, of which we have already spoken at the beginning of our narration, were piled up before the door of the Maison Jouvin. 'But,' says a witness, 'they were nothing compared to the heaps which covered the Boulevards.'

At two paces distance from the Théâtre des Variétés, the crowd stopped to look at a cap full of brains and blood, hung upon a tree.

"A witness says—'A little beyond the Variétés, I came to a corpse lying on the ground with its face downwards. I tried to raise it, aided by others, but we were repelled by the soldiers. A little further on, there were two bodies—those of a man and a woman. Near them, that of a workman (we abridge the account). From the Rue Montmartre to the Rue du Sentier *people literally walked in blood*; at certain spots, it covered the pavement some inches deep, and, without any exaggeration whatever, you were obliged to use the greatest caution not to step into it. I here counted thirty-three corpses. The sight was too much for me, and I felt large tears rolling down my cheeks. I asked leave to cross the road, in order to enter my own house, and my request was *granted as a favour!*'

"Another witness says—'The Boulevards presented a horrible sight. *We were literally walking in blood.* We counted eighteen corpses in about five and-twenty paces.'

"Another witness, the keeper of a wine-shop, in the Rue du Sentier, says—'I came along the Boulevard du Temple to my house. When I got home, I had an inch of blood around the bottom of my trowsers.'

"The representative, Versigny, speaks as follows:—'We could see, in the distance, almost as far as the Porte Saint-Denis, the immense bivouac-fires of the infantry. The light from them, with the exception of that from a few rare lamps, was all we had to guide us in the midst of this horrible carnage. The combat in the daytime was nothing compared to these corpses and this silence. R. and I were half-dead with horror. A man was passing us; hearing one of my expressions, he came up to me, and, taking my hand, said—'You are a republican; and I was what is called a friend of order, a re-actionary, but I must have lost all sense of respect for the Almighty if I did not curse this horrible orgy. France is dishonoured.' When he had said this, he went on, sobbing violently.'

"Another witness, who has allowed us to name him, a Legitimist, the honourable Monsieur de Cherville, deposes as follows:—'* * * In the evening, I determined on continuing my sad inspection. In the Rue Lepelletier, I met Messieurs Bouillon and Gervais (of Caen). We walked a few steps together, when my foot slipped. I supported myself by catching hold of M. Bouillon's arm. I looked down, and found that I had walked into a large pool of blood. M. Bouillon then informed me, that, being at his window, in the morning, he saw a druggist, whose shop he pointed out to me, shutting his door. A woman fell; the druggist rushed forward to raise her; when, at the same moment, a soldier, ten paces off, aimed at him, and lodged a bullet in his head.

Obeying the dictates of his indignation, and quite forgetful of his own danger, M. Bouillon exclaimed to the persons on the spot—'You will all bear witness to what you have seen.'"

"About eleven o'clock at night, when the fires of the bivouacs were everywhere lighted up, M. Bonaparte allowed the troops to amuse themselves. It seemed as if some *Fête-de-Nuit* were being given on the Boulevards. The soldiers were laughing and singing, as they threw into the fire the fragments of the barricades. After this, as was the case at Strasbourg and Boulogne, money was distributed among them. Let us hear what a witness says: 'I saw, at the Porte Saint-Denis, an officer of the staff give two hundred francs to the chief of a detachment of twenty men with these words: "the Prince ordered me to give you this money, to be distributed among your brave soldiers! the marks of his satisfaction will not be confined to this." Each soldier received ten francs.

"On the evening of the battle of Austerlitz, the Emperor said: Soldiers, I am satisfied with you.

"Another person adds: 'The soldiers, with cigars in their mouths, twitted the passers-by and sounded the money in their pockets. Another witness says: 'The officers broke the rolls of louis d'or *as if they had been so many sticks of chocolate.*'

"The sentinels only allowed women to pass; whenever a man made his appearance, they cried out: *Au large!* Tables were laid out in the bivouacs, and officers and soldiers were drinking round them. The flames from the braziers were reflected upon all these joyous countenances. The corks and the tin foil off the champagne bottles, floated on the top of torrents of blood. From one bivouac to the other the soldiers exchanged loud cries and obscene jokes. They saluted each other with exclamations of: 'Long live the grenadiers!' 'Long live the lancers!' and then added, 'Long live Louis Napoleon!' During all this time the ear was struck with the clinking of

glasses and the crash of broken bottles. Here and there, in the shade, might be seen women, with a taper of yellow wax or a lantern in their hands, wandering among the dead bodies, contemplating one after the other their pale faces, and seeking a son, a father, or a husband.

XII.

"Let us hasten to get clear of these horrible details.

"The next day, the fifth, something terrible was seen in the cemetery of Montmartre.

"An immense space that, up to that time, had remained unoccupied, was 'turned to account,' for the temporary interment of some of those who had been massacred. They were buried with their heads above ground, in order that their relations might recognise them. Most of them had also their feet above ground, with only a little earth upon their breasts. The crowd flocked to the spot, the sightseers pushed you about as you walked in the midst of the graves, and, at times, you felt the earth giving way beneath your feet: you were walking on the stomach of some corpse. You turned round and beheld a pair of boots, of sabots, or of women's shoes; while, on the other side of you, was the head, which the pressure of your weight on the body caused to move.

"An illustrious witness, the great sculptor David, who is now proscribed and wandering far from France, says:—

"'In the cemetery of Montmartre, I saw about forty bodies with their clothes still on them; they had been placed side by side and a few shovelsfull of earth hid all except their heads, which had been left uncovered in order that they might be recognised by their relations. There was so little earth that their feet were still visible; the crowd, horrible to say, was walking on their bodies. Among others, there were some young men with noble features, bearing the stamp of courage;

in the middle was a poor woman, a baker's servant, who had been killed while she was carrying round the bread to her master's customers, and, near her, a young girl who sold flowers on the Boulevards. Those persons who were looking for the corpses that had disappeared, were obliged to trample their bodies under foot, in order to gain a near view of their faces. I heard a man of the lower classes say, with an expression of horror: 'It is like walking upon a spring-board.'

"The crowd continued to flock to the various spots where the victims had been placed, especially to the Cité Bergère, so that, on this day, the fifth, the numbers increased to such an extent as to become troublesome. It was necessary, therefore, to get rid of them, and, in consequence, the following words written in capital letters, on a large placard, were to be seen at the entrance of the Cité Bergère: 'There are no more dead bodies here.'

"The three naked corpses in the Rue Grange-Batelière were not removed until the evening of the fifth.

"It is evident, and we particularly direct the reader's attention to this point, that at first, and for the advantage which it wished to derive from its crime, the *coup d'état* did not make the least endeavour to conceal it; the first day, on the contrary, it exposed it to all eyes. It was not contented with atrocity—it must needs add shameless impudence. The massacre was but a means; the end was intimidation.

X.

"Was this end attained?

Yes.

"Immediately afterwards, as early as the 4th December, the public excitement was calmed. Paris was stupified. The voice of indignation which had been raised at the *coup d'état*, was suddenly hushed at the carnage. Matters had assumed an

appearance completely unknown in history. People felt that they had to deal with one whose nature was unknown.

"Crassus had crushed the gladiators; Herod had slaughtered the infants; Charles IX. had exterminated the Huguenots; Peter of Russia, the Strelitz; Mehemet Ali, the Mamelukes; Mahmoud, the Janissaries; while Danton had massacred the prisoners; Louis Napoleon had just discovered a new sort of massacre—the massacre of the passers-by.

"This massacre ended the struggle. There are times when what should exasperate a people, strikes them with terror; the population of Paris felt that a ruffian had his foot upon its throat. The people no longer offered any resistance. That same evening Mathieu (de la Drôme) entered the place where the Committee of Resistance was sitting and said to us: 'We are no longer at Paris, we are no longer under the Republic; we are at Naples under the sway of King Bomba.'

"From this moment, in spite of all the efforts of the committees, of the republican representatives, and of their courageous allies, there was, save at certain points only, such as the barricade of the Petit Carreau, for instance, where Denis Dussoubs, the brother of the representative fell so heroically, naught but a slight effort of resistance which more resembled the convulsions of despair than a combat. All was finished.

"The next day, the 5th, the victorious troops paraded on the Boulevards. A general was seen to show his naked sword to the people, and was heard to exclaim: "There is the republic for you!'

"Thus it was this infamous butchery, this massacre of the passers-by, which was meant as a last resource by the measures of the 2nd December. To undertake them, a man must be a traitor; to render them successful, he must be an assassin.

"It was by this wolf-like proceeding that the *coup d'etat* conquered France and overcame Paris. Yes, Paris! It is necessary for a man to repeat it over and over again to himself before he can credit it: Is it at Paris that all this happened?

"Good heavens! The Russians entered Paris with their lances raised, and singing their wild songs, but Moscow had been burnt; the Prussians entered Paris, but Berlin had been taken; the Austrians entered Paris, but Vienna had been bombarded; the English entered Paris, but the Camp at Boulogne had menaced London; they came to our barriers, these men from every nation, with drums beating, trumpets sounding, colours flying, swords drawn, cannons rolling, matches lighted; they came drunk with excitement, as enemies, conquerors, instruments of vengeance, crying out with rage before the domes of Paris the names of their capitals,—London, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow! The moment, however, they had crossed the threshold of the city, the moment the hoofs of their horses had rung upon its stones, Englishmen, Austrians, Prussians, Russians, all of them, in a word, on entering Paris, beheld in its walls, its buildings, its people, something predestined, something venerable and august; they all felt a holy sentiment of respect for the sacred city; they all felt that they had before them, not the city of one particular people, but the city of the whole human race; they all lowered the swords they had raised! Yes, the crime of massacring the Parisians, of treating Paris like a place taken by assault, of delivering up to pillage one quarter of the town, of violating the second eternal city, of assassinating civilisation in her very sanctuary, of mowing down with grape-shot old men, children, and women, in this mighty place, this centre of the world; a crime from which Wellington restrained his half-naked Highlanders, from which Schwartzenberg kept his Croats free, a crime which Blucher did not suffer his Landwehr to commit, of which Platow did not dare allow his Cossacks to be guilty; this crime, M. Bonaparte, miserable wretch that you are, you caused to be perpetrated, and by French soldiers!"

BOOK FOURTH.

HIS OTHER CRIMES.

Sinister Questions—Continuation of the Crimes—What 1852 would have been—The Jacquerie.

I.

SINISTER QUESTIONS.

What was the number of the dead? Louis Bonaparte, conscious of the advent of history, and imagining that a Charles IX. can extenuate a Saint Bartholomew, has published as a document of vindication, a statement which is called "official," of the deceased persons. In this "Alphabetical List," you will meet with such items as these: "Adde, bookseller, 17, Boulevard Poissonnière, killed in-doors; Boursier, a child seven years and a-half old, killed, Rue Tiquetonne; Belval, cabinet maker, 10, Rue de la Lune, killed in-doors; Coquard, proprietor at Vire (Calvados), killed, Boulevard Montmartre; Debacque, merchant, 45, Rue du Sentier, killed in-doors; De Comercelle, florist, 257, Rue Saint-Denis, killed in-doors; Ladilte, jeweller, 68, Boulevard Saint-Martin, killed in-doors;

* The functionary who drew up this list, is, we know, a learned and accurate statistician; he prepared this statement honestly, we have no doubt of it. He has publicly stated what was shown to him, and what he was permitted to see, but what was concealed from him was beyond his reach. The field for conjecture was left open.

Monpelas, perfumer, 181, Rue Saint Martin, killed in-doors; Mdlle. Grellier, housekeeper, 209, Faubourg Saint-Martin, killed on the Boulevard Saint-Martin; Madame Guillard, barmaid, 77, Faubourg Saint-Denis, killed on the Boulevard Saint-Denis; Madame Garnier, confidential servant, 6, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, killed on the Boulevard Saint-Denis; Madame Ledaust, housekeeper, 76, Passage du Caire, at the Morgue; Françoise Noël, waistcoat-maker, 20, Rue des Fossés, Montmartre, died at La Charité; Count Poninski, gentleman, 32, Rue de la Paix, killed on the Boulevard Montmartre; Madame Radoisson, dressmaker, died at the National Hospital; Madame Vidal, 97, Rue du Temple, died at the Hotel-Dieu; Madame Séguin, embroideress, 240, Rue Saint-Martin, died at the hospital Beaujon; Mdlle. Seniac, shopwoman, 196, Rue du Temple died at the hospital Beaujon; Thirion de Montauban, proprietor, 10, Rue de Lancry, killed at his own door," &c., &c.

To be brief: Louis Bonaparte confesses, in this state paper, *one hundred and ninety-one* murders.

Now after enrolling this document for what it is worth, the question is what is the number? What is the exact amount of his victims? How many corpses bestrew the deed of December? Who can tell? Who knows? Who will ever know it? As we have already seen, one witness deposed: "I counted in that place thirty-three bodies;" another, at a different part of the Boulevard, said: "we counted eighteen bodies within a space of between twenty and twenty-five yards; a third person speaking of another spot, said: "there were upwards of sixty bodies within a distance of sixty yards." The author so long threatened with death told us ourselves: "I saw myself upwards of eight hundred dead bodies lying along the Boulevards."

Now think, compute how many you require of battered brains, or breasts shattered by case-shot, literally to cover with blood half-a-mile of Boulevards. Go you, as went the wives, the sisters, the daughters, the wailing mothers, take a torch

with you, plunge into that dark night, feel on that ground, feel along those walls, pick up the corpses, interrogate the phantoms, and then reckon if you can.

The number of his victims! We are left to our conjectures. This question must be solved by history. As for us, it is a question which we pledge ourselves to examine and explore hereafter.

On the first day, Louis Bonaparte made a display of his slaughter. We have told the reason why. It suited his purpose. After that, having derived from the deed all the required advantage, he concealed it. Orders were communicated to the Elyséan journals to be silent; Magnan was to suppress; the historiographers were to ignore. They buried the slain after midnight, without lights, without funerals, without prayers, without priests, by stealth. Families were enjoined not to weep aloud.

The massacre along the Boulevards, was only a part, it was followed by the summary fusillades, and secret executions.

One of the witnesses, whom we have questioned, said to a major in the Gendarmerie Mobille, who had distinguished himself in these butcheries: "Come, tell us the figure? Was it four hundred?" the man shook his head. "Was it eight hundred?" "Say twelve hundred," said the officer, "and you would still fall short."

At this present hour, nobody knows exactly what the 2nd December was, what it did, what it dared, whom it killed, whom it buried. The very morning of the crime, the newspaper offices were sealed up, and their liberty suppressed by Louis Napoleon, that man of silence and darkness. On the 2nd, the 3rd, the 4th, the 5th, and ever since, Truth was taken by the throat and strangled just as she was about to speak. Not even a cry could escape her. He has deepened the gloom above his snare, and in part he has succeeded. Let history strive as she may, the 2nd December will, perhaps, continue involved, for a long time to come, in dismal obscurity. It is a

crime made up of audacity and sullenness; here it shows itself impudently to the broad light; there it skulks away into the mist. Hideous and fraudulous effrontery, none can see the deformities beneath its cloak.

But these glimpses are sufficient. There is a certain side of the 2nd December where all is dark; but, within that darkness, graves are visible.

Beneath this great enormity a host of crimes are seen confusedly. Such is the behest of Providence; there are other compulsions linked to treason. You are a perjurer! You violate your oaths! You break the bounds of law and justice! Well! take this rope, for you must strangle; take this dagger, for you must stab; take this club, for you must fell; take, moreover, the gloom of night, for you must hide yourself. One crime brings on another; there is a logical consistency in horror. There is no stopping, no middle course. Proceed! do this first; good! Now do that, then this again; go on continually! The law is like the curtain of the temple; once rent, it is from top to bottom.

Yes, we say it again, in what has been called the act of the 2nd December, you meet with crime at every depth. Perjury floats on the surface, murder lies at the bottom. Partial homicides, wholesale butcheries, shootings in open day, fusillades by night; a mist of blood steams from every part of that deed of policy. Search in the common grave of the churchyards, search beneath the street pavement, under the sloping banks of the Champ-de-Mars, beneath the trees of the public gardens, in the waters of the Seine!

But few revelations: of course. Bonaparte has the satanic art of binding to himself a crowd of miserable officials by some terrible implication, as strange as it is universal. The stamped papers of the magistrates, the writings of the registrars, the cartouch-boxes of the soldiers, the prayers of the priests are his accomplices. He has cast his crime about him like a net-

work, and prefects, mayors, judges, officers, and soldiers are caught therein. The involvement descends from the general to the corporal, and ascends from the corporal to the president. The bailiff and the minister are equally implicated. The gendarme whose pistol has pressed the ear of some unfortunate, and whose uniform has been stained with human brains, feels as guilty as his colonel. Above, cruel men gave orders which savage men executed below. Savageness has to keep the secret of cruelty. That is the cause of this hideous silence.

There is even a rival contest between this savageness and this atrocity; what escaped from the one was seized upon by the other. The future will refuse to credit these prodigious excesses. A workman was crossing the Pont au Change, some Gendarmes Mobiles made him stop; they smelt his hands. He smells of powder, said a gendarme. They shoot this workman; his body is pierced with four balls. Throw him into the stream, cries the serjeant. The gendarmes take him by the neck and heels and hurl him over the bridge. Shot, and then drowned, the man floats down the river. However, he was not dead; the icy river revived him, but he was unable to move, his blood flowed into the water from four holes; but being sustained by his blouse, he struck against an arch of one of the bridges. There some lightermen discovered him, picked him up, and carried him to the hospital. He recovered; he left the place. The next day he was again arrested, and brought before a court-martial. Rejected by death, he was reclaimed by Louis Bonaparte. This man is now at Lambessa.

What the Champ-de-Mars secretly witnessed,—the terrible night tragedies which dismayed and dishonoured it,—history cannot yet reveal. Thanks to Louis Bonaparte, this revered field of federation may in future be called Haceldama. One of the unhappy soldiers whom the Man of the 2nd of December transformed into executioners, relates with horror, and

beneath his breath, that in a single night the number of people shot was not less than 800.

Louis Bonaparte hastened to dig a grave to entomb his crime. A few shovelfulls of earth, a sprinkle of holy water, and all was over. And now, the imperial mummer dances above that grave.

Is that all? Can it be over? Does God allow and acquiesce in such burials? Believe it not. Some day or other, beneath the feet of Bonaparte, between the marble floors of the Elysée or the Tuileries, this grave will suddenly re-open; and ultimately each of those bodies will come out with its wound, the young man stricken in the heart, the old man shaking his aged head pierced by a ball, the sabered mother with her infant killed in her arms,—all of them upstanding, pallid, terrific, and with their bleeding eyes fixed on their assassin.

In expectation of that day, and even now, history has begun to try you, Louis Bonaparte. History rejects your official list of the dead, and your documents of justification. History asserts that they are false, and that you are a liar!

You have tied a bandage over the eyes of France and put a gag in her mouth. Wherefore?

Was it to do righteous deeds? No, but crimes. The evil doer is afraid of the light.

You shot people by night, at the Champ-de-Mars, at the Prefecture, at the Palais de Justice, in the squares, on the quays, everywhere.

You say you did not.

I say you did.

In dealing with you we have a right to surmise, to suspect, and to accuse.

What you deny, we have a right to believe; your denial is evidence against you.

Your 2nd December is pointed at by the public conscience.

Nobody thinks of it without inwardly shuddering. What did you do in those dark hours?

Your days are ghastly, your nights are suspicious. What sullen mysteries you are involved in!

Let us return to the butchery on the Boulevard, to the words: "let my orders be executed," and to the day of the 4th.

Louis Bonaparte, during the evening of that day, must have compared himself to Charles X., who refused to burn Paris, and to Louis Philippe who would not shed the people's blood, and he must have acknowledged that he was a great politician. A few days after, General T——, formerly attached to one of the sons of King Louis Philippe, came to the Elysée; as soon as Louis Bonaparte caught sight of him, the comparison we have just pointed out suggesting itself to him, he cried out to the general, exultingly: Well!

Louis Bonaparte is very positively the man who said to one of his former ministers, who was our own informer: "*Had I been Charles X., during the days of July, and had I caught hold of Laffitte, Benjamin Constant, and Lafayette, I would have had them shot like dogs.*"

On the 4th December, Louis Bonaparte would have been dragged that very night from the Elysée, and the laws would have prevailed, had he been one of those men whom a massacre could daunt. Fortunately for him, he had no such scruples. What signified a few dead bodies, more or less. Come, kill! kill at random! cut them down! shoot, cannonade, crush, smash them! Strike terror into this hateful city of Paris! The deed of policy was drooping; this great homicide restored its spirit. Louis Bonaparte had nearly ruined himself as a felon; he saved himself as a slaughterer. Had he been but a Faliero, it was all over with him; fortunately he proved a Cæsar Borgia. He plunged with his crime into a river of gore; one less culpable would have sunk, whilst he swam across. Such was his success as it is called. He is now

on the opposite bank, striving to dry himself, and wipe off the blood, which, as it drips from him, he mistakes for the purple; and demands the Empire.

II.

CONTINUATION OF HIS CRIMES.

Such is that malefactor!

And shall we not applaud thee, O, Truth! when, in presence of Europe, before the world, before the people, in the face of God; whilst calling to witness honour, man's oath, his faith, his religion, the sanctity of human life, the law, the generosity of all souls, our wives, our sisters, our mothers, civilisation, liberty, the republic, France; before his valets, his Senate and Council of State; before his generals, his priests, and his police agents—thou who representest the people (for the people constitute reality), thou who representest the intellect (which means light), and humanity (which is reason): in the name of the enthralled people, in the name of exiled intelligence, of outraged humanity, before the heap of slaves who cannot, who dare not, speak, thou scourgest, O, Truth! this Spoliator of the Rule.

Let some one else pick out milder words. I am plain and harsh; I have no pity for this pitiless man, and I say it with pride.

Let us proceed.

To what we have just related add all the other crimes, to which we shall have occasion to return more than once, and the history of which, God granting us life, we shall relate at large. Add the numberless incarcerations attended with circumstances of ferocity, the overgorged prisons,* the sequestration of pro-

* The *Bulletin des Lois* publishes the following decree, dated the 27th March:—

"Considering the law of the 10th May, 1838, which classes the common expenses of the provincial prisons with those which belong to the provincial budgets;

perty* belonging to the exiles in ten departments, particularly in the Nièvre, the Allier, and the Lower Alps; add thereto the confiscation of the Orleans property, with the slice allotted to the clergy—Schinderhannes never forgot to share with the Church; add the united commissions, and the commission, so called, of clemency;† the councils of war blended with the judges of the bench, and, multiplying the instances of abomination, the batches of exiles the expulsion of a part of France out of France (the department of the Herault, alone, furnishing 3,200 persons, either banished or transported); add this dismal

"Considering that this is not the nature of the expenses occasioned by the arrests resulting from the events of December;

"Considering that the facts which have caused these arrests to multiply are connected with *plots against the safety of the state*, the suppression of which concerned society at large, and that, therefore, it is just to discharge out of the public funds the excess of expenditure resulting from the *extraordinary increase* in the number of prisoners, decrees:—

"An extraordinary credit of 250,000f. has been opened, at the Ministry of the Interior, on the funds of 1851, to be applied to the liquidation of the expenses resulting from the arrests consequent on the events of December.

* Digne, the 5th January, 1852.

"The Colonel commanding the state of siege in the department of the Lower Alps.

"Decrees:—

"Within the course of ten days the property of the fugitives from the law *will be sequestrated*, and appropriated by the land director in the Lower Alps, according to civil and military laws, &c.

"FERRON."

(Ten similar decrees, emanating from the commanders of states of siege, might be quoted.)

† The number of convictions collectively considered (the greater part of them consists of transportations), at the date of the reports, was thus declared

By M.	Canrobert	3,876
„	Espinasse	3,625
	Quentin, Bauchart	1,634
	Total	9,135

prescription;—worthy of being compared to the most cruel desolations in history,—which for a tendency, an opinion, an honest dissent from that Government, for the mere word of a freeman, uttered too before the 2nd December, takes, seizes, apprehends, tears away the labourer from the field, the working man from his tools, the landlord from his house, the physician from his patients, the notary from his office, the counsellor-general from his clients, the judge from his court, the husband from his wife, the brother from his brother, the father from his children, the child from his parents, and marks its ominous cross on every head, from the highest to the lowest. Nobody escapes. A man in tatters, wearing a long beard, came into my room one morning at Brussels:—"I have just arrived," said he; "I have travelled on foot, and have had nothing to eat for two days." Some bread was brought in, which he partook of. "Where do you come from?" said I, to him. "From Limoges." "Why are you here?" "I don't know; they drove me away from my home." "What are you?" "A maker of wooden shoes."

Add to this, Africa; add Guyane; add the atrocities of Bertrand, of Canrobert, of Espinasse, of Martinprey; the ship-loads of women sent off by General Guyon; the representative Miot dragged from casemate to casemate; huts choaked with a hundred and fifty captives, beneath a tropical sun, with confusion of ranks, with filth, vermin, and where all these innocent patriots, these honest people perish, far from their homes, in fever, in misery, in horror, in despair, and wringing their hands. Behold all these unhappy men handed over to gendarmes, bound two by two, piled up together in the lower decks of the *Magellan*, the *Canada*, the *Duguesclin*, cast among the convicts of Lambessa and Cayenne, not knowing what is intended them, and ignorant of what they have done. One of them, Alphonse Lambert, from Indre, snatched from his bed when dying; another, Patureau Fran-

œur, a vintner, transported, because at his village they wanted to make him a president of the republic; a third, Valette, a carpenter at Châteauroux, transported for having, six months previously to the 2nd December, on the day of an execution, refused to erect the guillotine.

Add to these the hunting after men among the villages, the *battue* of Viroy, in the mountains of Lure; Pellion's *battue* in the woods of Clamecy, with his fifteen hundred men; order restored at Crest—out of two thousand insurgents, three hundred slain; columns moving in all directions. Whoever stands up for the law, sabred and shot: at Marseilles, Charles Sauvan exclaims, "Long live the Republic!" A grenadier of the 54th fires at him; the ball enters his side, and comes out of his belly. Vincent (of Bourges), is assistant to the mayor: as a magistrate he protests against the *coup d'état;* they track him through the village,—he escapes,—he is pursued,—a horse soldier cuts off two of his fingers with his sword,—another cleaves his head,—he falls,—they remove him to fort Ivry before dressing his wounds. He is an old man of seventy-six.

Add to these the summary fusillades in twenty departments; "All who resist," writes Saint-Arnaud, minister of war, "are to be shot, in the name of society defending itself."* "Six days have sufficed to crush the insurrection," states General Levaillant, who commanded the state of siege in the Var. "I have made some good captures," writes Commandant Viroy from Saint-Etienne; "I have shot, without stirring, eight persons, and am now in pursuit of the leaders in the

* Read the odious despatch, copied verbatim from the *Moniteur:*—

"The armed insurrection has been totally suppressed at Paris by vigorous measures. The same energy will produce the same effect everywhere else.

"Bands of people, carrying pillage, rape, and fire along with them, are outlaws. With them you must not argue; you must attack and scatter them.

"All who resist must be shot, in the name of society defending itself."

woods." At Bordeaux, General Bourjoly enjoins the chiefs of the mobile columns to "have immediately shot every person caught with arms in his hands." At Forcalquier, the case was still more flagrant, the proclamation declaring the state of siege publishes:—"The town of Forcalquier is in a state of siege. Those citizens who *took no part* in the day's events, and who have arms in their possession, are summoned to give them up on pain of being shot." The mobile column of Pézénas arrives at Servian; a man tries to escape from a house surrounded by soldiers, he is shot at and killed. At Entrains, eighty prisoners are taken; one of them escapes by the river, he is fired at, struck by a ball, and sinks under the water; the rest are shot. To these execrable deeds, add the following, which are infamous: at Brioud, in Upper Loire, a man and woman are thrown into prison for having ploughed the field of one of the exiles; at Loriol, in the Drôme, Astier, a forest keeper, is condemned to twenty years' hard labour, for having sheltered some fugitives. Add too, and my pen shakes as I write it, the punishment of death revived, the political guillotine re-erected, and sentences which horrify; citizens condemned to death on the scaffold by the judicial janissaries of the courts-martial:—at Clamecy, it was Millelot, Jouannin, Guillemot, Sabatier, and Four; at Lyons, it was Courty, Romegal, Bressieux, Fauritz, Julien, Roustain, and Garan, assistant to the mayor of Clionscat; at Montpellier, seventeen were left to suffer for the affair of Bédarrieux—these were Mercadier, Delpech, Denis, André, Barthez, Triadou, Pierre Carrière, Galzy, Calas (called the cowkeeper), Gardy, Jacques Pagès, Michel Hercule, Mar, Vène, Frié, Malaterre, Beaumont, Pradal, the six last being luckily contumacious; and at Montpellier four more, Choumac, Vidal, Cadelard and Pagès. What was the crime of these men? Their crime? Why, it is yours, if you are a good subject; it is mine, I, who write these lines; it is that of obedience to the 110th article in the Constitution; it is an

armed resistance to Louis Bonaparte's outrage; and the court orders that the execution shall take place in the usual way on one of the public squares of Béziers, with respect to the four last, and, in the case of the other seventeen, in one of the squares at Bédarrieux. The *Moniteur* announces it; but the *Moniteur*, it is true, announces, at the same time, that the service of the last ball at the Tuileries was performed by three hundred stewards, habited in the liveries prescribed by the ceremonial of the old imperial house.

Unless a universal cry of horror should stop this man in time, all these heads will fall.

Whilst we are writing, this is what has just occurred at Belley.

A native of Bugez, near Belley, a working-man, named Charlet, had warmly advocated, on the 10th December, 1848, the election of Louis Bonaparte. He had circulated bulletins, supported, propagated, and hawked them; he exulted in the election when over; his hopes were based on Louis Napoleon; he believed in the socialist writings of the prisoner of Ham, and his philanthropical and republican programmes: on the 10th December there were many such honest dupes; these are now the most indignant. When Louis Bonaparte was in power, when they saw the man at work, these illusions vanished. Charlet, a man of intelligent mind, was one of those whose republican probity was outraged, and gradually, as Louis Bonaparte continued to sink deeper and deeper into reactive measures, Charlet shook himself free; thus did he pass from the most confiding partizanship to the most open and zealous opposition. The same story would apply to many other right noble hearts.

On the 2nd December, Charlet did not hesitate. When he witnessed the many crimes included in the infamous deed of Louis Bonaparte, Charlet felt the law stirring within him; he reflected that he ought to be the more severe, because he

was one of those whose trust had been most misplaced. He clearly understood that there no longer remained but one duty to the citizen—a strict duty, inseparable from law, to defend the republic and the constitution, and to resist by every means the man whom the Left, but still more his own crime, had justly outlawed. The refugees from Switzerland crossed the frontier in arms, passed over the Rhône, near Anglefort, and entered the department of Ain. Charlet joined their ranks.

At Seyssel, the little troop fell in with some custom-house officers. The latter, voluntary or misled accomplices of the *coup d'état*, offered to resist their passage. A conflict ensued, one of the officers was killed, and Charlet was made prisoner.

The *coup d'état* brought Charlet to a court-martial. He was charged with the death of the custom-house officer, which, after all, was but an incident of war. At all events Charlet was innocent of that death, since the officer had fallen by a shot, and Charlet had no weapon but a sharpened file.

Charlet would not recognise as a lawful bench the body of men who pretended to sit in judgment on him. He said to them, "You are no judges; where is the law? The law is on my side." He refused to answer them.

Questioned as to the fact of the officer killed, he could have cleared up the whole matter by a single word; but to descend to an explanation would, to a certain extent, have been a recognition of that bench. He would not do this, so he was silent.

These men condemned him to die, "according to the usual mode of criminal executions."

The conviction over, he seemed to have been forgotten; days, weeks, months elapsed. Everybody about the prison said to Charlet, "You are saved."

On the 29th June last, at break of day, the town of Belley saw a dismal sight. The scaffold had started up out of the earth at night, and stood in the middle of the public square.

The inhabitants when they met looked pale, and asked each other—"Have you seen what there is in the square?" "Yes." "Who is it for?"

It was for Charlet.

The sentence of death had been deferred to M. Bonaparte; it had slumbered a long time at the Elysée; there was other business to attend to; but one fine morning, after a lapse of seven months, all the world having forgotten the conflict at Seyssel, the Custom-house officer who had been killed, and Charlet himself, M. Bonaparte, wanting most likely to put some event between the festival of the 10th May and the festival of the 15th August, had signed the warrant of execution.

On the 29th June, therefore, Charlet was removed from his prison. They told him he was about to die. He continued calm. A man who has justice on his side does not fear death, for he feels that he possesses two things: one of which, his body,—may be killed; the other,—justice, which can have neither its arms pinioned, nor its head cut off.

They wanted to make Charlet seat himself in a cart. "No," said he, to the gendarmes, "I will go on foot, I can walk, I am not afraid."

There was a great crowd lining his passage. Every one in the town knew him and loved him; his friends sought his eyes. Charlet, his arms fastened behind his back, bowed his head right and left. "Farewell, James! farewell, Peter!" said he smiling. "Farewell, Charlet!" answered they, and all of them wept. The gendarmerie and the troops of the line surrounded the scaffold. He ascended it with slow and steady steps. When they saw him standing on the scaffold, a shudder ran through the crowd; the women uttered cries, the men clenched their hands.

Whilst they were strapping him to the plank, he looked up at the knife, saying:—"When I reflect that I was once a

Bonapartist!" Then, raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed, "Long live the Republic!"

The next moment his head fell.

It was a day of mourning at Belley and through all the villages of Ain. "How did he die?" they inquired. "Bravely, God be praised!"

In this manner, then, a man has been killed.

The mind sinks and is swallowed up in horror at the contemplation of a deed so damnable.

This crime being added to the rest completes and sets the seal to them—a sad and gloomy seal.

This is more than the complement; it is the crowning act.

One feels that M. Bonaparte must be satisfied! To have shot down the people by night, in the dark, in solitude, at the Champ-de-Mars, under the arches of the bridges, behind a lonely wall; no matter who, at random, hap-hazard, unknown persons, shadows, the very number of whom none can tell, to have the anonymous shot by the anonymous, and all these tossed into obscurity, into blank forgetfulness. In the aggregate there is little to satisfy self-love; it looks like hiding one's self, and truly the hiding is effective; it is vulgar. Scrupulous men have a right to say to you:—"You know you are afraid; you would not dare to do these things publicly; you shrink from your own acts." And, to a certain extent, they seem to be right. To shoot down people by night is a violation of every law, both human and divine, but it still lacks insolence. There is nothing in it to exult in. Something better yet remains to be done.

The open day, the public place, the judicial scaffold, the regular apparatus of social vengeance—to hand the innocent over to these, to put them to death in this manner! Ah! what a difference is here! this will suit me! To commit a murder in the noon-tide day, in the heart of the town, by means of one machine called a court-martial, and another machine slowly

erected by a carpenter, adjusted, fixed together, screwed on and greased at leisure; to say it shall be at such an hour; then to display two baskets, and say this one is for the body, that other for the head; at the appointed time to bring up your victim bound with ropes, attended by a priest, to progress calmly with your murder, to charge a registrar to report upon it, to surround the murdered victim with gendarmes and naked swords, so that the people there may shudder, and not know what it is they behold, and wonder whether these men in uniform are a brigade of gendarmerie or a band of robbers, asking each other as the knife falls down, whether it is an executioner or an assassin they see before them. This is bold and resolute, this is a parody of the law, most shameless and alluring, and one full worthy of accomplishment; this is a great and magnificent blow dealt on the cheek of justice. Commend us to this!

To do this, seven months after the strife, coolly, without necessity, as an omission you atone for, as a duty you fulfil, this is terrible, this is the perfect thing; it carries along with it a look of equity which perplexes the conscience and makes honesty shudder.

Look at this terrible picture, which comprehends the whole case; here are two men, a working man and a prince. The prince commits a crime and is borne into the Tuileries; the working man does his duty, and he ascends the scaffold. Who set up the working man's scaffold? It was the prince!

Yes, this man who, had he been conquered in December, could only have escaped the punishment of death by the omnipotence of progress, and by an enlargement, too liberal certainly, of the principle that human life is sacred; this man, this Louis Bonaparte, this prince who transfers the manners of Poulmann and Soufflard to politics, he it is who rebuilds the scaffold! Nor does he tremble! Nor does he look pale! Nor does he feel that it is an ominous step, that it depends on ourselves not to

raise up the scaffold, but that, when once it is raised, we cannot throw it down, and that he who sets it up for another, afterwards finds it for himself,—it knows him again, and says to him, "Thou didst place me here, and I waited for thee."

No, this man does not reflect, he has his wants, his whims, and they must be satisfied. They are the longings of a dictator. Unlimited power would be flat and tasteless without this seasoning. Come, cut off Charlet's head, and those others; Bonaparte is Prince President of the French republic; Bonaparte has 16,000,000 of revenue, 44,000 francs a day, 24 cooks in his household, and as many aides-de-camp; he has the right of chase at the parks of Saclay and Saint-Quentin; in the forests of Laigne, Ourscamp, and Carlemont; in the woods of Champagne and Barbeau; he has got the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Elysée, Rambouillet, Saint-Cloud, Versailles, Compiègne; he has his imperial box at every theatre, a joyous festival and music every day; M. Sibour smiles upon him, and the Marchioness of Douglas takes his arm to enter the ball-room: but all this is not enough; he must have the guillotine to boot; some blood baskets must be mixed with his champagne panniers.

Oh! hide we our faces with both our hands! this man, this ghastly butcher of the law and justice, still had his apron round his waist and his hands in the smoking bowels of the constitution, his feet in the blood of the slaughtered laws, when you, judges, when you, magistrates, representatives of the laws, supporters of the Right . . .? But I pause, I shall meet you hereafter with your black and red robes, these the colour of ink, those the colour of blood; I shall meet them again, too, and having chastised them once, will again chastise them—those chiefs of yours, those civilian bullies of the conspirator, Baroche, Suin, Royer, Mongis, Rouher, and Troplong, deserters of the law, all those names which can no longer signify anything, unless it be the utmost measure of contempt with which man can be branded.

If he did not saw his victims in two, like Christiern II.;

if he did not bury people alive, like Ludovic the Moor; if he did not build up his palace walls with living men mixed with stones, like Timour-Beg, who was born, says the legend, with his hands shut and covered with blood; if he did not rip open pregnant women, like Cæsar, Duke of Valentinois; if he did not scourge women on the breasts, *testibusque viros*, like Ferdinand of Toledo; if he did not break on the wheel, burn alive, boil alive, skin alive, crucify, impale, and quarter, blame him not, the fault was not his; the age would not allow him. He has done all that was humanly and inhumanly possible. The nineteenth century, a century of suavity—of decline, say the papists and friends of arbitrary power—being taken into account, Louis Bonaparte has equalled in cruelty his contemporaries, Haynau, Radetzky, Filangieri, Schwartzenberg, and Ferdinand of Naples: he has even surpassed them. Marvellous merit, which we must reckon as another impediment got over: France has been the scene of his crimes. Let us do him justice; in the times in which we live, Ludovic Sforza, the Valentinois, the Duke of Alba, Timour, and ChristiernII., could not have gone further than Louis Bonaparte. In their age, he would have done whatever they did; in ours, just as they were about to erect their gibbets, their wheels, their wooden horses, their cranes, their living towers, their crosses, and their stakes, they would have desisted like him,—in spite of themselves, and unconsciously,—to yield to that secret and invincible resistance of morality, to that formidable and mysterious denial of an entire age, which rises like a spirit in the north, the south, the east, and the west, to confront tyrants, and tell them to refrain.

III.

WHAT 1852 WOULD HAVE BEEN.

But, had it not been for this abominable 2nd December, which its accomplices, and after them its dupes, call "necessary," what would have occurred in France? Why, this:—

Let us go back a little, and review, in a summary manner, what was the state of things before the *coup d'état*.

The party of the past, under the name of order, opposed the republic, or in other words, opposed the future.

Whether opposed or not, whether acknowledged or rejected, the republic, all illusions apart, is the future, either proximate or remote, the inevitable future of nations.

How is the republic to be established? There are two ways of establishing it: strife and progress. The democrats would arrive at it by progress; their adversaries, the men of the past, appear to desire it by strife.

As we have just called to mind, the men of the past are for resisting; they persist; they apply the axe to the tree, expecting to stop the climbing sap. They lavish their strength, their puerility, and their anger.

Let us not utter a single word of bitterness against our adversaries, fallen like ourselves, on the same day, and several among them with honour on their side; let us state only that it was into this struggle that the majority of the Legislative Assembly of France had entered since the beginning of its career, as early as the month of May, 1849.

This opposition policy is a fatal one. This struggle between man and his Maker is inevitably vain; but, though void of result, it is fruitful in catastrophes. That which ought to be will be, that which ought to flow will flow, that which ought to fall will fall, that which ought to spring up will spring up, that which ought to grow will grow; but, obstruct these natural laws, then confusion follows, and disorder begins. Melancholy fact, this disorder had the name of "order" given to it.

Tie up a vein, and sickness ensues; clog up a stream, and the water overflows; obstruct the future, and revolutions break out.

If you persist in preserving amongst you, as if it were a living thing, the past which is dead, you produce an inex

plicable moral cholera; corruption spreads abroad, it is in the air, we breathe it; entire classes of society, for instance, the placemen, fall into decay. If you retain the bodies in your houses, the plague will burst upon you.

This policy is fatal to those who adopt it, and obscures their minds. Those men who dub themselves statesmen, do not understand that they themselves have made, with their own hands and with the sweat of their brows, the terrible events they deplore, and that the very catastrophes which crumble upon them were by them arduously constructed. What would be said of a peasant who should lay down a bar from one side of a river to the other, in front of his cottage, and who, when he saw the river turned into a torrent, running over, sweeping away his wall, and bearing off his roof, were to exclaim, "Wicked river!" The statesmen of the past, those great builders of dykes across streams, spend their time in exclaiming, "Wicked people!"

Take away Polignac and the July ordonnances, that is to say, the bar, and Charles X. would have died at the Tuileries. Reform in 1847 the electoral laws, that is to say, once more take away the bar, and Louis Philippe would have died on the throne. Do I mean thereby that the republic would not have come? Not so. The republic, we repeat, is the future; it would have come, but step by step, by successive progressions, by conquest after conquest, as a river that flows, and not as a deluge that breaks in; it would have come at its own hour, when all was ready for it; it would have come, certainly not more vital and enduring, for it is already indestructible, but more tranquil, free from all possible reaction, with no princes lurking on its track, with no political device behind.

The policy which obstructs the progress of mankind—let us dwell still longer on this point—excels in producing artificial floods. Thus it had managed to render the year 1852 a sort of approaching alarm, and this was still effected by the same

contrivance, by means of a bar. Behold a railway, the train will shortly go by; throw a beam across the rails, and when the train comes to that point it will be smashed, as it was at Fampoux; remove the beam before the train arrives, and it will dart along without even suspecting the ruin recently lurking there. This beam is the law of the 31st May.

The leaders of the majority of the Legislative Assembly had thrown it across 1852, and then they kept crying out, "This is the spot where the social train will be crushed!" The Left replied to them, "Take away your beam, and let universal suffrage circulate freely." This is the history of the law of the 31st May from first to last.

These are things for children to understand, but which statesmen cannot make out.

Now let us answer the question we just now proposed to ourselves: Without the 2nd December, what would have occurred in 1852?

Revoke the law of the 31st May, take away the bar before the people, deprive Bonaparte of his lever, of his weapon, of his pretext, let the universal suffrage alone take the beam off the rails, and do you then know what you would have had in 1852?

Nothing.

Yes, Elections.

Peaceful days of rest from labour, during which the people would have come forward to vote, a labourer yesterday, to-day an elector, to-morrow a labourer, and every day a sovereign.

Somebody replies, "Elections, is it? You settle it very easily; but you say nothing of the red chamber which would have sprung up out of these elections."

Did they not pretend that the Constitution of 1848 would prove a red chamber? A red chamber, a red spectre, a red hobgoblin, they are all one as predictions. Those who conjure up such phantasms at the point of a stick to delude a fright-

ened people know well what they are about, and laugh behind the lurid rag they shake before them. Beneath the scarlet robe of the phantom, to which had been given the name of 1852, behold the heavy boots of the *coup d'état*.

IV

THE JACQUERIE.

However, after the 2nd December, the crime being committed, it was imperative to mislead public opinion. The *coup d'état* began to clamour for the Jacquerie, as the assassin who was want to exclaim, stop thief.

We may add, that a Jacquerie had been promised, and that Monsieur Bonaparte could not break all his promises at once without some inconvenience. What but the Jacquerie was the red spectre? There was no help for it; some tangibility must be imparted to that ghost; it is impossible to laugh abruptly in the face of a population and tell them there was nothing in it! I only kept you in fear of yourself.

Consequently there was a "Jacquerie." The promises held out in the play-bill were observed.

The fancies of his court took full scope; that old bug-bear Mother Goose was resuscitated, and many a child, whilst reading the newspaper, might have remembered the ogre of good-man Perrault in the disguise of a socialist; they counterfeited, they invented things; the press being shackled, it was quite easy; it is not difficult to lie and deceive, when the tongue of contradiction has been torn out before-hand.

They exclaimed: "Citizens be upon your guard! without us you were lost. We fired our case-shot amongst you, but that was for your good. Behold, the Lollards were at your gates, the Anabaptists were scaling your walls, the Hussites were beating in your window-blinds, the lean and hungry were on your

staircases, the empty bellies coveted your dinner. Be upon your guard! Have not some of your ladies been abused?"

The cue was given to one of the principal writers in the *Patrie*, whose name is Froissard.

"I dare not write nor relate the horrible and improper wrongs they did to the ladies. But among other disorderly and villanous injuries, they killed a chevalier and put a spit through him, and turning him before the fire, roasted him before the lady and her children. After ten or twelve had violated the lady, they wanted to make her and the children eat some of the body; they then killed them and put them to an evil death.

"These wicked people pillaged and burned everything; they killed, and forced, and violated all the ladies and maidens, without pity or mercy, as if they had been mad dogs.

"Quite in the same manner did lawless people behave and subsist between Paris and Noyon, from Paris to Soissons and Ham in Vermandois, all through the land of Coucy. There were seen the greatest violators and malefactors; and, what between the land of Coucy, the county of Valois, the bishopric of Laon, Soissons, and Noyon, they raised and destroyed upwards of a hundred castles and goodly houses of knights and squires, and killed and robbed all they met. But God, by his grace, found a fit remedy, for which all praise be given to him."

People replaced the name of God by that of the Prince-President. They could do no less.

Now that seven months have elapsed, we all know what to think of this "Jacquerie;" the facts have at length been brought to light. Where? How has this happened? Why, in the very law courts of M. Bonaparte. The sub-prefects whose wives had been violated were single men; the curates who had been roasted alive, and whose hearts had been eaten by the marauders, have written to say they were quite well; the gendarmes, round whose bodies others had danced, have been heard as

witnesses at the courts-martial; the public coffers which had been rifled, have been found untouched in the hands of M. Bonaparte, who has *saved* them; the famous deficit of 5,000 francs, at Clamecy, has dwindled down to 300 expended in orders for bread.

An official publication had said, on the 8th December, "The curate, the mayor, and the sub-prefect of Joigny, besides several gendarmes, have been basely massacred." Somebody replied to this by a letter, which appeared in the papers: "Not a drop of blood was shed at Joigny; nobody's life was threatened." Now, by whom was this letter written? By the very mayor of Joigny who had been *basely massacred.* M. Henri de Lacretelle, from whom an armed band had extorted 2,000 francs, at his chateau of Cormatin, is amazed, up to this day, not at the extortion, but at the invention. M. de Lamartine, whom another band had intended to plunder, and probably to string to the lamp-post, and whose castle of Saint-Point had been burned, and who "had written to apply for government assistance," knew nothing of the matter until he saw it in the papers!

The following scroll was produced at the court-martial in the Nièvre, presided over by the ex-colonel Martinprey:—

ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

Honesty is a virtue belonging to republicans.

Every thief and plunderer shall be shot.

Every detainer of arms who, in the course of twelve hours, shall not have deposited them at the mayor's house, or given them up, shall be arrested and kept confined until further orders.

Every drunken citizen shall be disarmed and sent to prison.

Clamecy, the 7th December, 1851.

Long live the Social Republic!

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE.

What has just been read is the proclamation of the "Jacques." "Death to the pillagers! death to the thieves!" Such is the cry of these thieves and pillagers.

One of these Jacques, named Gustave Verdun-Lagarde, a native of Lot and Garonne, died in exile at Brussels, on the 1st May, 1852, bequeathing 100,000 francs to his birth-place, to found a school of agriculture. This partaker did indeed partake.

Consequently there was not, and the honest publishers of the political device admit it now to their intimates, with playful urbanity, there was not any "Jacquerie," it is true; but the trick has told.

There was in the departments, as there was in Paris, a lawful resistance, the resistance prescribed to the citizens by the 110th Article of the Constitution, and superior to the Constitution by natural right; there was the legitimate defence—this time the word is properly applied—against the "preservers;" the armed struggle of right and law with the infamous insurrection of power. The republic, overtaken by a snare, collared and wrestled with the *coup d'état*. That was all.

Twenty seven departments rose to arms: the Ain, the Aude, the Cher, the Mouths of the Rhône, the Côte d'Or, the Upper Garonne, the Lot-et-Garonne, the Loire, the Marne, the Meurthe, the Nord, the Lower Rhine, the Rhône, Seine-et-Marne, did their duty worthily; the Allier, the Lower Alps, the Aveyron, the Drome, the Gard, the Gers, the Hérault, the Jura, the Nièvre, the Puy-de-Dôme, the Saône-et-Loire, the Var and Vaucluse, did theirs with intrepidity. They all were overcome as well as Paris.

The *coup d'état* was as ferocious there as it was at Paris. We have just cast a summary glance at these crimes.

So, then, it was this lawful, constitutional, and virtuous resistance; this resistance, where heroism was on the side of the citizens, and atrocity on the side of power; it was this which the

coup d'état called Jacqueria. We say it again, something of the red spectre was required.

This Jacqueria had two aims; it served the policy of the Elysée in two ways; it offered a double advantage, first to win the votes for the "*plébiscite*," or people's decree; to win these votes by showing the sword and the spectre, to smother men's minds, to alarm the credulous, compelling some by terror, others by fear, as we shall shortly explain; there, and only there, lies the success and mystery of the 20th December; secondly, it afforded a pretext for banishing men from their homes.

The year 1852, therefore, in itself contained no actual danger. The law of the 31st May, morally extinct, had ceased to exist before the 2nd December. A new Assembly, a new President, the Constitution set to work freely and honestly, elections, nothing more; such (Bonaparte left out), 1852 would have been.

But it was urgent that M. Bonaparte should go. There was the obstacle: thence the catastrophe.

Thus, then, did this man in one morning seize by the throat the Constitution, the Republic, the Law, and France; he stood behind the future and stabbed it; under his feet he trampled the rights of men, common sense, justice, reason, and liberty; he arrested men who were inviolable, he sequestered men who were innocent; in the persons of their representatives he caught the people in his gripe; he raked the Paris Boulevards with his shot; he made his cavalry paddle in the blood of old men and women; the arquebuse was plied without summons, the gun was discharged without law; he filled with captives the Mazas, the Conciergerie, Saint-Pélagie, Vincennes, his fortresses, his cells, his casemates, his dungeons with prisoners, and his cemeteries with the slain; he incarcerated, at Saint-Lazare, a wife who was carrying some bread to her husband who lay hidden; he sent to the galleys for twenty years, a man who had harboured an exile; he tore up every code of laws, and broke every enact-

ment; he lets the transports rot by thousands in the horrible holds of his hulks; he has sent to Lambessa and Cayenne 150 children between twelve and fifteen; he who made us laugh like a grotesque Falstaff, has become more tragical than Richard III.; and why has all this been done? Because there was, he said, "a plot against his power;" because the year which was closing had a treasonable understanding with the year which drew near to overthrow him; because the 45th article perfidiously concerted with the calender to turn him out; because the second Sunday in May intended to depose him; because his oath had the audacity to weave his fall, because his plighted word conspired in the plot against him.

The day after his triumph, he was heard to say:—"The second Sunday in May is dead." No! it is probity that is dead! it is honour that is dead! it is the Emperor's name that you have killed!

How the man sleeping in the chapel of St. Jerome must shudder, how he must despair! Behold the gradual rise of unpopularity about his great figure; and who, but his unlucky nephew, has placed the ladder there? The great recollections are beginning to fade, the bad ones are returning. People dare no longer speak of Jena, Marengo, and Wagram. What then do they speak of? Of the Duke d'Enghien, of Jaffa, of the 18th Brumaire. They forget the hero, and think only of the despot. The plague of caricature is blighting Cæsar's profile. Besides, what a creature to stand beside him! Some already there are who confound the nephew with the uncle, to the delight of the Elysée, but to the shame of France! Who plays the parody, strives to look the leader! Alas! a splendour so infinite could not be obscured without this infinite pollution! Yes! worse than Hudson Lowe! Hudson Lowe was merely a jailor; Hudson Lowe was but an executioner The man who has really assassinated Napoleon is Louis Bonaparte. Hudson Lowe only deprived him of his life, Louis Bonaparte has deprived him of his glory.

Ah! the wretch! he takes all, he uses all, he sullies all, he dishonours all. He selects, for his dismal snare, the month and the day of Austerlitz. He returns from Satory as one would return from Aboukir. He conjures out of the 2nd December some strange, some ominous bird of night, he perches it on the standard of France, and exclaims: "Soldiers! behold the eagle." He borrows his hat from Napoleon, and his plume from Murat. He has his imperial etiquette, his chamberlains, his aides-de-camp, his courtiers. There were kings under the Emperor, there are lacqueys under him. He has his own policy, his own 13th Vendémiaire, his own 18th Brumaire. Yes, he risks comparison! At the Elysée, Napoleon the Great has disappeared: they say—*the uncle Napoleon.* The man of destiny exceeds Géronte. The perfect one is not the first, but this one. It is evident that the first only came to usher in the second. Louis Bonaparte, in the midst of his valets and concubines, to satisfy the appetites of the table and the chamber, mixes in one mess the coronation, the unction, the legion of honour, the camp of Boulogne, the Vendôme column, Lodi, Arcola, Saint Jean d'Acre, Eylau, Friedland, and Cham paubert. Ah! Frenchmen! look at this hog wallowing in his own slime upon within lion's skin!

BOOK FIFTH.

PARLIAMENTARIANISM.

The year 1789—Mirabeau—The Tribune—The Orators—Influence of Oratory—What the Orator is—What the Tribune accomplished—"Parliamentarianism"—The Tribune destroyed.

I.

The Year 1789.

One day, now more than sixty-three years ago, the French people, who had been the property of one family for upwards of eight hundred years, and who had been under the oppression of the barons up to the period of Louis XI., and since Louis XI. under the oppression of parliament; who, to employ the sincere remark of a great nobleman of the eighteenth century, had been half eaten up by wolves and finished by vermin; who had been parcelled into provinces, into chatellanies, into bailliages, and into seneschalries; who had been explored, weighed down, taxed, fleeced, clipt, flayed alive, sold without mercy, and fined incessantly, merely for the good pleasure of his masters; who had been governed, led, misled, tortured; who had been beaten with sticks, and branded with red-hot irons for swearing, sent to the hulks for killing a rabbit upon the king's grounds, hung for a matter of five sous, contributing his millions to Versailles and his skeleton to Montfaucon; laden with prohibitions, with ordinances, with patents,

with royal letters, with edicts pecuniary and rural, with laws, with codes, with customs; ground to the earth with contributions, with fines, with quit-rents, with mortmains, rents, tithes, tolls, statute-labour, and endless bankruptcies;—this French people, who had been cudgelled with a cudgel which was called a sceptre, gasping, sweating, limping, always marching, crowned, but always upon his knees, rather a beast of burthen than a nation, stood upright all at once, willed to become a man, and resolved to demand an account of Providence, and to liquidate those eight centuries of misery. It was a noble effort!

II.

MIRABEAU.

A large hall was chosen which was surrounded with benches, and then some planks were taken, and with these planks was constructed, in the middle of the hall, a kind of estrade. When this estrade was finished, what in those days was courteously called the nation, that is to say, the clergy, in their red and violet robes, the nobility in spotless white, with the sword at the side, and the citizens dressed in black, came and took their seats upon the benches. Scarcely had they been seated when there was seen to ascend the estrade and display itself an extraordinary form. "Who is this monster?" said a few; "Who is this giant?" said the others. It was in truth a singular being, unforeseen, unknown, abruptly voided from the obscurity, who struck terror, and who fascinated; a dreadful disease had given him a kind of tiger's head; every degree of hideousness seemed to have been imprinted upon that mask by every possible vice. Like the citizens, he was dressed in black, that is to say, in mourning. His bloodshot eye threw over the assembly rays that dazzled it; it poured forth threats and reproaches—all looked upon him with a degree of curiosity in which was mingled horror He raised his hand, and there was silence.

Then was heard to issue from this deformed face words that soared to sublimity. It was the old world that was speaking through his mouth to the new world; it was '89 who had risen, and who was invoking, and who was accusing and denouncing before God and man all the fatal dates of monarchy; it was the past, a noble picture,—the past, bending under its weight of chains, with an iron stamp upon its shoulders, an old slave, an old convict,—the unfortunate past, who was calling with the voice of a lion upon the future—that was what he was doing upon that estrade! At his word, which at certain moments was the thunder, prejudices, fictions, abuses, superstitions, fallacies, intolerances, ignorance, infamous fiscalities, barbarous penalties, decayed authorities, worm-eaten magistracies, decrepid codes, rotten laws, everything that was doomed to perish trembled, and the downfall of those things began. That formidable apparition has struck its name like a nail into the memory of man. He ought to be called Revolution—his name is Mirabeau!

III

THE TRIBUNE.

From the moment that man put his foot upon that estrade, that estrade became changed. The French Tribune was founded.

The French Tribune! A volume would be necessary to express all that word contains. The French Tribune has been, these sixty years, the open mouth of human intelligence. Of human intelligence, saying everything, mixing everything, combining everything, ripening everything—the bad, the true, the false, the just, the unjust, the high, the low, the horrible, the beautiful—everything that is real, or is passion, or is reason, or love, or hate—everything material or ideal; but, above

all—for that is the heart of its sublime and eternal mission—making the night in order to draw out of it the day, making chaos to draw out of it life, making the revolution to draw out of it the republic.

What has taken place upon that Tribune, what it has seen, what it has done, what tempests have raged around it, what events it has witnessed the birth of, what men have made it sacred with their truths—how recount this? After Mirabeau,—Vergniaud,—Camille Desmoulins,—Saint-Just, that young man of severity,—Danton, that enormous man of the Tribune,—Robespierre, that incarnation of the great and terrible year! On its steps have been heard those ferocious interruptions · "I say! you," cries an orator of the Convention, "is it you who are going to cut my words in two to-day?" "Yes," answers a grim voice, "your words to-day, and your neck to-morrow." And those beautiful apostrophes: "Minister of Justice," said General Foy, to an iniquitous Keeper of the Seals, "I condemn you, on leaving this room, to contemplate the statue of Charity." There, everything has been pleaded, as we have said before—the bad causes as well as the good: the good ones have only been won definitively; there, in the presence of resistance, of struggles, of obstacles, those who long for the future, like those who long for the past, have lost all hope and patience; there, it has happened to truth to explode with violence, and to untruth to explode with fury; there, all extremes have battled together. On that Tribune the guillotine has had its orator,—Marat; and the Inquisition has not been without its orator,—Montalembert. Terror in the name of public safety, terror in the name of Rome; gall in the mouths of both, agony in the audience. When one was speaking, you fancied you saw the gliding of the glittering knife; when the other was speaking, you fancied you heard the cracking of the smouldering wood. There, have fought all parties; everyone of them with determination, a few of them with glory. There,

the royal power has violated the popular right in the person of Manuel, become celebrated in history by this very violation; there, have appeared, disdaining the past, whose servants they were, two melancholy old men—Royer-Collard, the height of probity, Chateaubriand, the genius of bitterness; there, Thiers, the emblem of skill has wrestled with Guizot, the emblem of strength; there they have all mingled together, they have grappled, they have closed and thrown each other, they have brandished evidence about like a sword. There, for more than a quarter of a century, have hatred, rage, superstition, egotism, every variety of imposture, shrieking, hissing, coiling themselves along in all sorts of contortions, screaming always the same calumnies, baring always the same arm for fight, spitting, ever since Christianity, the same poisonous saliva, whirled like a cloud-storm round the beauty of thy face, O, Truth!

IV

THE ORATORS.

All was life, ardour, impetuosity, and grandeur. And when everything had been pleaded, argued, scrutinised, searched, fathomed, said and gainsaid, what came out of the shock? Always a spark! What came out of the cloud? Always a ray of light! All that the tempest had been able to do was to agitate this ray, and change it into lightning. There, at that Tribune, has been posed, analysed, clarified, classified, and almost always determined, every question of the day; questions of finance, questions of credit, questions of labour, questions of circulation, questions of salary, state questions, church questions, questions of peace, questions of war. There, for the first time, was pronounced that word which enunciated a new era of society —the Rights of Man. There, for fifty years, has been heard resounding the anvil upon which supernatural workmen were

forging the purest ideas,—ideas, those swords of the people, those lances of justice, that armoury of right. There, lighted up suddenly with a gust of sympathy, like braziers which redden with the wind, all those who had a hearth in their hearts, great lawyers like Ledru-Rollin and Berryer, great historians like Guizot, great poets like Lamartine, rose at once, and naturally, into great orators.

That Tribune was a sanctuary of strength and virtue. It witnessed, it inspired; for it is easy to believe that these emanations sprung from it, all those acts of devotion, of abnegation, of energy, of intrepidity. As for us, we admire every courage, even in the ranks of those who are opposed to us. One day the Tribune was surrounded with darkness; it seemed as if an abyss had intrenched itself around it: and amidst this darkness was heard a noise like the roaring of the sea, and suddenly, in the lividness of that night, above that ledge of marble on which was resting, like a cramp of iron, the strong hand of Danton, was seen to arise a pike holding a bleeding head! Boissy D'Anglas saluted it.

That day was a threatening day. But the people do not overthrow Tribunes. The Tribunes belong to the people, and the people know it. Place a Tribune in the centre of the world, and in a few days, in the four corners of the earth, the Republic would raise its head. The Tribune is a sun for the people, and they live in the purity of its rays. Sometimes the Tribune irritates the people, and makes them foam with rage; sometimes they beat it with their thousand waves, they overflow it even as on the 15th May, but then they retire majestically like the ocean after a storm, and leave the Tribune standing upright like a beacon. To overthrow the Tribune is, on the part of the people, a folly; it is the proper work of tyrants only.

The people were rising, full of anger, full of indignation. Some generous error had seized hold of them, some illusion was leading them astray; they had mistaken some act, some

fact, the policy of some measure, the justice of some law. Their rage forced them in, they had abandoned that beautiful repose which is the majesty of a people's strength; they were invading all the public places with low murmurings and the bounds of wild beasts; it was a general rising, an insurrection, civil war, a revolution, perhaps. The Tribune was there. A beloved voice began to speak, and told the people:—"Stop, look around you—judge, listen!" *Si forte virum quem conspexêre, silent.* This was true at Rome, and true at Paris. The people paused in their rage. O, Tribune! pedestal of man in his greatest glory! from thee have sprung eloquence, law, authority, patriotism, devotion, and those grand thoughts which are the curbs of the people, the muzzles of lions.

In sixty years, every nature of mind, every kind of intelligence, every description of genius, has successively spoken in this spot, the most sonorous in the world. From the first Constituent Assembly down to the last—from the first Legislative Assembly down to the last, and through the Convention, the Councils, and the Chambers, count the men if you can. It is a catalogue worthy of Homer. Follow the series! How many figures are there that contrast together from Danton to Thiers? How many figures are there that resemble one another from Barère to Baroche, from Lafayette to Cavaignac? To the names we have already mentioned, Mirabeau, Vergniaud, Danton, Saint-Just, Robespierre, Camille Desmoulins, Manuel, Foy, Royer-Collard, Châteaubriand, Guizot, Thiers, Ledru-Rollin, Berryer, Lamartine. Add these other names, so different, continually at variance,—artists, men of science, men of the law, of the state, of the battle-field, democrats, monarchists, liberals, socialists, republicans, all popular, a few of them illustrious, each having the auriol which is due to him: Barnave, Maury, Thouret, Brissot, Siéyès, Chénier, Carnot, Pontécoulant, Cambacérès, Talleyrand, Benjamin Constant, Casimir Perrier, Laffitte, Dupont (de l'Eure), Fitz-James, Cuvier, Villemain,

the two Lameths, the two Davids, the painter in '93, the sculptor in '48, Mauguin, Odilon Barrot, Arago, Garnier-Pagès, Louis Blanc, Lamenais, Emile Girardin, Lamoricière, Dufaure, Crémieux, Michel (de Bourges), Jules Favre . . . What a constellation of talents! what a variety of aptitudes! what a number of services rendered! what a battling of all the truths against all the errors! how many brains at work! what a mental expenditure for the benefit of progress, of learning, of philosophy, of passion, of conviction, of experience, of sympathy, of eloquence! what a fertilising heat spread abroad! what a shining firmament of light!

And we have not named them all. To help ourselves to an expression which is sometimes borrowed from the author of this book, "*Nous en passons et des meilleurs.*" We have not even alluded to that valiant legion of young orators who have earned their laurel leaves within the last few years,—Arnauld, Bancel, Chauffour, Pascal Duprat, Esquiros, De Flotte, Victor Hennequin, Madier Montjau, Noël Parfait, Pelletier, Sain, Versigny.

Let us insist upon this point: starting from Mirabeau, there has been in the world, in human sociability, in the history of civilization, a culminating point, a central spot, a common altar, one summit. This summit has been the Tribune of France; admirable landmark for all the generations who are marching forward, a glittering height in the time of peace, a lighthouse in the darkness of danger. From the extremities of the intelligent world the different races have fixed their eyes upon this watch-tower, from which has radiated the human mind. When some dark night was wrapt round them, they heard issuing from that height a mighty voice, which carried to their ears these words: *Admonet et magna testatur voce per umbras.* A voice which all at once, when, the cockcrow announcing the dawn, the cry of the eagle hailing the sun, the hour had come, sounded in the ear like a bugle of war, or like the trumpet of

judgment, and called again into life those brave nations that are dead—Poland, Hungary, Italy; fearful spectres waving their shrouds, and ransacking their sepulchres for a sword! Then, at that voice of France, the sky, shining in the future, opened; old despotisms, blinded and in fear, hid their heads in the darkness below; and there, her feet upon the clouds, her bright forehead lost amongst the stars, a sword gleaming in her hand, her large wings opened in the form of a cross, was seen to appear the Archangel Liberty—the Archangel of the People.

V.

INFLUENCE OF ORATORY.

This Tribune, it was the terror of every tyranny and fanaticism—it was the hope of every one who was oppressed under Heaven. Whoever touched this height, felt distinctly the pulsations of the great heart of humanity. There, providing he was a man of earnest purpose, his soul enlarged within him, and grew brighter from the new air he breathed. Something universal seized hold of him, and filled his mind as the breeze fills the sail; so long as his feet rested upon those four planks, he was a stronger and a better man; he felt that within that sacred minute the collected life of nations had been poured, like wine, into his own life; words of charity came to his lips for all men: beyond, the Assembly grouped at his feet, and frequently rocked to and fro with passion; he beheld the people, attentive, serious, their ears drinking in every word, silent as in a church; and beyond the people he beheld the human race, plunged in thought, seated in circles, and listening. Such was this grand Tribune, from the top of which a man addressed the world

From this Tribune, incessantly vibrating, gushed forth perpetually a loud sonorous stream of sentiments and ideas, which,

from wave to wave, and from people to people, kept flowing to the utmost confines of the earth, and agitated there all the intellectual currents which are called souls. Frequently there was no telling why such and such a law, such and such an institution was tottering at a remote distance, beyond the frontiers, beyond the most distant seas; the Papacy beyond the Alps, the throne of the Czar at the extremity of Europe, slavery in America, the punishment of death all over the world. The reason is, the Tribune of France had been convulsed. At certain hours of the convulsion of this Tribune the effect was equal to an earthquake. Whilst the Tribune of France was speaking, all that consists on this earth of human intelligence disposed itself to listen. The winged words flew into the obscurity, cleaving the realms of space, flying at hazard, no one knew where;—it is only the wind, it is only a little noise, said the barren minds that live upon irony,—but the next day, or three months afterwards, or a year later, something fell like a crash upon the surface of the earth, or else something was tottering, as if ready to fall. What had been the cause of that? Only the noise which had vanished away, only the wind which had quietly flown by. This noise, this wind, was "the Word." Holy strength! From the Word of God came the creation of human beings;—from the Word of Man will spring the regeneration of the people!

VI.

WHAT AN ORATOR IS.

Once mounted upon this Tribune, the man who was there was no longer a man. He was that mysterious workman whom we see, at twilight, walking with long strides across the furrows of the fields, and flinging into the air, with the gesture of a ruler, the germs, the seeds, the future harvests, the wealth

of the approaching summer, our daily bread, the life of the universe.

He goes backwards and forwards, he returns; his hand opens and empties itself, fills itself and empties itself again and again.

The dark plain is moved; fertile nature receives the secrets that are confided to its care; the dews fall; each grain drops trembling to the ground, and kisses the earth that receives it to its bosom; there is a promise of plenty that goes flying through the air, and the sun, hiding itself behind the horizon, looks lovingly on what that workman is doing, and knows that his labour will not be thrown away in vain. Sacred and mysterious work!

The orator is the sower. He takes from out of the granary of his heart his instincts, his passions, his beliefs, his sufferings, his dreams, his ideas, and throws them, a handful at a time, into the midst of men. Every brain is to him an open furrow. One word dropped from the Tribune always takes root somewhere, and shoots into life. You say, "Oh! it is nothing —it is a man talking," and you shrug your shoulders. Short-sighted creatures! It is a future which is fructifying—it is a new world that is about to germinate.

VII.

WHAT THE TRIBUNE ACCOMPLISHED.

Two grand problems hang over the world. War must disappear, and conquest must continue. These two necessities of a growing civilisation seemed to exclude one another. How could you satisfy the one without doing wrong to the other? Who would be able to solve the two problems at the same time? Who could unite them together? The Tribune! The Tribune is peace, and the Tribune is conquest. Each people is

a different country. Conquest by thought—who is in want of it? All the world. Humanity is made up of every race, every people. Now two distinguished Tribunes ruled all nations—*the English Tribune having the direction of affairs, and the French Tribune the creation of ideas.* The French Tribune had elaborated ever since '89 all the principles which are the political absolute, and it had commenced to elaborate since 1848 all the principles which form the social absolute. When once a principle had been drawn from its confinement and liberated, the French Tribune threw it upon the world, armed it from head to foot, saying, "Go!" The principle invaded the country as a conqueror, met the custom-house officers on the frontier, and passed it in spite of all their precautions; met the sentinels at the gates of cities, and passed them without knowing the pass-word; travelled by the railway, mounted the paddle-boxes of steamers, scoured the continents, crossed lakes and seas, accosted the passengers on the highway, sat down as naturally as possible at the hearths of families, glided in between friend and friend, between brother and brother, between man and his wife, between the master and his slave, between the people and its king; and to those who asked it, "Who art thou?" it answered, "I am the truth;" and to those who asked it, "Whence comest thou?" it answered, "I come from France." Then he who had questioned the principle took it by the hand, and it was better than the conquest of a province, it was the annexation of a human mind. Henceforth, between Paris, the great metropolis, and that man isolated in his retirement, and that town buried in the depth of woods, or lost in the solitude of the steppes, and that people groaning under the yoke, a current of thought and love was established. Under the influence of these currents certain nationalities weakened, whilst others strengthened and looked up again with hope and courage. The savage felt himself less savage, the Turk less Turk, the Russian less

Russian, the Hungarian more Hungarian, the Italian more Italian. Slowly, and by degrees, the French mind assimilated other nations to itself for the cause of universal progress. Thanks to this admirable French language, composed by Providence with wonderful equilibrium of just sufficient consonants to make its pronunciation easy by the inhabitants of the North, and of sufficient vowels to render its pronunciation not too difficult by the inhabitants of the South; thanks to this language, which is a power of civilisation and of humanity, little by little, and by its radiation alone, this high central Tribune of Paris conquered nations and made them France. The material boundary of France was according to her capability; but there were no treaties of 1815 to determine its moral boundary. The moral boundary was incessantly receding, and continued growing larger every day, and before a quarter of a century, perhaps, one would have said the French world as one has said the Roman world.

And that is what the Tribune was,—and that is what it was accomplishing for France, a prodigious beehive of ideas, a gigantic engine of civilisation that was always busy in elevating the level of intelligence all over the world, and infusing into the heart of humanity a flood of light.

And this is what M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has suppressed!

VIII.

PARLIAMENTARIANISM.

Yes, that Tribune M. Bonaparte has thought fit to overthrow. That power, the first-born of our revolutionary family, he has broken, shattered like glass, ground into dust, torn to pieces with his bayonets, thrown to be trampled upon by the feet of his horses. His uncle had circulated an aphorism: "The throne is a plank covered over with velvet." He, also,

has circulated his aphorism: "The Tribune is a plank covered over with cloth, on which is inscribed *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" He has thrown this plank, and the cloth, and the Liberty, and the Equality, and the Fraternity, into the fire of a military bivouac. A burst of laughter from the soldiers, a little smoke, and all was over.

Is it true? Is it possible? Did it occur in this way? Could such a state of things have happened in these days? Good Heavens, yes!—it is, even, extremely simple. To cut off the head of Cicero and nail his two hands upon the rostrum, it is only necessary to have a brute who is armed with a butcher's knife, and another brute who has nails and a hammer.

The Tribune was for France three things: a means of exterior initiation,—a method of interior government—a glory. Louis Bonaparte has suppressed the initiation. France was the teacher of the people, home and abroad, and conquered them by love—but for what good? He has suppressed the method of government, his own is so much better. He has breathed upon the glory of France, and blown it out. Certain kinds of breath have this peculiar property. But to make an attempt upon the Tribune is known to be the family crime. The first Bonaparte had already committed it, but at least what he had brought into France to replace that glory, was glory in every sense, and not ignominy.

Louis Bonaparte has not contented himself in overthrowing the Tribune, he has wished to render it ridiculous. The one effort resembles the other. The least, however, that could be expected, when one cannot utter two words consecutively; when one harangues, with a written discourse in hand; when one's speech and intelligence both falter; is the mockery of that talent which Mirabeau so admirably possessed. It was in like manner that General Ratapoil said to General Foy, 'Shut up, babbler!" "What do you call the Tribune?" cries out M. Louis Bonaparte. It is parliamentarianism! What

do you say about parliamentarianism? Parliamentarianism pleases me. Parliamentarianism is a *perle*. There the dictionary is enriched. This academician of *coups d'état* makes new words. The uncle had his "ideologists"—the nephew has his "parliamentarists." Parliamentarianism, gentlemen; parliamentarianism, ladies. This is the answer to everything. Possibly you venture timidly to observe:—"It is a pity so many families have been ruined, so many people transported, so many citizens proscribed, so many graves dug, so much blood spilt." "Ah, then!" replies a coarse voice with a Dutch accent; "so you mistrust parliamentarianism, do you?" Steer clear of this; parliamentarianism is a great discovery. I give my vote to M. Louis Bonaparte for the next vacant seat at the institute. Really this neologist must be encouraged. We will both vote for him. Is it not so, M. de Montalembert?

IX

THE TRIBUNE DESTROYED.

Then "the Parliamentarianism"—that is to say, the protection of the citizens, the freedom of discussion, the liberty of the press, the liberty of the subject, the control over the taxes, the inspection of the receipts and the expenses, the lock of safety upon the public money-box, the right of knowing what is being done with your money, the solidity of credit, the liberty of conscience, the liberty of religion, the support of property, the only remedy against confiscation and spoliation, the security of each, the counterpoise of arbitrary power, the dignity of the nation, the glory of France, the honest manners of free nations, the movement, the life,—all that exists no longer. Wiped out, annihilated, vanished! And this "deliverance" has only cost France a small trifle of 25,000,000, divided amongst twelve or fifteen Saviours, and 40,000 francs of eau-de-vie, swallowed by each

brigade. Verily, this is not dear! These gentlemen of the *coup d'état* have done the thing at a very cheap rate.

But now the deed is done. The grass is growing at the Palais-Bourbon. A virgin forest begins to darken the distance between the Pont de la Concorde and the Place Bourgogne. Amongst the underwood can be distinguished the sentry-box of a soldier. The legislative body empties its urn amongst the reeds, and the water flows round the feet of the sentry-box with a sweet murmur.

But now it is all over. The grand work is accomplished. And what are the results of the thing? Do you not know that Messieurs So-and-So gained their town houses and their country houses merely by one railway? Get all you can, gorge as much as you will, allow your stomachs to expand; it is no longer a question of being a great people, of being a powerful people, of being an enlightened nation; France does not see the object of that. But here is a success! France votes Louis Napoleon, carries Louis Napoleon, fattens Louis Napoleon, contemplates Louis Napoleon, admires Louis Napoleon, and has grown stupid in so doing. The height of civilisation is attained!

And now, no more noise, no more confusion, no more talking, no more parliament, or parliamentarianism. The legislative body, the senate, the council of state, have all got their mouths sown up. There is no more fear of reading a beautiful speech when you wake up in the morning. It is all over with everything that thought, that meditated, that created, that spoke, that sparkled, and shone in this great people. Be proud, Frenchmen! Lift high your heads, Frenchmen! You are no longer anything, and this man is everything! He holds in his hand your intelligence, as a child holds a bird. Any day he pleases, by drawing his fingers a little tighter, he can strangle the genius of France. That will be so much noise the less! In the meantime, let us repeat it in chorus: "No more Parliamentarianism, no more Tribune!" In lieu of all

those great voices who dialogued for the improvement of mankind, who were, one the idea, another the action; one the right, another the justice; one the glory, another the faith, another the hope, another the science; who instructed, who charmed, who comforted, who encouraged, who did honour to the country: in lieu of all those sublime voices, what do you hear in the midst of the dark night that hangs like a pall over France? The noise of a jingling spur, and of a sword that is draggled along the pavement!

"Hallelujah!" says M. Sibour. "Hosannah!" replies M. Parisis!

BOOK SIXTH.

THE ABSOLUTION:—FIRST FORM, THE 7,500,000 VOTES.

THE 7,500,000 VOTES.

I

They tell us you do not consider! All these facts, which you call crimes, are henceforth "accomplished facts," and consequently to be respected; all is accepted, all is adopted, legitimised, all is covered, all is absolved.

— Accepted! adopted! legitimised! covered! absolved! by what?

— By a vote.

— What vote?

— The 7,500,000 votes.

Oh! true. There has been a *plébiscitum*, and a vote, and 7,500,000 ayes. Let us look into the matter!

II.

A brigand stops a diligence at the corner of a wood. He is at the head of a resolute band.

The travellers are more numerous, but they are separated, disunited, cooped up in the different compartments, half asleep, surprised in the middle of the night, seized suddenly, and without arms.

The brigand orders them to alight, not to utter a cry, not to speak a word, and to lie down with their faces to the ground.

Some resist; he blows out their brains.

The rest obey, and lie down on the road speechless, motionless, terrified, mixed up with the dead bodies of their companions, and half dead themselves.

The brigand, while his accomplices keep their feet on the loins of the travellers, and pistols at their heads, rifles their pockets, forces open their trunks, and takes out all the valuables.

The pockets rifled, the trunks pillaged, the *coup d'état* completed, he says to them:—

" — Now, in order to put myself right with justice, I have written down on paper a declaration, stating that you acknowledge all I have taken belonged to me, and that you gave it to me of your own free will. I require this to be your view of the matter. Each of you will have a pen given you, and without uttering a syllable, without making the slightest movement, without quitting your present attitude. . . . ."

(Belly on ground, and face in the mud.)

" — You will stretch forth your right hands, and you will all sign this paper. If any one of you moves or speaks, here is the muzzle of my pistol. In all other respects, you are quite free."

The travellers stretch out their arms, and sign.

The brigand, thereupon, perks up his head, and says:—

" — I have 7,500,000 votes."

III.

M. Louis Bonaparte is president of this diligence.

Let us recall a few *principia*.

For a political scrutiny to be valid, three absolute conditions must exist. Firstly, the vote must be free; secondly, the vote must be intelligent; thirdly, the figures must be genuine. If one of these three conditions is wanting, the scrutiny is null. How is it when all three are wanting?

Let us apply these rules.

Firstly, *That the vote must be free.*

What liberty there was in the vote of the 20th December, we have just pointed out. We have expressed that liberty by a striking and manifest image. We might have dispensed with adding anything to it. Let each of those who voted recollect himself, and ask his conscience under what moral and material violence he dropped his billet in the box. We might cite a certain commune of the Yonne, where, of 500 heads of families, 430 were arrested; the rest voted "aye." Such a commune of the Loiret, where, of 639 heads of families, 497 were arrested or banished; the 142 who escaped voted "aye." What we say of the Loiret and the Yonne might be said of all the departments. Since the 2nd December, each town has its swarm of spies; each village, each hamlet, its informer. To vote "no" was imprisonment, transportation—was Lambessa. In the villages of one particular department, we were told by an eye witness, "they brought ass-loads of ballot papers inscribed 'aye.'" The mayors, flanked by the garde-champêtre, distributed them among the peasants. It was compulsory to vote. At Savigny, near Saint-Maur, on the morning of the voting day, some enthusiastic gendarmes declared that the man who voted "no" should not sleep in his bed. The gendarmerie thrust into the prison of Valenciennes M. Parent, jun., deputy justice of the

peace for the canton of Bouchain, for having advised certain inhabitants of Avesne-le-Sec to vote, "no." The nephew of the representative Aubrey (du Nord), having seen the agents of the prefect distribute ballots with "yes" in the great square of Lille, went into the square next morning, and distributed ballots with "no." He was arrested, and incarcerated in the citadel.

As to the vote of the army, part of it voted in its own cause; the rest followed like sheep.

But even as to the freedom of this vote of the soldiers, let us hear the army speak for itself. Read the statement of a soldier of the 6th Regiment of the Line, commanded by Colonel Garderens de Boisse:—

"As to the troop, the vote was a roll-call. The subaltern officers, the corporals, the drummers, and the soldiers, placed in their ranks, were named by the quartermaster in presence of the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and the other officers; and as each man named answered '*Here!*' his name was inscribed on the ballot paper by the sergeant-major. The colonel, rubbing his hands, was just saying, 'Egad, gentlemen, this is going along on wheels!' when a corporal of the company to which I belong approached the table at which the sergeant-major was seated, and requested him to let him have the pen, that he might himself inscribe his name on the register dissentient, which was intended to remain altogether blank.

"'How!' cried the colonel; 'you, who are down for quartermaster, and who are to be appointed on the first vacancy,—you, thus formally to disobey your colonel, and that in the presence of your company! It would be bad enough if the refusal you now make were only an act of insubordination; but know you not, wretched man, that by your vote you seek to bring about the destruction of the army, the burning of your father's house, the annihilation of all society,—that you promote the worst excesses. What, X——! you, whom I wished

to promote! Is it you who confess yourself an accomplice to these horrors?'

"The poor devil, it may be at once imagined, allowed his name to be inscribed "aye" with the rest."

Multiply this colonel by six hundred thousand, and the product is the pressure of the functionaries of all sorts—military, political, civil, administrative, ecclesiastical, judicial, customal, municipal, scholastic, commercial, consular—throughout France, on the soldier, the citizen, and the peasant. Add, as we have above indicated, the fictitious Communist Jacquerie, and the real Bonapartist terrorism, the government weighing by phantasmagoria on the weak, and by dictatorship on the refractory, and working two fears together. It would require a special volume to relate, expose, and develop the innumerable details of that immense extortion of signatures, which is called "the VOTE of the 20th December."

The vote of the 20th December prostrated the honour, the initiative, the intelligence, and the moral life of the nation. France went to that vote as sheep go to the slaughter-house.

Let us proceed.

Secondly. *That the vote must be intelligent.*

Here is an elementary proposition. Where there is no liberty of the press, there is no vote. The liberty of the press is the condition, *sine quâ non*, of universal suffrage. Every scrutiny operated in the absence of liberty of the press is radically null. The liberty of the press involves, as necessary corollaries, the liberty of meeting, the liberty of making public, the liberty of publicly discussing, all the liberties engendered by the right,—first and foremost of all, the right of informing one's mind before one votes. To vote is to govern; to vote is to judge. Imagine a blind pilot! Imagine a deaf judge! Liberty, then,—liberty to inform one's self by every means, by inquiry, by the press, by speaking, by discussion. This is the express guarantee, the condition of being, of universal

suffrage. In order that a thing may be done validly, it must be done knowingly. Where there is no taper, there is no sealed act.

These are axioms: without the pale of these axioms, all is, *ipso facto*, null.

Now, let us see: did M. Bonaparte, in his scrutiny of the 20th December, obey these axioms? Did he fulfil the conditions of free press, free meetings, free tribune, free advertising, free inquiry. The answer is an immense shout of laughter, even from the Elysée.

Thus you are yourself compelled to admit: 'tis thus "universal suffrage" is exercised.

What! I know nothing of what is going on: men have been killed, slaughtered, murdered, massacred, and I am ignorant of this! Men have been arbitrarily imprisoned, worried, expelled, exiled, transported, and I scarcely hear even of the fact! My mayor and my curé tell me—these people, whom you see taken away, bound with cords, are convict malefactors! I am a peasant, cultivating a patch of land in a corner of one of the provinces: you suppress the newspaper, you stifle information, you prevent the truth from reaching me, and then you make me vote! in the uttermost darkness of night! gropingly! What! you rush out upon me from the obscurity, sabre in hand, and you say to me: "Vote!" and you call that the ballot.

Certainly! a "free and spontaneous" ballot, chime in the *coup d'état* scribes.

Every conceivable and inconceivable machinery was set to work at this vote. One village mayor, a species of Escobar, flourishing wild in the fields, said to his peasants: "If you vote 'Yes,' 'tis for the Republic; if you vote 'No,' 'tis against the Republic." The peasants all voted "Yes."

And now let us illuminate another aspect of this turpitude that people call "the 'plebiscitum' of the 20th December." How were the questions put? Was there any choice

possible? Did they—and it is the least that should have been done by a *coup d'état*, done by so strange a ballot as that, wherein he put all in question—did they open to each party the door at which his principles could enter? Did they permit the legitimists to turn towards their exiled prince, and towards the ancient honour of the *fleurs-de-lys?* Did they permit the Orleanists to turn towards that proscribed family, honourable in the valued services of two soldiers, MM. de Joinville and D'Aumale, and illustrious in that lofty soul, Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans? Did they offer to the people—the people, who are not a party, but the people, that is to say, the sovereign—did they offer to the people that true republic before which all monarchy dissolves and vanishes, as night before day; that republic which is the manifest and irresistible portion of the civilized world; the republic without dictatorship; the republic of concord, of science, and of liberty; the republic of universal suffrage and universal peace, and of universal happiness; the republic, initiator of peoples, and liberator of nationalities; that republic, which, after all and in spite of all, will, as the author of this book has said elsewhere,* "possess France to-morrow, and Europe the day after." Did they offer that? No. This is how M. Bonaparte put the matter.

There were in this ballot two candidates; first candidate, M. Bonaparte; second candidate—the abyss. France had the choice. Admire the address of the man, and not a little, his humility. M. Bonaparte opposed to him in this contest—whom? M. de Chambord? No! M. de Joinville? No! The Republic? Still less. M. Bonaparte, like those pretty Creoles who show off their beauty by juxta-position with some frightful Hottentot, selected as his competitor in this election a phantom, a vision, a socialism of Nuremberg, with long teeth and talons, and a live coal in the eyes, the ogre of Tom Thumb, the vam-

* *Litterature et Philosophie Mêlées*, 1860.

pire of the Porte Saint-Martin, the hydra of Theramenes, the great sea-serpent of the *Constitutionnel*, which the stock-jobbers had the kindness to lend him, the dragon of the Apocalypse, the Tarask, the Drée, the Gra-ouili, a scarce-crow, aided by a Ruggieri of his own, M. Bonaparte lit up this lace-bound monster with Bengal fire, and said to the scared voter:—"There is nothing possible between this and me, choose!" He said: "Choose between beauty and the beast; the beast, is communism; the beauty, is my dictatorship; choose! There is no medium! Society prostrate, thy house burnt, thy barn pillaged, thy corn stolen, thy fields confiscated, thy wife violated, thy children murdered, thy wine drunk, thyself devoured alive by the great gaping-jaws yonder—all this, or me, Emperor! Choose! Me or Raw-head-and-bloody-bones!" The citizen—affrighted, and consequently a child,—the peasant—ignorant, and consequently a child,—preferred M. Bonaparte to Raw-head-and-bloody-bones. Such is his triumph!

Observe, however, that of ten millions of voters, 2,500,000 would, it seems, have even preferred Raw-head-and-bloody-bones.

After all, M. Bonaparte only had 7,500,000 votes. Thus, then, and in this fashion—freely as we see, willingly as we see—that which M. Bonaparte is good enough to call universal suffrage, voted. Voted what?

Dictatorship, autocracy, slavery, the republic a despotism, France a pachalic, chains on all wrists, a seal on every mouth, silence, abasement, fear; the spy, the soul of all things! They have given to a man—they have given to you!—omnipotence and omniscience! They have made that man the supreme constituent, the legislator, the alpha of the law, the omega of power! They have decreed that he is Minos, that he is Numa, that he is Solon, that he is Lycurgus! They have incarnated in him the people, the nation, the state, the law: and for ten years! What! vote—I, a citizen—vote, not only my own dispossession, my own forfeiture, my own abdica-

tion, but abdication for ten years of new generations, of universal suffrage, over which I have no right, over which you, an usurper, you force me to usurp right, which,—by the way, be it said, would suffice to nullify that monstrous ballot, if all conceivable nullities were not already piled upon it, heaped and amalgamated. What! is it that you would have me do? You make me vote that all is finished, that nothing remains, that the people is a slave! What! you tell me, seeing that you are sovereign, you shall give yourself a master; seeing that you are France, you shall become Haiti! What an abominable derision!

Such is the vote of the 20th December,—that sanction, as M. de Morny terms it,—that absolution, as M. Bonaparte calls it.

Assuredly, a short time hence,—in a year, in a month, perhaps in a week,—when all we now see has vanished, men will be ashamed of having, if only for an instant, honoured with discussion that infamous semblance of a vote, which they call the ballot of 7,500,000 voices. Yet such is the only basis, the only support, the only rampart of this prodigious power of M. Bonaparte. This vote is the excuse of cowards—this vote is the buckler of dishonoured consciences. Generals, magistrates, bishops, each crime, each lie, each prevarication, each complicity, seeks refuge behind this vote for its ignominy. France has spoken, say they: *vox populi, vox Dei*,—universal suffrage besotted; everything is covered by a ballot. *That* a vote—*that* a ballot? One spits on it, and passes by.

Thirdly. *The figure must be genuine.* I admire that figure: 7,500,000! It must have had a beautiful effect, through the fog of the 1st January, in letters of gold, three feet high, on the portal of Notre-Dâme.

I admire that figure. Do you know why? Because I consider it humble, diffident: 7,500,000! Why, 7,500,000! that is little. No one refused M Bonaparte full measure.

After what he had done on the 2nd December, he had good right to better than that. Who could it have been that played him a trick? Who was it prevented him from putting down eight millions, or ten millions, round numbers? As for myself, I was quite disappointed in my hopes. I relied on unanimity. *Coup d'état*, you are indeed modest!

What! a man who has done all we have recalled or recounted,—who has taken an oath and perjured himself,—who has been the guardian of a constitution and destroyed it,—who has been the servant of a republic and betrayed it,—who has been the agent of a sovereign assembly has violently demolished it,—who has used military order as a poignard to kill military honour,—who has employed the standard of France as a towel to wipe away mud and shame,—who has put handcuffs on the generals of Africa,—who has made the representatives of the people travel in prison-vans,—who has filled Mazas, Vincennes, Mont Valérien, and St. Pélagie with inviolable men,—who has fired point-blank at the legislator girt with that scarf, the sacred and venerable symbol of the law,—who has given to such a colonel, whom we could name, a hundred thousand francs to trample duty under foot, and to each soldier ten francs a day,—who has distributed in four days, forty thousand francs' worth of brandy to each brigade, —who has covered with the gold of the Bank the play-tables of the Elysée, and has said to his friends, "Take!"—who has killed M. Adde in his own house; M. Belval in his own house; M. Debaecque in his own house; M. Labilte in his own house; M. de Couvercelle in his own house; M. Monpelas in his own house; M. Thirion de Mortauban in his own house,—who has massacred on the Boulevards and elsewhere,—has shot people here, there, and everywhere,—who has committed infinite murders, of which he modestly confesses to only one hundred and ninety-one! What! he who has drenched the roots of the trees on the Boulevards with pools of blood,—he who has spilt the blood of the infant with the blood of the mother, mingling with both

the champagne of the gendarmes! He has done all these things,—he has given himself all this trouble; and when he asks the nation, "Are you satisfied?" he only obtains 7,500,000 voters. Really, he is underpaid!

This comes of devoting yourself to save society!" O, ingratitude of the world!

It is a fact, that 3,000,000 of voices have replied "*No.*" What, then, did the man mean who said that the South Sea savages call the French "*oui—oui!*"

Let us speak seriously. For irony is oppressive in such tragic matters.

Coup d'état men, nobody believes in your 7,500,000 votes.

Come, be frank, for a moment's eccentricity; confess you are slightly Greekish, you cheat a little. In your balance-sheet of the 2nd December you set down too many votes, and not enough corpses.

7,500,000! What figure is that? Whence comes it? How? What do you want us to do with it?

7,000,000, 8,000,000, 10,000,000! Millions! millions! We concede you all, but we contest with you all.

The 7,000,000, you have them, *plus* the 500,000; the round sum, *plus* the odd money. You say so, Prince, you affirm it. You swear it; but who proves it?

Who counted? Baroche. Who examined? Rouher. Who checked? Piétri. Who added up? Maupas. Who certified? Troplong. Who announced? Yourself!

In other words,—servility counted, crouching meanness examined, trickery checked, forgery added up, venality certified, and mendacity announced.

Very good.

Whereupon, M. Bonaparte ascends to the capitol, orders M. Sibour to thank Jupiter; puts a blue and gold livery on the Senate, a blue and silver livery on the Legislative Body, and a green and gold livery on his coachman; lays his hand on

his heart, declares that he is the product of "universal suffrage," and that his "legitimacy" has issued from the ballot-urn. That urn is a wine-cup.

IV.

We declare it, then; we declare it broadly, and clearly, and simply,—on the 20th December, 1851, eighteen days after the 2nd, M. Bonaparte put his hand into every man's conscience, and robbed every man of his vote. Others filch handkerchiefs, but he steals an Empire. Every day, for pranks of the same class, the police take men by the collar and carry them off to the station-house.

Let us be understood, however.

We may be asked:—Do you mean to pretend that nobody really voted for M. Bonaparte?—that no one voluntarily said "Yes?"—that no one knowingly and willingly accepted that man?

By no means.

M. Bonaparte had for him the crowd of functionaries, the 1,200,000 parasites of the budget, and their dependents and hangers-on; the corrupted, the compromised, the adventurers, and in their train the bigots, a very considerable party.

He had for him Messieurs the Cardinals, Messieurs the Bishops, Messieurs the Canons, Messieurs the Curés, Messieurs the Vicars, Messieurs the Archdeacons, Deacons, and Sub-Deacons; Messieurs the Prebendaries, Messieurs the Church-wardens, Messieurs the Sextons, Messieurs the Beadles, Messieurs the Church-door-openers, and the "religious" men. Yes, we admit, without hesitation, M. Bonaparte had for him all those bishops who cross themselves, like Veuillot and Montalembert, and all those religious men—precious and ancient race, but largely increased and recruited since the proprietorial terror of 1848—who pray in this wise: "O, my God; send up the Lyons' shares! O, Lord!, make me a winner

of 25 per cent. on my Rothschild-Neapolitan bonds! Holy Apostles, sell my wines for me! Blessed Martyrs, double my rents! Holy Mary, Mother of God, immaculate Virgin, Star of the Sea, Closed Garden, *Hortus Conclusus*, deign to cast a favourable eye on my little business at the corner of the Rue Tirechappe and Rue Quincampoix! Tower of Ivory, send the opposition shop over the way into the *Gazette!*"

These have really and incontestibly voted for M. Bonaparte:—first category, the functionary; second category, the noodle; third category, the Voltairian—proprietor—trader—man of religion.

The human understanding in general, and the citizen intellect in particular, present singular enigmas. We know, and we do not at all desire to conceal it, that from the shopkeeper up to the banker, from the petty trader up to the stockbroker, great numbers of the commercial and industrial men of France,—that is to say, great numbers of the men who comprehend what well-placed confidence is, what a deposit faithfully preserved is, what a key placed in safe hands is,—have voted since the 2nd December for M. Bonaparte. The vote given,—you might have accosted one of these men of business, the first you met by chance; and this is the dialogue that you might have exchanged with him:

"You have nominated Louis Bonaparte President of the Republic?"

"Yes."

"Would you engage him as your cashier?"

"Certainly not!"

V.

And this is the ballot,—let us repeat it—insist on it—never be tired of uttering it; cry it aloud a hundred times, as Isaiah says, so that it may be heard once—this is the ballot, this is the

plebiscitum, this is the vote, this is the sovereign decree of "Universal Suffrage," beneath whose shadow shelter themselves,—of which they make a title of authority, a diploma of government,—those men who now hold France, who command, who dominate, who administer, who judge, who reign: their arms in gold up to the elbows, their legs in blood up to the knees!

And now, to have done with it, let us make a concession to M. Bonaparte. No more quibbling: his ballot of the 20th December was free: it was intelligent: all the newspapers printed whatever they pleased (he who says to the contrary calumniates); electoral meetings were held; the walls were hidden beneath placards; the promenaders in Paris had their feet encumbered on the Boulevards and in the streets with a rain of ballot-papers, white, blue, yellow, red; everybody said what he chose, wrote what he chose; the figure was genuine; it was not Baroche who counted, it was Barême; Louis Blanc, Guinard, Félix Pyat, Raspail, Caussidière, Thoré, Ledru-Rollin, Etienne, Arago, Albert, Barbès, Blanqui, and Gent, were the scrutineers; it was they who announced the seven millions, five hundred thousand votes. Be it so. Concede all that. What then? What conclusion does the *coup d'état* thence derive?

What conclusion? It rubs its hands—it asks nothing further; that is quite sufficient; it concludes that all is right, all complete, all finished; that nothing more is to be said against it; that it is "absolved."

Stop, if you please!

The free vote, the genuine figure,—this is only the physical side of the question; the moral side remains to be considered. Ah! there is a moral side, then? Undoubtedly, Prince, and that is precisely the true side, the grand side of this question of the 2nd December. Let us look into it.

VI.

First, M. Bonaparte, it is expedient that you should acquire a notion what human conscience is.

There are two things in this world—learn this novelty—which men call good and evil. You must be informed: lying is evil; treachery is evil; assassination is still greater evil. Such a thing may be very useful, but it is prohibited. Prohibited, say you; by whom? I will explain that point to you, a little farther on; meantime, let us proceed. Man—you must also be informed—is a thinking being, free in this world, and responsible in the next. Singularly enough—and you will be very surprised to hear it—he is not created merely to enjoy himself, merely to indulge all his fancies, to follow the bent of his appetites, to crush whatever he finds before him in his path, —blade of grass or sworn oath,—to devour whatever presents itself when he is hungry. Life is not his prey. For example, to pass from *nil* per annum to twelve hundred thousand francs, it is not permitted to swear an oath which one has no intention to keep; and, to pass from twelve hundred thousand francs to twelve millions, it is not permitted to crush the Constitution and laws of one's country, to assail from an ambush a sovereign assembly, to grape-shot Paris, to transport ten thousand persons, and to prescribe forty thousand. Let me pursue your initiation into this singular mystery. Certes, it is agreeable to give one's lacqueys silk stockings; but, to arrive at this grand result, it is not permitted to suppress the glory and the thought of a people, to overthrow the central tribune of the civilised world, to shackle the progress of mankind, and to shed torrents of blood. That is forbidden. By whom? you repeat; you, who see before you no one who forbids to you anything. Patience: you shall know presently.

What!—here you grow disgusted, and I can understand it.

When one has, on our side, one's interest, one's ambition, one's fortune, one's pleasures, a fine palace in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré; and, on the other side, the jeremiads and clamourings of woman from whom their husbands are taken, of mothers from whom their sons are taken, of families from whom their fathers are torn, of children who are deprived of their bread, of the people from whom its liberty is arrested, of society from whom its support—the laws—is withdrawn: what! when these clamours are on one side and that of interest on the other, is it not permitted to contemn the uproar, to let all these folks "vociferate" unheeded, to trample on all obstacles, to go quietly thither where one sees one's fortune, one's pleasures, and the fine palace in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré? A pretty idea, truly! What! one is to trouble one's head about having, some three or four years ago, one don't remember when or where, some day in December, when it was very cold, and rained, and one felt it desirable to leave a chamber in an inn and seek a better lodging—pronounced, one doesn't remember in relation to what, in an indifferently lighted room, before eight or nine hundred imbeciles who chose to believe what one said, these eight letters, "I swear it!" What! when one is meditating "a great act," one is to waste one's time in asking one's-self what will be the result of that which one proposes to do! To trouble one's head because this fellow may be eaten up by vermin in the casemates, or this one rot in the hulks, or that one be worked to death at Cayenne; because A. may be killed with bayonets, or B. with paving-stones, or C. be idiot enough to get himself shot; because these may be ruined, and these exiled; or because all the people one no ruins, or shoots, or exiles, or massacres, or sends to rot in the hulks, or die in the transport-hold, or be worked to death in Cayenne or Africa, are, forsooth, honest men who have done their duty! Is one to be stopped by such stuff as that? A fine notion! What! one is in want, one has no money, one is

a prince, chance throws power into one's hands, one makes use of it, one authorizes lotteries, one exhibits ingots of gold in the Passage Jouffroy, everybody opens his purse, one takes all one can out of it, one shares what one gets with one's friends, with the devoted comrades to whom one owes gratitude; and because there comes a moment when the impertinent public meddle in the matter, when that infamous liberty of the press wants to fathom the mystery, and justice fancies it has some concern in the matter, one is to quit the Elysée and power, and take one's seat, like an ass, between two gendarmes on the prisoners' bench in the police-court! Stuff and nonsense! Isn't it much more simple to take one's seat on the throne of the Emperor? Isn't it much more simple to crush the liberty of the press? Isn't it much more simple to smash justice? Isn't it a much shorter way to trample the judges under foot, who, for that matter, themselves ask nothing better, and are quite ready to lie down to be trampled on. And this is not to be permitted! This is forbidden!

Yes, Monseigneur, that is forbidden.

Who opposes it? Who does not permit it? Who forbids it?

Monsieur Bonaparte, you are master, you have eight millions of votes for your crimes, and twelve millions of francs for your pleasures; you have a senate, with M. Sibour in it; you have armies, cannons, fortresses, Troplongs flat on their bellies, and Baroches on all fours; you are despotic; you are all potent: but some one unseen, in the shade, unknown, a passer-by, rises before you, and says to you: "Thou shalt not do this."

This some one, this voice that speaks from the darkness, not seen but heard, this passer-by, this unknown, this insolent intruder, is the human conscience.

That is the human conscience! It is some one, I repeat, whom one sees not, who is stronger than an army, more numerous than seven millions five hundred thousand voters,

more lofty than a senate, more religious than an archbishop, more learned in law than M. Troplong, more prompt to anticipate justice than M. Baroche, and who says "*Thou*" to your majesty.

VII.

Let us go a little deeper into these novelties.

Learn, then, this also, M. Bonaparte; that which distinguishes man from brute, is the notion of good and of evil; that good and that evil of which I spoke to you just now.

There, between, is the abyss.

The animal is a complete being. That which constitutes the grandeur of man is, that he is incomplete; that he feels himself by infinite degrees remote from the finite; that he perceives something beyond himself on that side, and on this. This something is mystery, is—to use those feeble human expressions which are ever successive, and which never express more than one side of things—is the moral world. This moral world man revels in, as much as—more than—in the material world. He lives in what he feels, more than in what he sees. Creation may beset him, want may assail him, pleasure may tempt him, the beast within him may torment him; but even a sort of permanent aspiration for another region impels him irresistibly beyond creation, beyond want, beyond pleasure, beyond the beast. He has glimpses at every moment, in every direction, of the inferior world, and he fills his soul with that vision, and regulates his actions by it. He does not feel himself complete in this life below. He bears within him, so to speak, a mysterious pattern of the anterior and ulterior world—the perfect world—with which he is incessantly, and as it were despite himself, comparing the imperfect world and himself, and his infirmities, and his appetites, and his passions, and his actions. When he perceives that he is approximating this ideal world, he is joyous; when he sees that he is removing from it, he

is sad. He has the profound comprehension that there is nothing useless or superfluous in this world, nothing which does not proceed from something, and which does not lead to something. The just, the unjust, good, evil, noble works, base actions, fall into the gulf, but are not lost there, passing on into the infinite, for the benefit or the burden of those who have accomplished them. After death they are collected together, and the sum-total cast up. To disappear, to vanish, to be annihilated, to cease to be, is no more possible for the moral atom, than for the material atom. Hence, in man, that grand double sentiment of his liberty and of his responsibility. It is given him to be good or to be evil. 'Tis an account that will have to be settled. He may be guilty, and herein, striking circumstance! consists his grandeur. There is nothing similar for the brute. With the brute there is mere instinct; to drink when it is thirsty, to eat when it is hungry, to procreate in season, to sleep when the sun sets, to waken when he rises, or *vice versâ*, if it be a night animal. The brute has about it but an obscure touch of man, illumined by no moral light. Its entire law, I repeat, is instinct: instinct, a sort of railway, along which inevitable nature impels the brute. There is no liberty, no responsibility therefore, and of consequence no future life. The brute does neither evil nor good; it is wholly ignorant. Even the tiger is innocent.

If, perchance, you were innocent as the tiger!

There are certain moments when one is tempted to believe that, having no warning voice within, any more than the tiger, you are no more responsible than it.

Really, at times I pity you. Who knows? perhaps after all, you are only a miserable blind force!

M. Louis Bonaparte, the notion of good and evil, you have it not! You are, perhaps, the only one man in entire humanity who has not that notion. This gives you a start over us. Yes, you are formidable. This constitutes your genius, it is

said; I admit, at all events, 'tis that which at this moment constitutes your power.

But know you what results from this sort of power? Possession, yes; right, no.

Crime essays to deceive history as to its true name; it comes and says, "I am success." Thou art crime!

You are crowned and masked. Down with the mask! Down with the crown!

Ah! you lose your pains! your appeals to the people, your plebiscita, your ballots, your scrutinies, your addings up, your executive commissions, your proclaiming the sum total, your red or green banners, with these figures, in gold letters, 7,500,000, are all thrown away. You will derive no permanent advantage from this elaborate getting-up. There are things about which the universal sentiment is not to be gulled. The human race, taken as a whole, is an honest body.

Even by those about you, you are judged. There is not one of your domestics, whether in gold lace or in galloon, valet of the stable, or valet of the senate, who does not whisper that which I say out loud. What I proclaim, they whisper; that is the only difference. You are omnipotent, they know, that's all. Many salute you, their brows burning with shame.

Many feel themselves base, but they know you to be infamous.

Come, since you are hunting those whom you call "the rebels of December," since 'tis on them you are setting your hands, since you have instituted a Maupas, and created a ministry of police specially for that purpose, I denounce to you the rebel, the recusant, the insurgent—'tis every man's conscience!

You give money, but 'tis the hand receives it, not the conscience. Conscience! while you are about it, inscribe her on your lists of exile. She is an obstinate opponent, pertinacious, inflexible, making a disturbance everywhere. Drive her out of France. You'll be at ease then.

How do you think she treats you, even with your friends?

Do you know on what terms an honourable knight of Saint-Louis, an octogenarian, a great antagonist of "demagogues," and your partisan, voted for you on the 20th December. "'Tis a scoundrel," said he, meaning you, "but a *necessary scoundrel.*" No, there are no necessary scoundrels. No crime is ever useful! No crime is ever good. Society saved by treason! Blasphemy! we must leave it to the archbishops to say these things. Nothing good has evil for its basis. The just God does not impose on humanity the necessity for scoundrels. There is nothing necessary in the world but justice and truth. Had the old man I speak of, thought less of life and more of the tomb, he would have seen this. His observation is surprising in an old man, for there is ordinarily a light from God which enlightens souls approaching the tomb, and shows them the truth.

Never do crime and the right come together: on the day they were to do so, the words of the human tongue would change their meaning, all certainty would vanish, social darkness would overspread us. When, by chance, as has been sometimes seen in history, it happens that, for a moment, crime has the force of law, the very foundations of humanity tremble. *Jusque datum sceleri*, exclaims Lucan, and that line traverses history, like a cry of horror.

Then, and by the admission of your voters, you are a scoundrel. I omit the word necessary. Make your best of this situation.

Well, be it so, you say—that is precisely the case in question—one is "absolved" by universal suffrage.

Impossible.

How, impossible?

Yes, impossible. I'll put your finger on the impossibility.

VIII.

You were a captain of artillery at Berne, M. Louis Bonaparte; you have necessarily a smattering of algebra and geometry. There are three axioms of which you have, probably, some idea.

Two and two make four.

Between two given points, the straight line is the shortest way.

A part is less than the whole.

Now, have it declared by seven millions, five hundred thousand votes, that two and two make five, that the straight line is the longest way, that the whole is less than a part; have this declared by eight millions, ten millions, a hundred millions of votes, and you would not have advanced a single step.

Well—you will be surprised to hear it—there are axioms in probity, in honesty, in justice, as there are maxims in geometry; and the moral truth is no more at the mercy of a vote than is the algebraic truth.

The notion of good and evil is insolvable by universal suffrage. It is not given to a ballot to make the false true, or injustice just. Human conscience is not to be put to the vote.

Do you understand, now?

Look at that lamp, that little obscure light, unnoticed, forgotten in a corner, lost in the darkness. Look at it, admire it. It is hardly visible; it burns solitarily; yet make seven millions, five hundred thousand mouths breathe upon it at once, and you will not extinguish it. You will not even make the flame flicker. Get a hurricane to rage against it; the flame will continue to burn upwards, straight and pure, towards Heaven.

That lamp is Conscience.

That flame is the flame which illumes, in the night of exile, the paper on which I now write!

IX.

Thus then, be your figures what they may, counterfeit or genuine, true or false, extorted or not, matters little; they who keep their eyes steadfastly on justice say, and will continue to say—that crime is crime, that perjury is perjury, that treachery is treachery, that murder is murder, that blood is blood, that mind is mind, that a scoundrel is a scoundrel, that the man who fancies he is copying Napoleon *en petit*, is copying Lacenaire *en grand*; they say that, and they will repeat it, despite your figures, seeing that seven millions, five hundred thousand votes weigh as nothing against the conscience of the honest man; seeing that ten millions, that a hundred millions of votes, that the unanimity even of mankind, voting *en masse*, would count as nothing against that alone, that part and parcel of God, —the soul of the just man; seeing that universal suffrage, which has full sovereignty over political questions, has no jurisdiction over moral questions.

I put aside, for the moment, as I did just now, your process of ballotting, the bands over men's eyes, the gags over their mouths, cannon in the streets and squares, sabres drawn, spies, mournings, silence, and terror, leading the voter to the urn as a malefactor to the prison. I put these aside. I suppose, I repeat, I suppose the universal suffrage true, free, pure, real; universal suffrage, sovereign of itself, as it ought to be; the newspapers in everybody's hands, men and facts questioned and sifted, placards covering the walls, speech free everywhere! Well, to that same universal suffrage, submit peace and war, the army effective, credit, the budget, the public aid, the penalty of death, the irremovability of judges, the indissolubility of marriages, divorce, the civil and political condition of women, free education, the constitution of the commune, the rights of labour, the payment of the clergy, free trade, railways, the currency, colonization, the fiscal code,—all the problems, the

solution of which does not involve its own abdication—for universal suffrage may do everything except abdicate—submit these things to it and it will solve them, not without errors, perhaps, in detail, but with all the grand total of certitude that appertains to human sovereignty; it will solve them, materially. Now, put to it the question, whether John or Peter did well or ill in stealing an apple from an orchard; it's at a dead stop; it can do nothing in the matter. Why? Is it because this question is too low for it? No: because it is too high. All that constitutes the proper organization of societies, whether you consider them as territory, as commune, as state, or as country, every political, financial, social matter, depends on universal suffrage and obeys it; the smallest atom of the least moral question defies it.

The ship is at the mercy of the ocean; the star is not.

It has been said of M. Leverrière and of yourself, M. Bonaparte, that you were the only two men who believed in your star. You do, in fact, believe in your star; you look for it above your head. Well, that star which you seek out of yourself, other men have within themselves. It glitters beneath the vaulted roof of their brain, it shows them the true forms of life; it exhibits to them, in the obscurity of human destiny, good and evil, the just and the unjust, the real and the false, ignominy and honour, honesty and knavery, virtue and crime. This star, without which the human soul is but night, is moral truth.

Wanting this light you have deceived yourself. Your ballot of the 20th December is, in the eyes of the Chamber, merely a sort of monstrous simplicity. You have applied what you call "universal suffrage" to a question to which universal suffrage did not apply. You are not a political man, you are a malefactor. That which has to be done with you is no concern of universal suffrage.

Yes, simplicity; I insist on the term. The bandit of the Abruzzi, his hands scarcely washed from the blood which still remains under his nails, goes to seek absolution from the

priest; you have sought absolution from the vote, only you have forgotten to confess yourself. And, in saying to the vote, "Absolve me," you put the muzzle of your pistol to its forehead.

Ah, wretched creature! To absolve you, as you call it, is beyond the popular power, is beyond all human power.

Listen!

Nero, who had invented the Society of the Tenth-of-December, and who, like yourself, employed it in applauding his comedies, and even, like you again, his tragedies—Nero, after having pierced the bosom of his mother with a hundred stabs, might, like you, have convoked his universal suffrage, which had this further resemblance to yours, that it was in no degree impeded by any license of the press; Nero, Pontiff and Emperor, surrounded by judges and priests, prostrate at his feet, might place one of his bleeding hands on the still warm corpse of the Empress, and raising the other towards Heaven, have taken all Olympus to witness, that he had not shed that blood, and have required his universal suffrage to declare in the face of gods and of men that he, Nero, had not killed that woman; his universal suffrage, working much as yours works, in the same intelligence, and in the same liberty, might have affirmed by 7,500,000 votes that the divine Cæsar—Nero, Pontiff and Emperor—had done no harm to that woman lying there dead. Know, sir, Nero would not have been "absolved." It would have sufficed for one voice, one single voice on the earth, the humblest and most obscure, to be raised amid that profound night of the Roman Empire, and to cry in the darkness:—"Nero is a parricide!" for echo—the eternal echo of the human conscience to repeat for ever, from people to people, and from century to century: "Nero killed his mother!"

Well, that voice which protests in the obscurity is mine: I cry now, and, doubt it not, the universal conscience of humanity repeats it with me: "Louis Bonaparte has assassinated France! Louis Bonaparte has killed his mother!"

BOOK SEVENTH.

THE ABSOLUTION: SECOND FORM.—THE OATH.

For an oath—an oath and a-half—Difference in price—Oaths of Scientific and Literary Men—Curiosity of the thing—The 5th of April, 1852.

I.

FOR AN OATH—AN OATH AND A HALF.

Who and what is Louis Bonaparte? He is perjury personified; he is mental reservation incarnate, felony in flesh and bone; he is an ambulant false oath, wearing a general's hat, and styling himself Monseigneur.

An oath!

Indeed, after the day of the 29th December, 1848, and that of the 2nd December, 1851, when the Assembly was dissolved by an armed force; when the members whose persons are inviolate were arrested and pursued; after the confiscation of the Republic, after the *coup d'état*, one might have expected from that malefactor an honest cynical laugh at the oath, and that this Sbrigani would say to France: "What, then, if I did pledge my word of honour—it was very funny, but let us say no more about such silly trifles."

Not so, for he requires an oath.

Now then, mayors, gendarmes, judges, spies, prefects, generals, commissaries of police, magistrates, functionaries,

senators, counsellors of state, legislators, clerks, he has spoken; 'tis his will, this idea has passed through his head, 'tis his good pleasure; lose no time, start off—you to the registrar, you to the pretorium, you under the eye of your brigadier, you to the minister, you, senators, to the Tuileries, in the hall of the Marshals; you informers, to the prefecture of police, you first presidents and solicitors-general to M. Bonaparte's anti-chamber; hasten in your carriages, on foot, on horseback, in a court dress, an uniform, gold laced, embroidered, plumed, with hat in hand, sash around your waist, and sword by your side.

Come, place yourselves, some before the plaster bust, others before the man himself; very good, there you are all of you, none are wanting, look him well in the face, compose yourself, search your conscience, your loyalty, your morals, your religion, take off your glove, raise your hand, and now swear fealty to his treason.

Have you done it? Yes! oh, what a precious farce!

It follows, then, that Louis Bonaparte looks upon the oath in earnest. True, he believes in my word, in yours, in ours, in theirs; he believes everybody's word but his own. Whoever is near him must swear—he wills it—he requires all to be loyal. It pleaseth Messalina to be surrounded by virgins—capital!

He requires all to be honourable; you ought to hear this, Saint-Arnaud, and you, Maupas, will take it for granted.

Let us sift things to the bottom; there are two kinds of oaths. The oath which freely, solemnly, before the face of God and man, after having received the mission from 6,000,000 of citizens, he swore at a full meeting of the National Assembly, to the Constitution of his country, to the laws, to the people, and to France—that is nothing—it is not binding; one can trifle with it, laugh at it, and some fine day trample it under foot; but the oath that is made before the cannon's mouth, at the sword's point, under the eyes of the police, in order to retain the employment that gives you food, to preserve the goods

which are your property; the oath which, to secure your daily bread and that of your children, is sworn to an impostor, a rebel, a violator of the laws, the slaughterer of the Republic, the perverter of all justice, to a man who himself has broken his oath—Oh, such an oath is, indeed, sacred! Let it not be supposed we are jesting.

The oath which made this 2nd December of kin to that of the 18th Brumaire, is doubly sacred!

What I admire most, is its ineptness. To receive as so much ready money and coin of good alloy, the oaths of the official commons, and not even to think that every scruple has been overcome, and that there cannot exist one single word of good faith! He is both a prince and a traitor! To set the example from the summit of the state, and imagine that it will not be followed! To sow lead, and expect to reap gold! And not even to perceive that, under similar circumstances, every conscience will model itself on the conscience that is placed uppermost, and that the perjury of a prince transmutes all oaths and obligations into base coin.

II.

DIFFERENCE IN PRICE.

And from whom, then, are oaths required? From that prefect?—he has betrayed the state. From that general?—he has betrayed his colours. From that magistrate?—he has betrayed the law. From all these functionaries?—they have betrayed the republic. Strange it is, and would puzzle a philosopher to divine from whence this heap of traitors, out of which springs this mass of oaths!

Well, let us, then, consider the beauty of the 2nd December. M. Louis Bonaparte believes in men's oaths, especially in those offered to his person! When M. Rouher ungloves his hand, and says:—"I swear;" when M. Suin takes

off his glove, and says:—"I swear;" when M. Troplong places his hand upon his breast, on that spot where is placed the third button of a senator, and the heart of another man, and says:—"I swear it;" tears come into M. Bonaparte's eyes, he is moved, he enumerates all this loyalty, and contemplates all these beings with feelings of emotion. He confides! he gives credence! Oh, abyss of candour! Really the innocence of rogues sometimes elicits the wonder of honest men.

One thing, however, must astonish this kind observer and vex him; it is the capricious and disproportionate manner in which oaths are paid for, the unequal value M. Bonaparte places on this commodity. For example, M. Vidocq, if he were still chief of the service of security, would receive 6,000 francs per annum, M. Baroche receives 80,000. It follows, then, that the oath of M. Vidocq would bring him in but 16 francs 66 centimes per day, while the oath of M. Baroche brings him in 222 francs 22 centimes. This is evidently unjust; why that difference? An oath is an oath, and is made by ungloving the hand and uttering six letters, "I swear." How much more is contained in the oath of M. Baroche than in the oath of M. Vidocq?

You will tell me that this is owing to the difference of functions; that M. Baroche presides in the Council of State, and that M. Vidocq is only the chief of the service of security. My answer is, that it is but chance; that probably M. Baroche might excel in directing the service of security, and that M. Vidocq might very well be President of the Council of State.

This, then, is no reason.

Perhaps there are several sorts of oaths? Is it the same as with masses? There are masses both at 40 sous, and at 10 sous, which latter, as the priest said, are but rubbish? Are there in that particular class of merchandize various qualities—fine, superfine, and extra superfine? Are some oaths better than others? Are they more durable, less adulterated with cotton, better

dyed? Are there new oaths, as yet not made use of, are there some half worn out, some quite out at heels, and some darned up? Is there any choice? let us know it. 'Tis worth while. 'Tis we that pay. Having made these observations for the interest of those who are contributors, I humbly beg pardon of M. Vidocq for having made use of his name. I own I had no right to do so. Besides, M. Vidocq might possibly have declined taking the oath!

III.

OATHS OF SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY MEN.

These details are valuable. M. Bonaparte was desirous that Arago should swear. Hear this! Astronomy must take an oath. In a well regulated state like France, or China, all is function, even science. The mandarin of the Institute originates and rises from the police. The great walking parallactic telescope owes liege homage to M. Bonaparte. An astronomer is a sort of police constable of the heavens. The observatory is but a sentry box. It is necessary to watch over Providence above, which does not at all times appear to submit to the Constitution of the 14th January. The heavens are full of agreeable illusions, and require to be kept in order. The discovery of a new spot on the sun's disc is evidently a case for the Censorship.

The prediction of a high tide might prove serious—that of an eclipse of the moon, the harbinger of treason. Astronomy in a state of freedom is almost as dangerous as a free press. Who can tell what takes place in those nocturnal *tête-à-têtes* between Arago and Jupiter? If it were M. Leverrier, well and good!—but a member of the Provisional Government!—take care M. de Maupas!—the Board of Longitude must take oath not to conspire with the stars, and especially with those mad caps, yclept comets, who make celestial *coups d'états*..

We have already said it, we are fatalists when we are Bonapartists; Napoleon the Great had his star, the Little Nap. must have a nebula; the astronomers are certainly somewhat astrologers. Come forth, then, gentlemen, and take the oath.

Arago has refused. One of the virtues of M. Bonaparte's oath is, that according as it is refused or taken, that oath gives or takes from you all your merits, aptitude, and talents. Are you a professor of Greek or Latin, take the oath, or you are deprived of your chair, and you no longer understand Greek or Latin; are you a professor of rhetoric, take the oath, or tremble, the recital of Theramene or the dream of Athalia are interdicted to you; you shall wander about for the rest of your days, but never again set your foot within the groves of rhetoric; are you a professor of philosophy, take the oath to M. Bonaparte, if not, you become incapable of understanding the mysteries of the human conscience, and of explaining them to young men; are you a professor of physic, take the oath, if not, you can no longer feel the pulse of a feverish patient. But if the great professors depart, there will be no more good pupils, particularly in medicine, and this is a grave case. What is to become of the sick? What does it matter? It is far more important that medicine should take the oath to M. Bonaparte. For it comes to this, the 7,500,000 voices have no sense, or it is evident it would be better to have your leg amputated by an ass who has taken the oath, than by Dupuytrien who is refractory.

This is no laughing matter, it probes the heart. Are you a young and generous spirit, like Deschanel; of a sound mind and upright intellect, like Despois; serious and energetic, like Jacques; an eminent writer, a popular historian, like Michelet—take the oath, or die of hunger.

They all refuse! The shade and silence in which they stoically seek refuge proclaim the sequel.

IV.

CURIOSITY OF THE THING.

An oath like this repudiates all morality and shame, and things unheard-of are made manifest. At evening, for example, the judges that had taken the oath, pass judgment on those judges that have refused it.*

* The President of the Commercial Tribunal at Evreux, refused to take the oath. Let us see what the *Moniteur* says:

"M. Verney, late President of Commerce at Evreux, was cited to appear, on Thursday last, before the correctional judges of Evreux, on account of facts that took place on the 29th April last, within the consular audience.

"M. Verney is accused of exciting hatred and treason against the Government."

The judges of *première instance* dismiss M. Verney, and pass on him a judgment of censure. Appeal *à minimâ* by the solicitor-general of the Republic." Sentence of the Court of Appeal of Rouen:—

"The Court,—

"Whereas, the prosecutions, the sole object of which is the repression of abetting hatred and scorn against the Government:

"Whereas, that offence would result from the last paragraph of the letter of M. Verney to the solicitor-general of the Republic at Evreux, the 26th April last, and is thus worded:

"'But it would be too grave to challenge any longer what we conceive to be right. The magistracy itself will owe us thanks not to expose the ermine of the judge, to succumb under the force which your dispatch announces.'

"Whereas, however blameable *the conduct of many has been in this affair*, the Court cannot see in that portion of the letter, the offence of exciting hatred or treason against the Government, since the order by which force was to be employed to prevent the judges to take their seats who had refused to take the oaths, did not emanate from the Government:

"That there is no cause, therefore, to apply to him the penal code on account of such motives.

"Confirms the judgment without costs."

The Court of Appeal at Rouen, has for its first President, M. Franck-Carré, formerly attorney-general to the Court of Peers on the trial of Boulogne; the same who spoke these words: "M. Louis Napoleon—you have aided and abetted, by means of the distribution of money, to procure treason."

Ignominy seated on the bench, places honour at the bar. The conscience that has sold itself, blames the conscience that is upright. The courtezan whips the spotless virgin.

Such an oath carries one onwards from one surprise to another. Nicolet was but a booby compared to M. Bonaparte, who, when he has surveyed his valets, his accomplices, and his victims, and pocketed their oaths, good-naturedly turned his face towards the valiant chiefs of the African army, and spoke to them nearly in these words: "By-the-bye, you are aware I caused you to be arrested at night, by my men, when you were snug in your beds; my spies broke into your domiciles, sword in hand; and I have for that very act bestowed upon them rewards and decorations; and you were threatened to be gagged if you uttered a single cry; my agents have taken you by the collar; I have sent you to Mazas, and have had you placed in a felon's cell, or to Ham, in my own dungeon; your hands must still bear the marks of the cords that bound them behind your backs. Swear fidelity to me, or may heaven protect you." Changarnier fixed his looks upon him, and made answer: "No, traitor!" Bedeau said: "No, forger!' Lamoricière uttered, in a loud voice: "No, thou perjured wretch!" Lefflô said: "No, bandit!" Charras answered him by a slap on the face!!!

There is one other variety of the oath: in the fortresses, in the prisons, in the hulks, in the jails of Africa, there are thousands of prisoners. Now, who are those prisoners? We have said it, republicans, patriots, soldiers of the law, all innocent, all martyrs. Their sufferings have already been proclaimed by generous and feeling voices. In the special volume on the crime of December 2nd, it shall be our task to tear asunder the veil. Do you wish to know what is taking place?

Sometimes, borne down by intense suffering, bending under so much misery, shoeless, wanting bread, without either inward or outward vestments, consumed by fever, devoured alive by vermin, poor workmen torn from their work-shops, poor

husbandmen forcibly taken from the plough, weeping for a wife a mother, children, a widowed family or orphans, without bread or a roof to shelter them, borne down by sickness, dying, despairing! Some of these wretched beings give in, and consent to ask for mercy! Then a letter is presented for their signature, ready cut and dried, addressed: "To my Lord, the Prince President." We give publicity to that document, such as M. Quentin Bauchart avows it.

"I, the undersigned, declare upon my honour, that I accept most thankfully, the act of grace that is offered me by the Prince Louis Napoleon, and I engage never to become a member of any secret society, to respect the law, and be *faithful* to the Government that the country has given itself by the votes of the 20th and 21st December, 1851."

Let not the sense of this serious fact be misunderstood. This is not mercy granted, it is mercy implored. This formula, do you crave mercy, means extend pardon to me. The murderer leaning over his victim and with his knife raised, calls out: "I have waylaid, seized, hurled you to the earth, despoiled, robbed, passed my knife through your body, now I trample upon you; your blood is oozing from twenty wounds; *say you repent*—and I will not finish you." This repentance exacted by a criminal from an innocent man, is nothing else than the outward form which his inward remorse assumes. He fancies he thus becomes safe against his own criminality. Whatever expedient he may adopt to deaden his feelings, although he may be for ever ringing into his own ears the seven millions, five hundred thousand little bells of his *plebiscitum*, the man of the *coup d'état* reflects at times; he perceives in the distance, a to-morrow, and strives to kick against an inevitable future. A legal purgation is required; discharge, replevy, quittance. He exacts it from the vanquished, and even puts his victims to the torture, to obtain it. Louis Bonaparte knows that there exists in the breast of every prisoner, of every transport, of each man

he has proscribed a *Tribunal*, and that that *Tribunal* is trying him; he trembles, the executioner feels a secret dread of his victim; and, under pretext of the pardon he has accorded the victim, he forces his judges to sign his acquittal.

Thus he hopes to deceive France, who possesses a loving conscience, and a watchful tribunal; and when the hour of passing sentence shall strike, seeing that he has been absolved by his victims, he trusts the country will pardon him. He deceives himself. He must sail on another tack, this one will not bear him clear of the breakers a-head.

V

THE 5TH OF APRIL, 1852.

The 5th of April, 1852,—this is what was witnessed at the Tuileries: about eight, p.m., the ante-chamber was crowded by men in scarlet robes, grave and majestic, speaking with subdued voices, holding in their hands black velvet caps, ornamented by gold lace, most of them grey-headed. These were the presidents and councillors of the Court of Cassation, the chief presidents of the Courts of Appeal, and the solicitors-general: all the high magistracy of France.

These persons were kept waiting in the ante-chamber. An aide-de-camp had introduced and left them there. A quarter of an hour passed, half an hour, an hour; they wandered up and down the room, conversing, looking at their watches, anxiously expecting the tinkling of the bell. After more than an hour of tedious waiting they perceived they had not even a single chair to sit upon. One of them, M. Troplong, went to the servants' waiting room and complained. A chair was brought for him. At last a folding door was thrown open; and pell-mell they entered one of the state apartments. There, a man in a black frock coat lounged against the chimney-piece. What errand called those men in red robes to this man in the

black frock coat? They came to tender him their oaths. This man was M. Bonaparte. He nodded, and, in return, they bowed low, even unto the ground, as is meet. In advance of M. Bonaparte, at a short distance, stood his chancellor, M. Abatucci, late a liberal deputy, and now minister of the *coup d'état*. The farce was opened; M. Abatucci made a discourse, and M. Bonaparte a speech. The Prince drawled out some few words, looking down upon the carpet; and spoke of his "legitimacy," after which the magistrates took the oath. Each in turn raised his hand. While they were swearing, M. Bonaparte, his back half turned towards them, was conversing with his staff that were grouped behind him. When the farce was over he quite turned his back upon them, and they departed shaking their heads, humbled and ashamed, not at having done a shameful and dastardly act, but at having been refused the accommodation of chairs in the ante room.

As they were departing, the following dialogue was overheard:—

"Here is," said one of them, "an oath it was necessary to take." "And," said another, "which it will be incumbent to keep." "Yes," said a third, "in the same manner as the master of this house has kept his own."

All this is abjectness. Let us proceed.

Among the number of these first functionaries who were swearing fidelity to Louis Bonaparte, were found certain persons who were formerly peers of France, and who, as such, had passed upon Louis Bonaparte the sentence of perpetual imprisonment. But why should we look back so far? Let us still proceed. What is better than all, among these magistrates, there were seven individuals, by name—Hardouin, Moreau, Pataille, Cauchy, Delapalme, Grandet, and Quesnault. Prior to the 2nd December these seven men composed the High Court of Justice; the first, Hardouin, president, the two others, supplementaries; the four others, judges. These men had

received and accepted from the Constitution of 1848 a mandate, worded thus:—

"Article 68. Every measure by which the President of the Republic, shall dissolve the National Assembly, prorogue or impede the exercise of its decrees, is a crime of high treason.

"The judges of the supreme court, shall thereupon immediately assemble, under penalty of forfeiture; they shall convoke the jurors in such place as they shall appoint, to proceed to the trial of the President and his accomplices, and they shall themselves appoint magistrates to fulfil the functions of the state administration."

On the 2nd December, in the face of that flagrant attempt they had began the trial, and appointed as soliciter-general, M. Renouard, who had accepted the office, to proceed against Louis Bonaparte on the charge of high treason.

Let us add the name of Renouard to the other seven.

Now, on the 5th April, they were all present in the antechamber of Louis Bonaparte; and we have just shown what was their business there.

Here let us pause awhile.

There are, unfortunately, principles we are compelled to admit; there are sinks of iniquity we must have the courage to fathom.

Cast your eyes upon that man. He was born, by chance, in a wretched hovel, in a filthy cellar, in a cave, no person knows where. He came out of the dust to fall into the mud. He had only so much of a father and mother as were necessary for his birth, from that period all shrank from him, he has crawled on as best he could. He grew up slip-shod, clothed in rags, without even being conscious why he was living. He can neither read nor write, nor does he know there are laws above him, he scarcely knows there is a heaven. He has no home, no family, no creed, no book. His intellect has never expanded, for intellect opens to light as flowers do to the day;

he dwells in the dark. Society has made him a brute beast, hunger a carnivorous animal. He waits in ambush at the corner of a wood for passengers, and robs them of their purse. He is caught, and sent to the galleys. So far, so good.

Now look at this other man; it is not the red coat, it is the scarlet robe. He believes in God, reads Nicolle, is a Jansenist, devout, goes to confession, takes the sacrament. He is well born, wants nothing, nor has he ever wanted anything; his parents have lavished everything on his youth—tenderness, instruction, advice, Greek and Latin, masters in every science. He is of a grave and scrupulous nature, therefore he was made a magistrate. Seeing this man pass the whole of his days in meditating every text,—both sacred and profane,—in the study of the law, in the practice of religion, in the contemplation of all that is just and unjust, society placed in his keeping all that it holds most august, most venerable—the books of the laws. It made him a judge, and the punisher of treason. It said to him:—a day may come, the hour may strike, when the chief of material force shall trample under his foot both the law and the rights of man, then, you man of justice, you shall arise, and strike with a rod the man of power. For that purpose, and in expectation of that perilous day, it lavished wealth upon him, and clothed him in purple and ermine. That day arrives; that hour, unique, severe, and solemn, that hour of duty, has sounded; the man in the red gown begins to stutter the words of the law, and he suddenly perceives that it is not the cause of justice that prevails, and that treason carries the day. Then he, the man that has passed his life in imbuing himself with the pure and holy light of jurisprudence,—that man, who sinks into nothing unless he be the abettor of an unjust success,—that wise, scrupulous, religious man, in whose keeping the law has been placed, and, in some sort, the conscience of the state,—turns his face towards perjury, which is in the ascendant, and with the same lips, the same voice in which, if this traitor had been vanquished, he would have said: "Criminal man, I sentence

you to the galleys for life," says: "Monseigneur, I swear fealty to you."

Now take a balance, place in one scale the judge, in the other the felon, and tell me which side kicks the beam.

VI.

EVERYWHERE THE OATH.

Such are the things we have beheld in France, at the period of taking the oath to M. Bonaparte. Persons have sworn here, there, everywhere; in the capital, in the provinces, in the north, in the south, in the east, and in the west. This lasted in France during a whole month, it was a picture of hands held up, of arms outstretched, and the final chorus was "Let us swear," &c. The Ministers have deposited their oaths in the hands of the President, the prefects in those of the Ministers, and the mob in those of the prefects. What does M. Bonaparte do with all these oaths? Does he make a collection of them? Where does he put them? It has been remarked that none but the unpaid functionaries have refused the oath, the Councillors-General, for instance. The fact is, that the oath has been taken unto the budget. We have heard on the 29th March a Senator exclaiming, in a loud voice, against the omission of his name, which was in some sort the mere effect of chance. M. Sibour, Archbishop of Paris;* M. Frank Carré, Solicitor-General at the Court of Peers in the affair of Boulogne;† M. Dupin, President of the National Assembly;‡ the 2nd December they all three had taken the oath. O, my God! such a state of things is sufficient to make one blush with shame. An oath is a sacred obligation.

The man that takes an oath ceases to be a man, he becomes an altar, upon which God descends. Man—that infirmity,

* As Senator.

† As First President of the Court of Appeal at Rouen.

‡ As a Member of the Municipal Council.

that shadow, that atom, that grain of sand, that drop of water, that tear dropped from the eye of destiny; man—so little, so weak, so uncertain, so ignorant, so unquiet; man—that moves in trouble, in doubt, recollecting little of yesterday, and knowing nothing of to-morrow, seeing but sufficient of his road to place his foot before him, and then nothing but darkness, who trembles if he looks forward, is sad if he looks back; man—enveloped in these immensities and in these obscurities, time, space, and being, and least in them; having an abyss within him, his soul; and one outside him, the heavens; man—who at certain hours bends with a sort of sacred horror, sacred under every aspect of nature, under the noise of the sea, under the shaking of the forest trees, under the shade of the mountain, under the twinkling of the stars; man—who dares not lift his head by day, without being blinded by the light, nor by night, without being crushed by the idea of boundless space; man—who knows nothing, who sees nothing, who hears nothing, who can be snatched away to-day, to-morrow, even now, by the waves that flow or the breeze that passes, by the pebble that falls, by the hour that strikes; man has an appointed time; that trembling, stumbling being, the plaything of chance and of the moment that flits by him, rises suddenly before the riddle that is named human life, feels that there is within him something superior to this abysm; honour! virtue!—stronger than fatality, superior to what is ever known—faith! and alone, feeble and naked, he says to all this formidable mystery that envelopes him:—Do what you will, but I will do this, and I will not do that; and proud, tranquil, creating by a word a fixed point in that instability that fills the horizon, and as the mariner casts his anchor in the sea, so he casts his oath to the future.

O, oath! admirable confidence of the just man—sublime permission given by God to man to affirm. But that is over—naught remains—'tis another of the soul's splendours that has vanished!

BOOK EIGHTH.

PROGRESS CONTAINED IN THE COUP D'ETAT.

The Quantum of Good contained in Evil—The four Institutions that stand opposed to the Republic—Slow movement of Normal Progress—What an Assembly would have done—What Providence has done—What the Ministers, Army, Magistracy, and Clergy have done—The form of the Government of God.

I.

THE QUANTUM OF GOOD CONTAINED IN EVIL.

Many good and sincere democrats have been struck with awe by the events of the 2nd December. It has disconcerted some, discouraged others, and amazed the greater part. I have seen many that cried out: *Finis Poloniæ*. As for me, since at certain times I am obliged to say, *I*, and speak in the face of history, like a witness, let me proclaim it. I have seen that event without being troubled; I will even go so far as to own that, at times, in the face of the 2nd December, I declare myself satisfied.

When I can abstract myself from the present, when for a moment I can take my eyes from all the crimes, from all that blood spilt, from all those victims, all those proscribed, from those hulks that echo the death rattle, from those dreadful penal settlements of Lambessa and of Cayenne, where death is swift, and from that exile where it is slow, from the votes, from the oath—from that plague spot, and that shame inflicted upon France, a wound that is gaping wider and wider each day—when

a few moments oblivion have chased these painful thoughts from my mind, I confine myself to the severe calmness that should govern the political man, and consider not the fact, but the consequences of the fact; then, among the disastrous results, considerable and enormous progress appeared to rise before me, and, from that moment, I number myself among that category whom the 2nd December has exasperated, but not grieved.

Fixing my eyes upon certain points in the future, I came to this conclusion: the deed was infamous, but the fact itself is good.

Attempts have been made to explain the inexplicable *coup d'état* in a hundred various ways. A true balance has been struck between all the possible resistances, and they have become neutralized the one by the other. The lower classes felt alarmed at the middle classes, and they in turn have dreaded the former; the faubourgs have hesitated before the restoration of this majority, fearing, and wrongfully, that their victory should bring back to power, that Right side so thoroughly unpopular; the shopocracy have receded before the red-republic; the operative classes have not understood; the middling classes have shuffled; some have said, who shall we send to the legislative palace? others, who are we about to see at the Hotel de Ville? In fine, the rude repression of June, 1848, the insurrection crushed by grape shot, the quarries, the casemates, and the transportations—a living and terrible recollection. And then; if the call to arms could have been beat! If a single legion had sallied forth! If M. Sibour had been M. Affre, and had thrown himself in the midst of the shot and of the pretorians! If the High Court had not suffered itself to be driven away by a corporal! If the judges had followed the example of the representatives, and if the scarlet gowns had shown themselves on the barricades, as the sashes did! If a single arrest had miscarried! If a single regiment had hesitated! If the massacre on the Boulevards had not taken place, or had not turned in favour of Louis

Bonaparte, &c. &c. &c. This is all true, and yet it is what has been, and what was to be. Let us repeat it, under the shadow of that monstrous victory, an immense and definitive progress is taking place.

The 2nd December has succeeded, because, and I repeat it, in more than one sense, and more than one point of view, it was good that it should succeed. Every interpretation is just, but all are vain. The hand that is invisible is mingled in all this. Louis Bonaparte has committed a crime, and Providence has brought about the event.

It was necessary that *order* should be restored at the fag-end of this logic. It required to be made notorious, and for ever, that, in the mouths of the late men, the word *order* personifies false oath, perjury, pillage and peculation, civil war, drum-head court-martials, shootings, police, censure, dishonour stamped on the army, this ignominy of France,—a gagged senate, a political guillotine, slaughtering of liberty, violation of the law, sovereignty of the sword, massacre, treason, ambuscade. The spectacle we behold is a useful one. That which we behold in France, since the 2nd December, is the origin of order. Yes, we behold the hand of Providence in that event. Now, hearken to this: for the last fifty years, the Republic and the Empire absorbed every mind, the one by the reflection of its crimes and terror, the other by the reflection of its glory. Nothing was remembered of the Republic but 1793; this is the formidable sequel of re publicanism, a furnace! and, among the recollections of the Empire, men only think of Austerlitz. This gave to the Empire the preference over the Republic. What shall be the future state of France? Is it Empire? No, the Republic.

It became necessary to displace that situation, suppress the *prestige* in favour of that which can never again be restored, and destroy the prejudice against that which must be: for 't is the work of Providence. It has destroyed these two mirages:—February has come, and freed the republic from dread; Louis

Bonaparte is come, and has destroyed the delusion in favour of the Empire. Now, 1848,—*i.e. fraternity*—has placed itself above 1793, which was *terror*, just as Napoleon the Little superposes Napoleon the Great. The two grand things, one which alarmed, and the other that dazzled, are receding. We perceive '93 through the medium of its justification, and Napoleon in his caricature; the vain alarm of the guillotine vanishes. Thanks to 1848, there remains no longer any dread of the Republic. Thanks to Louis Bonaparte, the Empire has no longer any fascination. The future has become possible.

These are the secrets of the Almighty! The word republic is not sufficient; it is the *thing* republic that is wanting; well, we shall have the thing before the word, the substance before the shadow. Let us develop *this*.

II.

THE FOUR INSTITUTIONS THAT STAND OPPOSED TO THE REPUBLIC.

In expectation of the marvellous, but ulterior simplifications which will one day bring forth the union of Europe, also the democratic federation of the continent—What shall be, in France, the form of the social edifice, which the thinking man already has a glimpse of, through the dark mist that covers dictature, and its vague and luminous lineaments?

That form is this:—

The sovereign commons, ruled by a mayor, elected; universal suffrage everywhere, but under the control of general acts and the national unity;—so much for the administration. The syndics, and the skilful and able men, managing the private differences of association and industry; the jury, judge of the fact, enlightening the judge,—magistrate of the law; a judge elected;—so much for justice. The priest, excluded

from all functions, except those of the Church, living with his eye fixed on his book and on Heaven, a stranger to the budget, and ignored by the state, known only to his believers, possessing no authority whatever, but a free agent;—so much for religion. War, confined to the defence of the territory. The nation great, national, divided in three classes, and enabled to rise like one man;—so much for power. Law everywhere and for everyone, the rights of man, the vote in all places, but the sword nowhere.

Now, what were the obstacles to that future, to that magnificent realisation of ideal democracy?

There were four material obstacles, *i. e.*:—

A standing army.

A centralised administration.

A functionary clergy.

An irremoveable magistracy.

III.

SLOW MOVEMENT OF NORMAL PROGRESS.

What are they, what were these four obstacles under the Republic of February, and even under the Constitution of 1848? The evil they produced, the good which they prompted, what a past they immortalised, what an excellent social order they adjourned; the publisher perceived it, the philosopher knew it, but the nation ignored it.

These four institutions, enormous, antique, solid, arched the one upon the other, composite at their base and summit, increasing like an old grove of trees, their roots under our feet, their branches over our heads, smothered and crushed,—the scattered germs of new-born France!!! Where life and movement, association, local liberty, spontaneous community, ought to have been, was found administrative despotism; where there

should have been found intelligent vigilance, armed, in case of need, by the patriot and the citizen, there was found the passive obedience of the soldier; where the vivid Christian faith would have sprung up, there was found the Roman Catholic priest; where justice should preside, was placed the judge; and the future was lying under the feet of suffering generations, that could not rise from their prostration, but waited in patience.

Did the people know, or even suspect it?

No!

Far from it. In the eyes of the greater part, and of the middling classes, these four obstacles proved themselves like four buttresses — an army, magistracy, administration, and church; these were the four virtues of order, the four social powers, the four holy pillars of the old French structure.

Now, attack this state of things if you dare!

I have no hesitation in saying it: in the state of blindness in which are plunged the best minds, together with the methodical march of the Normal progress of our assemblies,—of which I shall not be suspected to be the detractor,—whom, when they are both honest and timid, which is often the case, are not fond of being led by their majority, but by their independent members; the commissions of the initiatives, the slow pace of their scrutiny of the 2nd December, had not brought its thundering demonstration, if Providence had had no hand in it; France would have remained condemned for an indefinite term to its irremoveable magistracy, to administrative centralisation, to a standing army, and to a functionary clergy.

Really, the power of the bar and of the press combined,—these two great forces of civilisation,—it is not I who seek to shake or diminish them, but see how many efforts of all kinds it would have required, in every sense, and under every form, by the bar, by the public press, and by word of mouth, to succeed even in shaking the universal prejudice favourable to these four fatal institutions! but how much more to destroy

them; to exhibit the necessary evidence to the eyes of all, to overcome interested opposition, prejudiced or intellectual, to enlighten thoroughly public opinion, the official powers, to instil this fourfold reform, first in the mind, then in the laws.

Do but reckon up the speeches, the writings, the articles in the journals, the projects of laws, the counter-projects, the amendments, the reports, the facts, the incidents, the polemics, the discussions, the affirmations, the denials, the storms, the progress, the retrogading, the days, the weeks, the months, the years, the quarter, the half century!

IV.

WHAT AN ASSEMBLY WOULD HAVE DONE.

Let me suppose, seated on the benches of an assembly, the most intrepid of thinkers, a splendid mind, one of those superior men who, when they rise at the tribune, become abruptly great and colossal, surpassing by the head the appearances that mask reality, and seeing clearly the future over the dark wall of the present. That man, that orator, that clear-sighted man, would give warning to, and enlighten statesmen; he knows the situation of the breakers a-head; he knows very well that society will crumble by means of this false quadruple buttress—centralised government, standing army, irremoveable judges, and the paid priesthood; he knows it, he desires all should know it—he ascends the tribune, and says:—.

"I denounce to you, four great public perils. Your political order bears that within it that will destroy it. It is incumbent upon you to subvert your administration, the army, the clergy, and the magistracy. Suppress here, retrench there, remodel everything, or perish under the weight of these four institutions, which you consider as lasting elements, but which are no better than instruments of dissolution.

"(Murmurs arise)," He exclaims. "Do you know what your centralised administration can become in the hands of a perjured executive power? A huge piece of treason, carried into effect at one blow over the whole of France, by every functionary without exception."

(Murmurs break out again with redoubled violence—there is a cry to order, and the orator continues): "Do you know what your standing army may become on a certain day? An instrument of crime. Passive obedience is the bayonet ever fixed and eternally placed on the heart of the law. Yes, here, in this France, which is the initiative of the world, in this land of the Tribune and the press, in this birth-place of human intellect. Yes, the hand may point on the dial, and the hour strike when the sword will rule; when you, inviolable legislators, you will be taken hold of by a corporal; when our glorious regiments will transform themselves, for the profit of one man, and to the shame of the nation, into gold laced hordes and pretorian bands; when the sword of France will become a thing that strikes like the glaive of the Sbirri; when the life blood of the first city in the world, murdered, will splash the epaulets of your generals!"

(The uproar becomes a tumult; the cry of order resounds from all quarters. The orator is challenged. The President calls the orator to order. Who continues):—

"And if it should happen some day that a man had under his hand the five hundred thousand functionaries that constitute the administration, and the four hundred thousand soldiers composing the army; if it should happen, that this man should tear asunder the constitution, should violate every law and oath, abrogate all right that guards the law; what think you the irremoveable magistrates, guardians of the law, would do? Why, they would hold their tongues."

(The clamour drowns the voice of the orator from proceeding or finishing his phrase.)

The tumult becomes a tempest. That man will respect nothing. After the administration and the army, he drags in the magistracy.

(The cry is "order, order," and "censure!" The orator is rebuked, and his name taken down for a *procès verbal.* The President declares that, if he continues, the assembly will proceed to a vote, and he shall loose his privilege of speaking. But he continues):—"And your paid clergy, and your functionary bishops! Some day, when a pretender shall have converted the administration, the magistracy, and the army to his subserviency, a day on which all these administrations shall be stained by the blood shed by, and for, that traitor; when, placed between the man that has committed the crimes and God that ordains, the anathema shall be hurled against the criminal—now, do you know what these bishops will do. They will prostrate themselves, not before God, but before that man!

Can you form any idea of the shouts and imprecations that greet such words?"

The whole assembly rise *en masse*—the tribune is stormed, nor can the ushers protect it! The orator has, one by one, profaned every sainted arch, he has ended by touching the Holy of Holies—the priesthood! and what does he mean by all this? Do you not hear Baroche grumble, and Dupin thunder? The orator would be called to order, censured, fined, expelled from the Chamber for three days, like Pierre Leroux and Emile du Girardin, and, who can tell, perhaps banished like Manuel.

On the next day, the indignant citizens would say—"That is well done;" and from every quarter the journals devoted to order would shake their fist at the CALUMNIATOR. And in his place, in his accustomed seat, the best friends of his party would forsake him, and say it is his own fault; he has gone too far; he has stated chimeras and absurdities. And after this generous and heroic attempt, it would be found that the four institutions that have been attacked would be more

venerable and impeccable than ever, and that the question, instead of progressing, would have retrograded.

V.

WHAT PROVIDENCE HAS DONE.

But as to Providence, it acts differently; Providence places the thing splendidly under your eyes, and says, "Behold!"

A man arrives some fine morning. What man? The first, or the last,—no matter,—without future prospects, without genius, without glory, without any *prestige*. Is he an adventurer? Is he a Prince? That man has his hands full of money—of bank-notes—of railroad securities—of places and pensions—of decorations and sinecures; that man lowers himself before the functionaries, and says—"Functionaries, betray your trust."

The functionaries do betray it. What, all? All, without one exception? Yes, all!

He calls upon the generals, and says—"Generals, massacre."

And the generals do it.

He turns towards the irremoveable judges, and says—"Magistrates, I break through the Constitution,—I commit perjury,—I dissolve this sovereign assembly,—I arrest the inviolate members,—I plunder the public treasury,—I sequester and confiscate all I please,—I banish those that displease me,—I send to transportation,—I shoot and bayonet all I please, and that without any summons,—I execute without trial,—I commit all that is criminal in the acceptation of the word. Behold the laws! I trample them under my feet."

"We will pretend not to see any thing," say the magistrates.

"You are but a parcel of insolents," replies the providential man; "not see what is going on, that would be an outrage. It is my will you should assist me. You, judges, you shall this

day wish me joy—I, myself, who am force and crime; and to-morrow, those who have resisted me, those who are honor, right, and law, you will pass judgment upon them, you will condemn them."

These judges irremoveable, kiss his boot, and take cognizance of the troublesome state of things; and, to crown all, they make oath of fidelity to him.

Then he perceives, poked up in a corner, the paid clergy, crossed, banded, mitred, and he says:—

"So, you are there, my Lord Archbishop; come here, and give me your blessing, and bless all I am doing."

And the Archbishop chaunts his *Magnificat*.

VI.

WHAT THE MINISTERS, ARMY, MAGISTRACY, AND CLERGY HAVE DONE.

Oh! what a striking thing; how instructive! *Eruditimini*, so would have said Bossuet.

The Ministers conceived they were dissolving the Assembly; they have dissolved the Administration.

The judges conceived they were judging and condemning innocent persons; they have judged and condemned to death the irremoveable magistracy.

The priests thought they were chaunting Hosannahs upon Louis Bonaparte; but they have chaunted a *De profundis* upon the clergy.

VII.

THE FORM OF THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

When God desires to destroy a thing, he changes its form.

Every bad institution of this world ends by suicide.

When they have weighed sufficiently long upon men, Providence, like the sultan to his viziers, sends them the bow-string by a mute, and they execute themselves.

Louis Bonaparte is the mute of Providence.

CONCLUSION:—PART FIRST.

PETTINESS OF THE MASTER—ABJECTNESS OF THE SITUATION.

I.

Be easy, History has got him fast.

It may, perhaps, be flattering to the self-love of M. Bonaparte to be caught hold of by history at all; but if he chance to have, and truly one would imagine so, any illusion in his head as to his value as a political miscreant, let him divest himself of it.

Let him not imagine, because he has piled up horror on horror, that he will ever hoist himself up to the elevation of the great historical bandits. We have been, perhaps, wrong, in some pages of this book, here and there, in mentioning his name at all, in connection with theirs. Though he has committed enormous crimes, he will remain paltry He will never be other than the nocturnal strangler of liberty; he will never be other than the man who has intoxicated his soldiers, not with glory, like the first Napoleon, but with wine; he will never be other than the pigmy tyrant of a great people. Grandeur, even in infamy, is utterly inconsistent with the character and calibre of the man. As Dictator, he is a buffoon; let him make himself Emperor, he would be grotesque. That would at once put an end to him. His destiny is to make mankind shrug their shoulders Will he be less severely punished for

that reason? Not at all: contempt does not, in his case, mitigate anger. He will be hideous, and he will remain ridiculous. That's all. History laughs, and crushes.

We question whether history, in its indignation, will not leave him unnoticed in the mud. Great thinkers have a satisfaction in castigating the great despots, and, in some instances, even exalt them somewhat, in order to render them worthy of their rage; but what would you have the historian do with this fellow?

The historian can only lead him to posterity by the ear.

The man once stripped of success, the pedestal removed, the dust fallen, the lace and spangles and the great sabre taken away, the poor little skeleton laid bare and shivering,—can one imagine anything meaner and more miserable?

History has its tigers. The historians, immortal keepers of wild beasts, show this imperial menagery to the nations. Tacitus alone, that great beast victor, has taken and shut up eight or ten of these tigers in the iron cages of his style. Look at them, they are formidable and haughty; the spots on them are an element in their beauty. This is Nimrod, the hunter of men; that Busiris, the tyrant of Egypt; that Phalaris, who baked living men in a brazen bull, that he might make the bull seem to roar; this is Ahazuerus, who flayed the heads of the seven Maccabees, and had them roasted alive; this is Nero, the burner of Rome, who had the Christians all covered with wax and pitch, and then set them alight as torches; that is Tiberius, the man of Capreæ; this is Domitian; that Caracalla; that Heliogabalus; that other is Commodus, who enjoys the additional horror that he was the son of Marcus Aurelius; these, again, are the Czars; those Sultans; these Popes, among whom remark the tiger Borgia; here is Philip, called the Good, as the Furies were called the Eumenides; here is Richard III., sinister and deformed; here, with his broad face and his great stomach, Henry VIII., who, of five wives that he had, killed three, one of whom he even-

terated; here is Christiern II., the hero of the north; here Philip II., the demon of the south. They are fearful, hear them roar, consider them, one after the other; the historian brings them to you; the historian drags them, furious and terrible, to the side of the cage, opens their jaws for you, shows you their teeth and their claws; you can say of every one of them—that's a royal tiger. In fact, they were taken all from thrones. History parades them through ages; she prevents them from dying; she takes care of them. They are her tigers.

She does not mix up jackals with them.

She puts and keeps apart the obscure beasts. M. Bonaparte will be with Claudius, with Ferdinand VII. of Spain, with Ferdinand II. of Naples, in the hyena cage.

He is a bit of a brigand, and a great deal of a knave. You can always discern in him the poor Prince of the Post, who lived on expedients in England; his present prosperity, his triumph, his empire, and his swelling up, don't much matter; the purple mantle trails over shoes down at heel: Napoleon the Little: nothing more, nothing less. The title of this book is quite to the purpose.

The meanness of his vices prejudices the grandeur of his crimes. Peter the Cruel massacred, but he did not steal; Henry III. assassinated, but he did not swindle; Timour crushed children under horses' hoofs, much as M. Bonaparte exterminated women and old men on the Boulevard, but he did not tell lies. Hear the Arabian historian: "Timour Beg, Sahib Keran, (master of the world and of the age, master of the planetary conjunctions), was born at Kesch, in 1336; he slaughtered a hundred thousand captives; as he was besieging Siwas, the inhabitants, to mollify him, sent to him a thousand little children, bearing each a Koran on its head, and crying 'Allah! Allah!' He had the sacred books removed with respect, and had the children crushed beneath the hoofs of the horses. He employed seventy thousand human heads, with

cement, stone, and brick, in building towers at Hérat, Sebzvar, Tékrit, Aleppo, and Bagdad; he detested lying; when he had given his word, men could rely upon it."

M. Bonaparte is not of this stature. He has not that dignity which the great despots of the east and of the west mingle with ferocity. The amplitude of the Cæsars is wanting in him. To take one's place fitly among the illustrious executioners who have tortured humanity in the course of the past four thousand years, one must not have any mental hesitation whether one is a general of division, or a beater of the big drum; one must not have been a constable in London; one must not have undergone, with lowered eyes, in the open Court of Peers, the haughty scorn of M. Magnan; one must not have been called pick-pocket by the English newspapers; one must not have been menaced with Clichy; in a word, one must not have been a pitiful, sneaking scamp.

M. Louis Napoleon, you are ambitious, you aim high; but you must have the truth told you. Well, what would you have us to do in the matter? You may, in overturning the tribune of France, have realised, after your fashion, the wish of Caligula: "Oh! that mankind had but one head, so that I might cut it off with a blow;" you may have banished the republicans by thousands, as Philip III. expelled the Moors, and as Torquemada drove out the Jews; you may have casemates like Peter the Cruel, pits like Hariadan, dragoonings like Father Letellier, and oubliettes like Ezzelino III.; you may have perjured yourself like Ludovic Sforza; you may have massacred and assassinated, *en masse*, like Charles IX.; you may have done all this, you may have recalled all these names to men's minds when they think of your name; yet, after all, you are but a rogue. 'T is not the desire to be a monster that makes a man one.

II.

Out of every agglomeration of men, of every city, of every nation, there inevitably arises a collective force.

Place this collective force at the service of liberty, let it rule by universal suffrage, the city becomes a commune, the nation becomes a republic.

This collective force is not, of its nature, intelligent. Appertaining to all, it belongs to no one in particular; it floats about, so to speak, externally of the people.

Until the day comes when, according to the true social proposition, there being the *least government possible*, this force may be reduced to a mere street and road police, paving the streets, lighting the lamps, and looking after the thieves; until that day comes, this collective force, being at the mercy of many chances and many ambitions, needs to be guarded and protected by zealous, clear-sighted, well-armed institutions.

It may be subjugated by tradition, it may be surprised by stratagem.

A man may rush upon it, seize it, bridle it, quell it, and make it trample upon the citizens.

The tyrant is the man, who, springing from tradition, like Nicholas of Russia, or from stratagem, like Louis Bonaparte, seizes, for his own profit, and disposes of, at his will, the collective force of a people.

This man, if he be by birth what Nicholas is, is the social enemy; if he have done that which Louis Bonaparte has done, he is the public robber.

The former has no account to settle with regular legal justice, with the articles of codes. He has behind him, spying him and watching him, hatred in their hearts, and vengeance in their hands, Orloff in his palace, and Mouravieff among the people, he may be assassinated by one of his army, or poisoned

by one of his family; he runs the chance of conspiracies in barracks, of revolts in regiments, of secret military societies, of domestic plots, of sudden dark maladies, of terrible blows, of grand catastrophes. The other will simply have to go to Poissy.

The former has the wherewithal to die in the purple, and to finish pompously and royally, as monarchies and tragedies do. The other has to live; to live between four walls, within a grating, through which the people can look at him, sweeping the courts, making horse-hair brushes or list shoes, emptying buckets, with a green cap on his head, with wooden shoes on his feet, and straw in those shoes.

Ah! intriguers of the old parties! Men of absolutism! In France you voted, *en masse*, among the 7,500,000; out of France you applauded, taking this Cartouche for the hero of order. He is ferocious enough for it, I admit; but look at his size. Don't be ungrateful to your real colossi; you have dismissed your Haynau and your Radetzky too precipitately; above all, weigh this comparison which naturally presents itself to the mind: What is this Mandrin of Lilliput to Nicholas,—Czar, Emperor, and Pope; power, half-bible, half-knout; who damns souls and condemns bodies; who puts on exercise eight hundred thousand soldiers and two hundred thousand priests; who holds in his right hand the keys of paradise, and in his left hand the keys of Siberia; and possesses, as his *things*, sixty millions of men—their souls as though he were God, their bodies as though he were the tomb!

III.

If there were not at hand a sudden, imposing, and striking catastrophe, if the present situation of the French nation were to be prolonged, and to endure, the grand damage, the fearful damage, would be the moral damage.

The Boulevards of Paris, the streets of Paris, the town

and the country of the twenty departments of France, were strewed, on the 2nd December, with the dead and dying bodies of citizens; there were seen, before the thresholds, fathers and mothers slaughtered, children sabred, women dishevelled and ensanguined, eventerated by grape-shot; there were seen, in the houses, suppliants massacred, some shot in heaps in the cellars, others despatched by the bayonet under their beds, others prostrated by a bullet on their own hearths. The impress of bloodstained hands is still visible on many a wall, many a door, many a recess; for three days after the victory of Louis Bonaparte, Paris walked in mud, red with gore; a cap full of human brains was hanging on a tree in the Boulevard des Italiens. I, who write this, saw, among other victims, near the barricade Mauconseil, an old, white-haired man, stretched on the pavement, his bosom pierced with a bayonet, his collar-bone broken; the gutter that ran beneath him bore away his blood. I saw, I touched with my hands, I helped to undress, a child of seven years of age, killed, they told me, in the Rue Tiquetonne; he was pale, his head fell from one shoulder to the other, whilst they were taking off his clothes; his half-closed eyes were fixed, and as I leant over his open mouth, he seemed to make a feeble effort to murmur, "My mother!"

Well, there is something more heart-rending than that murdered child; more lamentable than that old man, shot dead; more horrible than that cap full of human brains; more frightful than those pavements, red with carnage; more irreparable than those men and those women, than those fathers and those brothers, slaughtered and assassinated,—'t is the departing honour of a great people!

Assuredly, those pyramids of dead bodies which one saw in the cemeteries, after the waggons from the Champ-de-Mars had emptied their contents; those immense open trenches, which they filled in the night with human bodies, making speed to have done before the light of dawn; all this was

frightful:—but that which is still more frightful is to think that, at this hour, the people doubt; and that, for them, France —that great moral splendour—has disappeared!

That which is more heart-rending than skulls cleft by the sabre, than breasts laid open by bullets, more disastrous than houses profaned, than murder filling the streets, than blood flowing down the gutters, is to think that now, among the people of the earth, you see this nation of nations, this people of the 14th July, this people of the 10th August, this people of 1830, this people of 1848, this race of giants, which broke down the Bastile, this race of men, whose faces shone full of fire—this country of the human race, which produced heroes and thinkers—those heroes who created all revolutions, and gave birth to all great thoughts;—that France, whose name meant liberty, that soul of the world, which shone over Europe, that light . . . . Well! some one has walked upon it, and put it out. There is no longer France. It is at an end. Look! Everywhere 'tis darkness—the world is groping about.

Ah! it was so grand! Where are those times, those fine times, interspersed with storms but splendid, when all was life, when all was liberty, when all was glory!—those times when the French people, awake before any others, up before the light, its brows blanched by the dawn of the future—already risen for them—said to the other nations, still sleeping, still weighed down, and scarcely able to shake their chains in their sleep, "Be at ease. I work for all! I dig the earth for all! I am the workman of the Almighty!"

What profound grief! Regard that torpor where formerly there was power—that shame, where formerly existed pride—that noble people, that once raised its head erect, and now bows it down! Alas! Louis Bonaparte has done more than kill persons, he has harrowed souls, he has shrunk the heart of the citizen. One must belong to the race of the invincible and the indomitable, to persevere now in the rugged path of return-

ciation and of duty. A gangrene of material prosperity threatens to wear away public honesty into corruption. Oh! what happiness to be banished, to be fallen, to be ruined! Is it not, brave workmen, fellow-labourers? Is it not, worthy peasants, driven from France, who have no home, and no shoes to your feet? What happiness to eat black bread, to lie on a mattrass thrown on the ground, to be out at elbows, to be indifferent to all that, and to answer to those who say to you:—"You are French?" "I am proscribed!"

What misery it is to witness the phrenzied delight of self-interest and covetousness, wallowing in the slough of the 2nd December! Let us live, let us make money, job in zinc works and railways: let us make money, I say; it is ignoble, but it is excellent; a scruple less, a louis more; let us sell our whole soul at that rate. They run, they collect, they go to court, they sink all shame; and if they cannot get a concession of railways in France or of lands in Africa, they demand a place. A host of intrepid devotions besiege the Elysée, and group round the man. Junot, beside the first Bonaparte, braved the bespattering of the combustibles in the shell; these, beside the second, brave the bespattering of the mud. What care they about sharing his ignomony, provided they share his money? The competition is, who shall carry on this traffic in himself most grossly, most impudently, most shamelessly; and among these beings are young men with pure limpid eyes, and all the appearance of generous youth; and there are old men, who have but one fear, which is, that the place solicited may not reach them in time, and that they may not succeed in dishonouring themselves before they die. One would give himself for a prefecture, another for a collectorship, another for a consulate; another wants a tobacco licence, another an embassy. All want money—some more, some less; for 'tis of the money they think, not of the duties. Each extends his hand,

all present themselves. One of these days they will establish an assayer of consciences, at the Mint. What! this is what one has come to. What! those very men who supported the *coup d'état*, those very men who recoiled from the Raw-head-and-bloody-bones and the hobgoblins of Jacquerie in 1852; those same men who declared this crime good, because, according to them, it rescued from peril their rents, their ledgers, their money-boxes, their bill-books, even they do not comprehend that material interest, floating by itself, and alone, would, after all, be only a melancholy waif out of an immense moral shipwreck. Ah! that is a fearful and monstrous situation, when men say, all is saved, except honour!

The words—independence, enfranchisement, progress, popular pride, national haughtiness, French greatness, may no longer be pronounced in France. Tchut! these words make too much noise; we must walk on tip-toe, and speak low,—we are in a sick man's chamber.

Who is that man?

It is the chief, 'tis the master: every one obeys him.

Ah! every one respects him, then?

No, every one despises him. Oh! the situation!

And military honour, where is it? Let us not speak, if you do not wish it, of what the army did in December; but of what it undergoes at this moment, of him who is at its head, who is on its head. Do you think of that? Does it think of that? O, army of the republic! army that hast had for thy leaders generals paid with four francs a day; army that hast had for thy chiefs Carnot—austerity, Marceau—disinterestedness, Hoche—honour, Kleber—devotion, Joubert—probity, Desaix—virtue, Bonaparte—genius! O, French army! O, poor, unfortunate, heroic army, misled by these men! What will they do with it? Whither will they lead it? How will they occupy it? What parodies are we destined to see and hear? Alas! what are these men who command our regiments, and who govern!

The master—we know *him*. This fellow, who was a minister, was going to be "seized" on the 3rd December, it was for that reason he made the 2nd. This other is the "borrower" of the twenty-five millions from the bank. The third is the man of the golden ingots. To this other man, before he was made a minister, "a friend" said:—"*Ah! you are humbugging us about the shares in that affair, that won't do for me. If there's any swindling going on, let me have a finger in it.*" *That* gentleman, who wears epaulets, has just been convicted of something next door to fraudulent sale; that other, who also wears epaulets, received, on the morning of the 2nd December, 100,000 francs, for "eventualities," he was only a colonel, if he had been a general he would have had more. This man, who is a general, when he was one of Louis XVIII.'s *gardes-du-corps*, being on duty behind the king's chair, during mass, cut a gold acorn from the throne, and put it into his pocket. He was expelled the service for that. Certes, they might raise to these men, also, a column, *ex ære capto*, with stolen money. That other man, who is a general of division, "converted" 52,000 francs from the cognizance of Colonel Charras, in the construction of the villages of Saint André and Saint Hippolyte, near Mascara. This man, here, who is a general-in-chief, was surnamed at Gent, where he is known *le general cinq-cent francs*. This man, who is minister-of-war, has to thank General Rulliere's clemency that he was not sent before a court-martial. Such are the men; no matter. Forward! beat drums, sound trumpets, float flags! Soldiers, from the top of those pyramids the forty thieves look down upon you!

Let us proceed farther into this mournful subject, and survey it in all its aspects. The mere spectacle of fortune like that of M. Bonaparte, placed at the head of the State, would suffice to demoralize a people. There is always, and 'tis the vice of social institutions that ought, first of all, to enlighten

and civilize, there is always, in a numerous population like that of France, a class which is ignorant, which suffers, which craves, which struggles—placed between the brutish instinct which impels it to take, and the moral law which invites it to labour. In the sad and oppressed condition in which it still is, this class, in order to maintain itself upright and virtuous, requires all the pure and holy light which issues from the Gospel. It requires that, on the one hand, the spirit of Jesus Christ, and, on the other, the spirit of the French revolution, should address to it the same manly words, and should never cease to point out to it, as the only lights worthy of the eyes of man, the great and mysterious laws of human destiny,—self-denial, devotion, sacrifice, labour which leads to internal well-being; even with this perennial instruction, at once divine and human, this class, so worthy of general sympathy, often succumbs. Suffering and temptation are stronger than virtue. Now do you comprehend the infamous counsels which the successes of M. Bonaparte suggest to this class?

A poor man, covered with rags, without money, without work, is there in the shade, in the corner of the street, seated on a post; he meditates, and at the same time, repulses a bad action; now he wavers, now he resolves; he is starving, and feels a desire to rob; to rob he must make a false key, he must scale a wall; then, the key made and the wall scaled, he will be before the strong box—if any one wakes and resists him, he must kill; his hair stands on end, his eyes become haggard, his conscience, the voice of God, revolts within him, and cries to him: "Stop! this is evil—these are crimes!" At that moment the head of the State passes by—the man sees M. Bonaparte in the uniform of a general, with the red *cordon*, and with lackeys in gold laced liveries, dashing towards his palace in a carriage drawn by four horses; the wretched observer, wavering before his crime, greedily gazes on this splendid vision,—and the serenity of M. Bonaparte, and his golden epaulets, and

his red *cordon*, and the liveries, and the palace, and the four horse carriage, say to him: "Succeed."

He attaches himself to this apparition; he follows it, he runs to the Elysée; a golden crowd rush in after the prince. All sorts of carriages pass under that portal, and he has glimpses of men there, happy, radiant! This one is an ambassador,—the ambassador looks at him, and says to him: "Succeed;" that is a bishop,—the bishop looks at him, and says to him: "Succeed;" another is a judge, the judge looks at him, smiles on him, and says to him: "Succeed."

Thus, to escape the gendarmes, therein consists henceforth the whole moral law. To rob, to pillage, to poignard, to assassinate, all this is only criminal when you are fool enough to let yourself be caught in the fact. Every man who meditate a crime, have a constitution to violate, an oath to break, an obstacle to destroy; in a word, take your measures well. Be sharp. Succeed. The only guilty actions are the strokes that fail.

You put your hand into the pocket of a passer-by, in the evening, at night-fall, in a lonely place; he seizes you. You let go; he arrests you, and takes you to the guard-house; you are guilty,—to the galleys! You do not let go: you have a knife about you, you bury it in the man's throat; he falls; he is dead; now take his purse, and make off. Bravo! capitally done! You have shut the victim's mouth, the only witness that could speak against you. Nobody has anything to say to you. If you had only robbed the man, you would have done wrong; kill him, and you are right.

Succeed, that is the point. Ah! this is indeed alarming!

On the day, when the human conscience shall be disconcerted, reason prevail over it, all will be at an end. The last moral ray will ascend to heaven. Darkness will be in the mind of man. You will have nothing to do but to eat up one another like wild beasts! With moral degradation goes political degradation. M. Bonaparte treats the people of

France as if they were the people of a conquered country. He effaces the republican inscriptions; he cuts down the trees of liberty, and makes fagots of them.

There was in the Place Bourgogne, a statue of the Republic; he had a pickaxe put to it, and down it went. There was on our money a figure of the Republic, crowned with ears of corn. M. Bonaparte replaced it by a profile of M. Bonaparte. He has his bust crowned and harangued in the market places, just as the tyrant Gessler made the people salute his cap.

The rustics in the suburbs were in the habit of singing in chorus, in the evening, as they returned from work: they used to sing the great republican songs,—the Marseillaise, the Chant du Depart: they were ordered to keep silent; the rustic will sing no more; there is an exception only in favour of obscenities and drunken songs. The triumph is so complete, that no bounds are thought necessary. The other day, these worthies kept themselves in doors, and shot their victims down at night. There was horror in plenty, but there was also diffidence, there was still some little respect for the people. They seemed to think that it had still enough life in it to revolt, if it saw such things. Now, they show themselves, they fear nothing, they guillotine in the open day. Whom do they guillotine? Whom? the men of the law! and justice is there! Whom? the men of the people! and the people is there! That is not all. There s a man in Europe, who is the horror of Europe: that man sacked Lombardy, he set up the gibbets of Hungary; he had a woman whipt under the gallows upon which hung her husband and her son; all remember the terrible letter in which that woman recounts the deed, and says, "My heart has turned to stone."

Last year this man took it into his head to pay a tourist's visit to England, and, while at London, he fancied he should like to visit a brewery, that of Barclay and Perkins. There he was recognised; a voice whispered, "It is Haynau!" "It is Haynau!" repeated the workmen! It was a fearful cry; the

crowd rushed upon the wretch, tore out his infamous white hair by handfuls, spat in his face, and thrust him out. Well, this old bandit in epaulets, this Haynau, this man who still bears on his cheek the immense buffet of the English people, it is announced that Monseigneur the Prince President invites him to visit France. It is quite right; London passed an insult on him, Paris owes him an ovation. It is a reparation. Be it so. It would be fine to be present at it. Haynau received curses and hootings at the brewery of Barclay and Perkins, he will receive bouquets at the Brasserie Saint-Antoine. The Faubourg Saint-Antoine, mute, will receive an order to conduct itself properly. The Faubourg Saint-Antoine, mute, motionless, will see pass, triumphant and conversing together, like two friends, through its old revolutionary streets, one in French, the other in Austrian uniform—Louis Bonaparte, the killer of the Boulevard, giving his arm to Haynau, the whipper of women! Go on, insult on insult, disfigure that France, fallen on her back on the pavement! make her unrecognisable! tear up the people's face with your nails! Oh! inspire me, find me, give me, invent me a means, of any sort, short of a poignard—which I repudiate—a Brutus for that man? bah! he is not worthy of even a Louvel!—find me some means of casting down that man, and of delivering my country! of laying that man low, that man of trick, that man of lies, that man of success, that man of evil. A means, the first-come—pen, sword, paving-stone, insurrections by the people, by the soldier, yet, whatever it be, so it be honourable, and in open day, I take it, we all take it—we, proscribed!—if it can re-establish liberty, deliver the republic, raise up our country from shame, and drive back to his dust, to his filth, to his oblivion, this imperial ruffian, this pick-pocket prince, this gipsy king, this traitor, this master, this Franconi's groom! this radiant, imperturbable, self-satisfied governor, crowned with his successful crime, who goes and comes, and peacefully parades trembling

moments in history when a touch of Danton's elbow would have shaken all Europe to its foundations.

The year 1848 was one of those epochs. Old feudal, papal, and monarchical Europe, repaired and whitewashed so fatally for France, in 1815, was tottering to its fall: but there was no Danton, and the crumbling did not take place.

It has been often said, in the common-place phraseology used on similar occasions, that the year 1848 had opened a gulf. No such thing. The dead body of the past lay upon Europe; it lies there still at this moment. The year 1848 opened a grave to bury this dead body, and this has been taken for a gulf.

In 1848 all that still held to the past, all which still survived of its body, had a close view of this grave. Not only the kings upon their thrones, the cardinals under their hats, the judges in the shadow of their guillotines, the captains on their war steeds, were thrown into commotion; but he who had any interest whatever in what was about to disappear; he who was cultivating for his own profit a social fiction, and had some abuse to let out on hire; he who was the guardian of some falsehood, the door-keeper of some prejudice, or the licensor of some superstition; he who was taking advantage of another, or dealing in usury, oppression and falsehood; he who sold by false weights and measures; from those who falsify a balance to those who falsify the Bible; from the cheating merchant, to the cheating priest; from those who deal in figures to those who traffic in miracles; all, from the Jew banker who felt himself partly Christian, to the bishop who became partly Jew;—all the men of the past inclined their heads towards one another and trembled.

This grave, which was gaping, and into which were nearly falling all the fictions,—their treasure,—which have weighed upon men for so many ages, they resolved to fill up. They determined to wall it up, to pile rocks and stones upon it,

and to erect upon this pile a gibbet, and to hang upon this gibbet, all bleeding and dejected, that mighty culprit, Truth.

They determined, once for all, to make an end of the spirit of freedom and emancipation, and to drive back and compress for ever the ascending power of humanity.

The enterprise was formidable. What the nature of it was we have already indicated, more than once, in this book and elsewhere.

To undo the labour of twenty generations; to kill in the nineteenth century, by strangulation, three centuries—the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and the eighteenth, that is to say, Luther, Descartes, and Voltaire; the religious scrutiny, the philosophical scrutiny, and the universal scrutiny. To crush throughout all Europe this immense vegetation of free thought, in one place a tender blade, in another a sturdy oak; to marry the knout and the holy-water-sprinkler; to put more of Spain in the south, and more of Russia in the north; to resuscitate all they could of the Inquisition, and to stifle all they could of intelligence; to stultify the youth, or in other words, to brutalise the future; to make the world a witness of the *auto-da-fé* of ideas; to throw down the tribunes, to suppress the journal, the posting bill, the book, the speech, the cry, the murmur, the breath; to make silence; to hunt thought into the cases of the printer, into the composing stick, into the letter of lead, into the stereotype, into the lithograph, into the print, upon the stage, into the booth, into the mouth of the comedian, into the copy-book of the schoolmaster, and into the hawker's pack; to hold out material interest to each for faith, for law, for object, and for deity; to say to nations: eat and think no more; to take man from mind, and shut him up in stomach; to extinguish individual initiative, local life, national impulse, all those deep-rooted instincts which impel man to that which is right; to annihilate that self of nations, the love of country; to destroy nationality amongst peoples

partitioned and dismembered, constitutions in constitutional states, the republic in France, and freedom everywhere to plant the foot everywhere upon human effort.

In one word, to close up that abyss which is called progress.

Such was the plan—vast, enormous, European—which no one conceived, for not one of those men of the old world had had genius for it, but which all followed. As for the plan in itself, as for that immense idea of universal compression, whence came it? who could tell? It was seen in the air. It appeared in the past. It enlightened certain souls, it pointed to certain routes. It was a glimmer escaping from the tomb of Machiavel.

At certain moments of human history, from the things which are plotted and the things which are done, it would seem as if all the old demons of humanity, Louis XI., Philip II., Catherine de Medicis, the Duke of Alba, Torquemada, are somewhere or other in a corner, seated around a table, and holding a council.

We look, we search for them, but in lieu of colossi, we find abortions. Where we expected to see the Duke of Alba we find Schwartzenberg; and in the place of Torquemada we find Veuillot. The old European despotism continues its march, with these little men, and still proceeds; it resembles the Czar Peter when travelling:—"*We relay with what we can find*," he wrote; "*when we had no more Tartar horses, we took donkeys.*"

To attain this object, the compression of all and of everyone, it was necessary to pursue an obscure, tortuous, rugged and difficult path; and such was accordingly chosen. Some of those who entered it, know what they did.

Parties are kept alive by watch-words; those men, those ringleaders, whom the year 1848 frightened and rallied, had, as we have said above, adopted theirs: religion, family, property. With that ordinary address which suffices when we

speak to people who are frightened, they took advantage of certain obscure portions of what was called socialism. The object being to save religion, property, and family; "Follow the flag!" they exclaimed, and the vulgar herd of selfish alarmists threw themselves into the current.

They coalesced, they showed front, they formed in mass. They had crowds around them, which were composed of various elements. The proprietor entered it because his rents had fallen; the peasant, because he had paid the forty-five centimes; he who did not believe in God thought it necessary to save religion, because he had been forced to sell his horses. They extracted from this crowd the force it contained, and made use of it. They made everything contribute to compression; the law, despotism, the assemblies, the tribune, the jury, the magistrate, and the police; in Lombardy with the sabre, at Naples with the convict prison, in Hungary with the gibbet. To muzzle intellect again, to chain mind once more, those runaway slaves, to prevent the past from disappearing, and the future from seeing the light; to continue the kings, the powerful, the privileged and the happy; all means were good, all were just, all were legitimate. To aid in the struggle, a system of ambush—ethics was manufactured against liberty, which Ferdinand put in action at Palermo, Antonelli at Rome, Schwartzenburg at Milan and at Pesth, and somewhat later at Paris, those state wolves—the men of December.

There was a nation amongst the nations, which was, as it were, the eldest in this family of the oppressed; which was as a prophet in the human tribe. This nation took the initiative of the whole human movement. It went on, saying: "Come!" and the rest followed. As a consummation to the fraternity of men in the gospel, it taught the fraternity of nations. It spoke by the voice of its writers, of its poets, of its philosophers, of its orators, as by a single mouth, and its words flew to the extremities of the earth, to rest, like tongues of fire,

upon the brow of all nations. It presided over the communion of intellects, and it multiplied the bread of life to those who were wandering in the desert. One day it was enveloped in a tempest; it marched upon an abyss, and said to the frightened nations, "Why are you afraid?" The wave of the revolutions it had produced subsided under its footsteps, and far from engulphing it, increased its glory. The suffering, infirm, and diseased nations pressed around it; one was limping, for the chain of the Inquisition, rivetted to its foot for three centuries, had lamed it. To this one it said, "Walk!" and it walked. Another was blind, the old Roman papism had filled its eyeballs with mist and darkness, and to this one it said, "Receive thy sight!" and it opened its eyes and saw. "Throw away your crutches, that is to say, your prejudices," it said; "throw away the bandages from your eyes, that is to say, your superstitions; hold yourself upright, elevate your head, look at the sky, look at the sun, contemplate the deity. The future is yours, O, nations! you have a leprosy, ignorance; you have a plague, fanaticism; there is not one of you but is afflicted with that frightful malady called a despot; go, march, break the tramels of the evil; I deliver you, I cure you!" Throughout the earth a grateful clamour rose amongst the nations which this word made sound and strong. One day it found Poland, dead; it raised its finger, and exclaimed, "Arise!" and dead Poland arose.

Those people, the men of the past, whose fall it announced, dreaded it, and hated it. By dint of stratagem, of tortuous patience, and of audacity, they finished by seizing it, and managed to bind it down.

For three years and more, the world has witnessed an immense panishment, and a frightful spectacle. For three years and more, the men of the past, the scribes, the Pharisees, the publicans, the princes of the priests, have crucified, in presence of the human race, the Christ of nations—the French people. Some have furnished the cross, others the nails,

others the hammer. Falloux has placed upon its forehead the crown of thorns. Montalembert has placed upon its mouth the sponge, dipped in gall and vinegar. Louis Bonaparte is the wretched soldier who struck his lance into its side, and made it utter the last cry: *Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani!*

All is now finished; the French nation is dead. The great tomb is about to open.

For three days!

II.

Let us have faith.

No, let us not be cast down. To despair is to desert.

Let us look to the future.

The future! No one knows what tempests may still separate us from port; but the port, the distant and radiant port, is in sight; the future, we repeat, is the republic for all; and let us add, the future is universal peace.

Let us not fall into the vulgar error, which is to abuse and to dishonour the age in which we live. Erasmus called the sixteenth century "the excrement of ages," *fex temporum*. Bossuet thus qualified the seventeenth century. "A bad and paltry age." Rousseau cast a slur on the eighteenth century, in these terms. "This great rottenness amidst which we live!" Posterity has decided against these illustrious men. It has said to Erasmus, the sixteenth century was great; it has said to Bossuet, the seventeenth century was great; and it has said to Rousseau, the eighteenth century was great.

Even had the infamy of those ages been real, those great men would have been wrong to complain. The man who thinks, ought to accept, with simplicity and calmness, the middle state in which Providence has placed him. The splendour of human intelligence, and the loftiness of genius, do not shine less by contrast than by harmony with the age. The stoic and profound philosopher is not diminished by an abject exterior.

Virgil, Petrarch, and Racine are great in their purple, but Job is still greater on his dunghill.

But we, at least, can say, we men of the nineteenth century, that the age in which we live is not the dunghill of Job. However deep may be the shame of the present, whatever blows we may receive from the fluctuation of events, whatever may be the apparent desertion, or the momentary lethargy of mental vigour, none of us democrats will repudiate the magnificent epoch in which we live, the manly age of humanity.

Let us proclaim it loudly, let us proclaim it in our fall and in our defeat—this is the greatest of all ages! and would you know the reason why? Because it is the mildest. This age, the immediate issue, and first-born offspring, of the French Revolution, has given freedom to the African slave, elevated the *pariah* of Asia in the scale of humanity, abolished the suttee in India, and extinguished in Europe the last firebrand of religious persecution; it is civilizing Turkey, pushing the gospel into the regions of the Koran, dignifying the position of women, subjecting the right of the strongest to that of the most just, suppressing piracy, softening the penal code, improving the salubrity of prisons, flinging the sword into the common sewer, cancelling the penalty of death, removing the cannon ball from the leg of the convict, abolishing corporal punishment, rendering war a reproach and a degradation, deadening the reign of despotism, and extracting the claws of the tyrant.

This age proclaims the sovereignty of the citizen, and the inviolability of life; it crowns the people, and consecrates man.

In art, it can boast of every class of genius: writers, orators, poets, historians, publicists, philosophers, painters, statuaries, musicians—majesty, grace, power, force, splendour, colour, form, style; it takes a new spring in the real and in the ideal, and bears the double lightning in its hand of

the true and the beautiful. In science it accomplishes any heard of miracles; it makes an explosive power of cotton, a horse of steam, a workman of the voltaic battery, a messenger of the electric fluid, a painter of the sun; it bedews itself with subterranean streams, and warms itself with the central fire; it opens upon the two infinites those two windows—the telescope upon the infinitely great, and the microscope upon the infinitely little—and it finds stars in the first abyss, and insects in the second, which prove to it the existence of God. It annihilates time, space, and suffering; it writes a letter from Paris to London, and has an answer in ten minutes; it cuts off a man's leg while he sings and smiles.

It has now only to realise—and it has nearly done it—a project, which is nothing compared to the miracles it has already wrought; it has only to find the means of directing through a mass of air, a bubble of lighter air; it has already obtained the bubble of air, and keeps it imprisoned; it has now only to find the impulsive force, only to cause a vacuity before the balloon, for instance, to burn the air before the aerostat, as the rocket does; it has nothing more to do than to resolve this problem in some way or other, which it will do, and what will be the result? At that instant all frontiers vanish, all barriers are swept away; everything that resembles a wall of China round thought, round commerce, round industry, round nationalities, round progress, crumbles; in spite of censorship, in spite of *index expurgatorius*, it will rain books and journals upon every country under the sun—Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, will fall like hail showers upon Rome, Naples, Vienna, and St. Petersburg; the human word is manna, and the serf will gather it in the furrows he is tilling; fanaticism will die, and oppression will be no longer possible; man, who dragged himself along the earth arises up; civilization changes itself into a flock of birds, and flies away, whirling about and alighting joyously at the same moment upon

every point of the globe. Lo! yonder where it passes! Point your cannons, old despotisms, it disdains you; you are merely the bullet, while it is the lightning; no more hatreds, no more conflicting interests, no more wars; a new sort of life, composed of concord and mental light, pervades and soothes the world; the fraternities of nations soar through illimitable space, and hold communion in the eternal fields of air—men mingle with each other in the skies.

While we look forward to this final progress, let us consider the point to which this age had brought civilization.

The world of former days was one in which people walked with slow and measured steps, the back bent, and the eyes cast down; in which the Count de Gouvon was served at table by Jean-Jacques; in which the Chevalier de Rohan belaboured Voltaire with a stick; in which Daniel de Foe was placed in the pillory; in which a city like Dijon was separated from a city like Paris by a journey of ten days, with robbers at every corner of the forest; in which a book was a species of infamy and filth which the hangman burned upon the steps of the court of justice; in which superstition and ferocity shook hands; in which the Pope said to the Emperor: *Jungamus dexteras, gladium gladio copulemus;* in which the traveller met at every step crosses hung with amulets, and gibbets hung with men; in which there were heretics, Jews, and lepers; in which houses had battlements and loop-holes; in which they shut up the streets with a chain, the rivers with a chain, and even the camps with a chain (as at the battle of Tolosa), the cities with walls, the kingdoms with prohibitions and penalties; in which, with the exception of force and authority, which were in strict adherence, all were penned, distributed, divided, cut into fragments, hated and hating, scattered and dead; men were as dust, and power was a solid block. But now we have a world in which all are alive, united, combined, coupled, and mingled together; a world in which thought, commerce, and industry

reign harmoniously; in which policy, morals, and manners tend to an intimate union with science; a world, in which the last scaffolds and the last cannons are hastening to extinguish their last victims, and to fire their last volleys; a world, in which light increases every instant; a world, in which distance has disappeared, in which Constantinople is nearer to Paris than Lyons was a hundred years back, in which Europe and America palpitate with the same impulse; a world, all circulation and all love, of which France is the brain, the railroads the arteries, and the electric wires the fibres. Do you not feel that, simply to exhibit such a position, is to explain all, to demonstrate all, and to unriddle all? Do you not feel that the old world had, fatally, an old soul—tyranny; and that into the new world is about to descend, necessarily, irresistibly, and divinely, the new soul—liberty?

This was the work that had been done amongst men, and splendidly continued by the nineteenth century; this age of sterility, this age of decrease, this age of decay, this age of abasement, as it is called by the pedants, the rhetoricians, the imbeciles, and all that filthy brood of bigots, of knaves, and of sharpers, who sanctimoniously drivel their gall upon glory, who assert that Pascal was a madman, Voltaire a coxcomb, and Rousseau a brute, and whose triumph it would be to put a fool's-cap upon the human race.

You speak of the Lower Empire; but are you serious? Could the Lower Empire boast of John Huss, of Luther, Cervantes, Shakespere, Pascal, Molière, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Mirabeau? Could it boast the taking of the Bastile, the Federation, Danton, Robespierre, or the Convention? Did it possess America? Had it Universal Suffrage? Could it boast of these two ideas, country and humanity; country which enlarges the heart,—humanity which expands the horizon? Do you know that, under that empire Constantinople fell into ruins, and finally had only thirty thousand inhabitants? Is this the

cass with Paris? Because you have witnessed the success of a prætorian *coup de main*, you liken yourselves to the Lower Empire! 'Tis quickly said, and meanly thought. But reflect, if you can. Had the Lower Empire the mariner's compass, the electric battery, the printing press, the newspaper, the locomotive, the electric telegraph? So many wings to bear man aloft, which the Lower Empire did not possess! The nineteenth century soars, where the Lower Empire crept! Are you aware of this? What! Shall we see once more the Empress Zoë, Romain Argyrio, Nicephorus Logothetes, Michael Calafates? Come, come! Can you imagine that Providence repeats itself insipidly? Do you believe that the Deity produces the same thing over and over again?

Let us have faith! Let us be peremptory! Irony of one's self is the beginning of baseness. It is in being peremptory that we become good, it is in being peremptory that we become great. Yes, the liberation of intellect, and the consequent liberation of nations, this was the sublime task accomplished by the nineteenth century, in conjunction with France; for the double providential work of time and men, of maturation and of action, was mingled in the common labour, and the great epoch had its focus in the great nation.

O, my country! It is at this moment, when I see you bleeding, inanimate, your head hanging, your eyes closed, your mouth open, and no words issuing therefrom; the marks of the whip upon your shoulders, the nails of the executioner's shoes impressed upon your body, naked and sullied, and like a thing deprived of life, object of hatred, of derision: alas! it is at this moment, my country, that the heart of the exile overflows with love and respect for you.

I see you motionless. The minions of despotism mock oppression laugh, and enjoy the haughty illusion that you are no longer to be feared. Fleeting joy! Those who are in the dark forget the past, and see only the present, and despise you.

Pardon them, for they know not what they do. Despise you! Great Heaven, despise France! And who are they? What a language do they speak? What books have they in their hands? What names do they know by heart? What is the play-bill pasted upon the walls of their theatres? Under what forms are their arts, their laws, their manners; their costume, their pleasures, their fashions? What is the great date for them, as for us, '89? If they throw France from their hearts, what remains to them? Oh, nations! though it were fallen and fallen for ever, is Greece despised? Is Italy despised? Is France despised? Look upon her breast, she is your nurse! look upon her body, she is your mother!

If she sleeps, if she is in a lethargy, silence! and take off your hat. If she is dead, fall down upon your knees!

The exiles are scattered; destiny has blasts which disperse men like a handful of ashes. Some are in Belgium, in Piedmont, in Switzerland, where they do not enjoy liberty; others are in London, where they have not a roof to shelter them. One, a peasant, has been torn from his native field; another, a soldier, has only the fragment of his sword, which was broken in his hand; another, an artisan, is ignorant of the language of the country, he is without clothes and without shoes, he knows not if he shall have any food to-morrow; another has left behind him his wife and children, a much loved group, the object of his labour, and the joy of his life; another has an old mother with grey hairs, who weeps for him; another has an old father, who will die without seeing him again; another is a lover that left behind him some adored being, who will forget him; they raise up their heads and hold out their hands to one another, smiling; the passers-by look on them with respect, and contemplate them with profound emotion, as one of the finest spectacles which destiny can offer to men, of those serene consciences, and all those broken hearts.

They suffer, and are silent; in them the citizen has sacrificed the man; they look with firmness on adversity, they do not

even cry under the pitiless rod of misfortune: *Civis Romanus sum!* But at eve, when thought comes upon them, when everything in the city of the stranger is involved in gloom, for what seems only cold by day becomes funereal in twilight; but at night, when sleep does not close their eyes, hearts the most stoical are overwhelmed with mourning and dejection. Where are their little ones? Who will give them bread? Who can give them the paternal kiss? Where is the wife? Where is the mother? the brother? where are they all? And the songs which at eventide used to cheer their hearts, in their native tongue, where are they? Where is the wood, the tree, the forest path, the cottage roof stored with nests, the old church tower surrounded with tombstones? Where is the street, the faubourg, the lamp burning bright before the door, the friends, the workshop, the trade, the customary toil? And the furniture put up for sale, the auction invading the domestic sanctuary! Oh! what eternal adieus! Destroyed, dead, thrown to the four winds this moral existence which is called the family hearth, and which is not solely composed of chit-chat, of tenderness, and of affection, but of hours, of habits, of friendly visits, of joyous laughter, of pressing of hands, of the view from certain windows, of the position of certain furniture, of the old paternal arm chair, of the carpet on which the first-born used to play! Flown for ever are those objects in which your life was locked up! Vanished are the visible forms of these souvenirs! There are in grief emotions, secret and obscure, which make the most lofty courage bend. The Roman orator held forth his head without flinching to the sword of the centurion Lænas, but he wept when he thought of his house demolished by Clodius.

The exiles are silent, or, if they complain, it is only amongst themselves. As they know each other, and are doubly brothers, having the same country and the same proscription, they relate to each other their respective miseries. He who has money shares it with those who have none, and he who has

firmness imparts it to others who want it. They exchange recollections, hopes, and wishes. They turn and extend their arms in the dark towards those they have left behind. Oh! how happy they are who think no more upon us! Each suffers, and at times is irritated, and the names of the executioners are engraven in the memory of all. Each has something or other to curse—Mazas, the hulk, the casemate, the informer who betrayed, the spy who watched, or the gendarme who arrested him; Lambessa, where one has a friend, Cayenne, where one has a brother; but there is one thing that is blessed by all, and that is France!

Oh! a complaint, a word against France! No; no, our country is never so deeply fixed in the heart as when we are torn from it by exile.

They will do their duty fully, with a tranquil brow and unshaken perseverance; never to see their country again is their sorrow, never to forget it is their joy.

Ah, what grief! And after eight months it is in vain that we say to ourselves, such is the case; it is in vain that we look around us and see the spire of Saint Michael's instead of the Pantheon, and Saint Gudule instead of Notre Dame,—we cannot believe it.

It is, however, true, it cannot be denied, we must admit it, it must be acknowledged, even should we expire of humiliation and despair. The only things that remain upon earth are France and the nineteenth century.

What! 't is, then, this Bonaparte who has caused all this ruin! What! 't is in the very centre of the greatest nation upon earth, 't is in the midst of the greatest age of history, that this person has started up and triumphed! To seize upon France as a prey, great Heaven! What the lion would not dare to do the ape has done! What the eagle would have dreaded to seize in his talons the parrot has taken in his claw! What! Louis XI. would have failed in it! Richelieu would have been wrecked in the attempt! Napoleon would not have been

equal to it! But in a single day, from night till morning, absurdity has ruled the stars. All that was hitherto axioms has become chimera. All that was false has become living fact. What! the most brilliant concourse of men! The most magnificent movement of ideas! The most formidable series of events! Such as no Titan could have controlled, as no Hercules could have turned aside; the human flood in full course, the French billow in advance, civilisation, progress, intelligence, revolution, liberty, he stopped it all, purely and simply at a word; he, this masque, this dwarf, this abortion of Tiberius, this nothing!

And you fancy that all this is the case! And you imagine that this *plebiscitum* exists, that this Constitution, of I know not what day in January, exists, that this Senate exists, that this Council of State and this Legislative Body exist! You fancy there is a lackey who is called Rouher, a valet who is called Troplong, a eunuch who is called Baroche, and a sultan, a pacha, a master, who is called Louis Bonaparte! You do not see, then, that the whole of this is a chimera! You do not perceive that the 2nd December is nothing but an immense illusion, a pause, a stop, a sort of working curtain, behind which the Deity, that marvellous machinist, is preparing and constructing the last act, the final and triumphal act of the French Revolution! You look stupified upon the curtain, upon the things painted upon the coarse canvas, this one's nose, that one's epaulettes, the great sabre of a third, those scatterbrained vendors of *eau de Cologne* whom you call generals, those *poussahs* that you call magistrates, those worthy men that you call senators, this mixture of caricatures and spectres, and you take them all for realities! And you do not hear yonder, in the shade, that hollow sound! You do not hear some one going backwards and forwards! You do not see that curtain shaken by the breath of Him who is behind!

THE END.

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